

THE WORLD SERIES

LEE ALLEN



COLORADO MOUNTAIN COLLEGE
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The World Series

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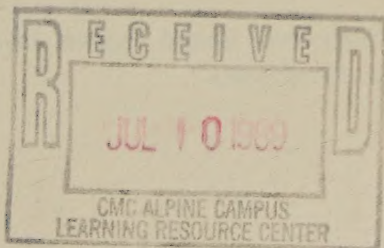
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To
LARRY RITTER,
a Lover of Baseball and of Life

"Each struggle lessens human woe."

CHARLES MACKAY

Foreword

The World Series, as it has been known since 1884, is finished. Because of the expansion of the National and American leagues to twelve clubs each, with the inevitable division into sections, the event in the future will follow an entirely different pattern, with the games preceded by divisional play. It is entirely possible that a team with a lower percentage of winning games than one of its rivals will emerge from the play-offs as the champion.

So this is a good time to take a look back at the World Series as we have known it. It has served as the climax of the longest season that any major professional sport enjoys, annually exciting millions of Americans and other persons in foreign lands.

It is impossible in so brief a book to tell all the events that have taken place in this yearly drama. But all the principal happenings are included, along with some stories that emerged from behind the scenes.

The author, first of all, read the accounts of all World Series games as described in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, *The Sporting Life*, and *The Sporting News*, in addition to *The New York Clipper* and *Baseball Magazine*. This provided accurate contemporary accounts of the games themselves.

But much of the work has resulted from personal interviews with the participants, some of whom are now dead. Without their help, the book could not possibly have been written. Although it is impossible

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to name them all, of particular value were interviews with such players as Arlie Latham (who played in the World Series of 1885), George Rohe, Jack Pfeister, Mordecai Brown, Eddie Murphy, Eddie Cicotte, Max Carey, Waite Hoyt, Sam Rice, Pie Traynor, Eddie Roush, Paul and Lloyd Waner, Rogers Hornsby, Bill McKechnie, Joe McCarthy, Carl Hubbell, Jimmie Wilson, Bill Hallahan, Mel Ott, Warren Giles, and Joe Cronin.

Also consulted were histories of the World Series by Fred Lieb and Robert Smith, as well as Eliot Asinof, whose *Eight Men Out* is the most comprehensive study of the 1919 World Series ever made.

Special thanks are due John F. Redding, librarian of the National Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum, and Miss Margaret Clark, of that institution.

LEE ALLEN

Boca Raton, Florida
November, 1968

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The World Series

1. An Act of Providence

The Mets invented the World Series.

Not the modern Mets, of course—those amazin' sirens of Shea Stadium who lure shoals of customers with a sweet song of defeat—but their direct ancestors, the original Metropolitans of New York, a team that performed in the then major American Association for five years starting in 1883. Those aboriginal Mets were gorgeously wacky, too: They appeared on the field in sealskin shoes, played for several seasons at a Staten Island park reached only by boat unless one swam, and on one occasion employed John L. Sullivan, the legendary champion of heavyweights, to pitch an exhibition game.

John B. Day, a tobacco merchant in New York City, owned the primeval Mets in partnership with James Mutrie, a former ballplayer who served as manager. This same pair also owned the New York Giants, of the National League. Separated by a canvas screen, the two teams played in adjoining parks on the original Polo Grounds in Manhattan, between Fifth and Sixth avenues along 110th Street. It cost spectators fifty cents to watch the Giants at home and only a quarter to squint at the plebeian Mets, and there were many who considered that the latter was the better bargain. For the Mets, like their lovable descendants of today, were celebrated for unpredictable conduct that resulted in merriment.

Mutrie would find himself at ease in the company of youth of the present. He was a stranger to barbers, and, although beardless at

thirty-three, he wore a mustache thick enough to suggest that a thrush might be nesting in it. A beatnik before the term was known, Mutrie had a matted mop of hair that pushed his Buffalo Bill hat down over his eyes, and under his hat in back hair cascaded down upon his sagging shoulders.

It is fair to say that the Mets invented the World Series because the idea for such games was Mutrie's, and the inspiration struck him sometime in the middle of the season of 1884.

In their first two years of coexistence the first-place teams of the National League and American Association had never met for the championship. It is true that in 1882 Chicago and Cincinnati did clash in two postseason meetings after winning their respective pennants, each team winning once. But those games were exhibitions pure and simple. Nothing was at stake, and there was no attempt made to advertise the games as being for the championship. The American Association even had a rule barring its members from participating in games with National League clubs. But owners of teams, even then, were expert in cheating on rules that they themselves had sat down to make. So the management of the Cincinnati Reds, at the conclusion of the American Association schedule, simply turned the players over to another gentleman who agreed to assume their October salaries, and a series of exhibitions was scheduled with the Cleveland, Chicago, and Providence teams of the National League.

The Mets finished fourth in 1883, but when, with the season half gone the following year, they were first and seemed likely to win the pennant, Mutrie challenged the Providence Grays, who were headed for the National League title, to a game designed to establish supremacy. Noting that both teams otherwise would be idle on August 15, he asked Providence to visit the Polo Grounds for combat on that day. But Providence declined.

Mutrie tried again. He wired Frank Bancroft, the Providence manager, proposing two games instead of one, the first at Providence and the second in New York following the regular season, with all gate receipts to be split by the players. Again Providence turned him down.

It should not be thought that Bancroft was lacking in imagination. One of the game's first promoters and missionaries, he led a team to Cuba in 1879, the first such expedition in history; he was to stage

the first wedding at home plate, a device to stimulate the gate that has since become hoary with repetition; and he would spend the last thirty years of his life as business manager and traveling secretary at Cincinnati, where he would establish that city's tradition of swallowing up all tickets for the opening game months before the event.

"We can whip Providence," Mutrie told his friends. "Bancroft's afraid of us."

Those quotes were published in the daily papers, and Bancroft, feeling now that he must respond or subject himself and his team to charges of cowardice, accepted a set of three games instead of two, with each club posting \$1,000 as evidence of good faith. The winning team was to split the \$2,000, the purse to be deposited with Alfred Wright, baseball editor of *The New York Clipper*, a weekly still published but now calling itself *Variety* and serving the theatrical world.

The term "World Series" was not yet known, but the games that Bancroft finally agreed to were billed as for "the championship of the United States." For some reason, possibly to show disdain for his opponent, Bancroft agreed to play all three of the games in New York. Perhaps this was a measure of confidence in his pitcher, Charles "Old Hoss" Radbourn. Forced to pitch almost daily after Charlie Sweeney, the team's other pitcher, had defected, Radbourn won the incredible total of *sixty* games while losing twelve. He started seventy-three times and was never taken out, pitched 630 innings, won eighteen straight at one stretch, tossed eleven shutouts, and ended the year with an earned run average of .99.

But before the series began, the cranks, as fans were then called, figured that another Providence player, Paul Revere Radford, might be even more valuable than Radbourn. For Radford was just plain lucky. Most players, for instance, enjoy scoring runs; but Radford, who played right field for the Grays, particularly relished crossing the plate because his father, a prosperous merchant in Roxbury, Massachusetts, presented him with five dollars every time he scored. That in itself was good fortune, but Radford's reputation as a talisman could be traced to a happening of the previous season.

Radford had been a member of the Boston team in 1883. Heavily favored to win the pennant, the club started poorly, and one night in Detroit the disconsolate players sat out in front of their hotel, madden-

ingly aware that they had lost eight straight. When a hack then drove by and one of the horses cast a shoe, Radford leaped to his feet shouting, "I'll get that for luck," and he raced out into the street.

It was customary for the manufacturers of horseshoes to burn their names into the iron, and when Radford picked the shoe up, he was happily surprised to see there the manufacturer's name—O. Winn. Ballplayers have always considered horseshoes omens of good fortune, but to find one with the exhortation "O. Winn" seared into it seemed auspicious beyond belief. Radford carried the shoe around for the rest of the season. Boston immediately braced, won nineteen out of the next twenty-three, and eventually took the pennant by a four-game margin over Chicago.

But Providence had more than the similar-sounding Radbourn and Radford. The infield showed Joe Start, veteran of veterans, at first; Jack Farrell at second; Arthur Irwin at short; and Jerry Denny at third. Denny, whose real name was Jeremiah Dennis Eldridge, was the best third-baseman of the 1880's. Along with Radford in the outfield were Cliff Carroll in left and Paul Hines in center, while catching Radbourn was Barney Gilligan.

The Mets were not necessarily awed, because they boasted a pitcher, Tim Keefe, almost as celebrated as Radbourn. A right-hander, like Radbourn, he had won 35 games that year and would win 30 or more for seven straight seasons. It might be said, then, that the World Series began in greatness because those two opposing pitchers, Radbourn and Keefe, would each win more than 300 games and would eventually be mated on the greatest team of all, the one in the Baseball Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, New York.

Keefe's usual catcher was Billy Holbert, though Charlie Reipschlagel sometimes supported him, and the infield of the Mets showed Dave Orr at first, John "Dasher" Troy at second, Jack Nelson at shortstop, and Tom "The Dude" Esterbrook at third. Ed Kennedy was stationed in left, James "Chief" Roseman in center, and Steve Brady in right.

The first game was played on a cold and windy afternoon, Thursday, October 23. Despite the raw breeze, almost a gale at times, a crowd of 2,500 sat in grandstand and bleachers, stomping feet to keep warm while noses and fingers turned blue with cold.

At this time the home team did not necessarily bat after the visitors had had their turn. Instead, the two captains met with the um-

pire at home plate and tossed a coin to determine which club would have choice of innings, as it was called. Providence won the toss, so let it be said to the eternal credit of the Mets that Jack Nelson, their shortstop, became the first man to go to the plate in World Series competition. The chilled home audience presumably cheered, the first of thousands of such World Series shouts of happiness that would ring down the years, but Nelson was easily disposed of by Radbourn, as were Brady and Esterbrook, who followed him.

Because the game was played in the park of the Mets, rules of the American Association, slightly different from those of the National League, were in force. One of these rules was that a batter hit by a pitched ball be given his base. This sensible provision of the game's code is still in effect, but the National League did not adopt it until 1887. The American Association had thought up the rule because Jack Schappart, a Brooklyn pitcher who worked for St. Louis in 1882, had a nasty habit of plunking batters in the ribs, without penalty, in an effort to intimidate them.

Facing Keefe in the first inning, Hines, leading off, was solidly hit by the ball and was given his base. Then another of Tim's serves wandered off course and struck Cliff Carroll. A wild pitch moved the runners up, and a passed ball by Reipschlagler scored them.

Radbourn shut the Mets out, allowing only two harmless singles. Keefe pitched well also, permitting only one hit until the seventh, but then Farrell doubled, and when Irwin tripled, he accounted for the first RBI in World Series history. Another pair of hits made the final score 6 to 0.

On the following day the weather was even more nippy, but play started with the same pitchers facing each other. Only 1,000 were on hand, but they had the good fortune to witness the first World Series home run, a blow by Jerry Denny in the fifth with two on. Denny accounted for the game with that one swipe of the bat, and although the Mets in the same inning scored an unearned run off Radbourn, play stopped after seven innings because of the cold, with the final score being 3 to 1.

Conditions were even worse for the third game, and only 500 fans braved the keen northwest wind to watch Radbourn wind things up, 11 to 2. Only six innings were played. Mutrie, apparently deciding that Keefe could not beat Radbourn no matter how capably he pitched, replaced him with a rookie, James "Buck" Becannon, who

took a bad lacing. Keefe, however, did not entirely take the day off, as he acted as umpire.

The Grays did not make a single playing change in the three games, using only nine men, each assuming the same position daily, while the spendthrift Mets employed twelve.

So it might be said it was an act of Providence that beat the Mets. It was also an act of Radbourn, and Radford's horseshoe was not even needed.

How did the Met fans react to this first, emphatic defeat of their pets? About as they would react today—with a torchlight parade by way of celebration. More than 300 amateur ball clubs from the New York area led the line of march, as the Met players, gloriously defeated after not scoring an earned run in three games, rode in a large stagecoach. At Fifty-fourth Street and Eighth Avenue and again at Broadway and Thirteenth Street the procession was greeted with displays of Roman candles, skyrockets, and red flares. Then the paraders disbanded at Union Square. The season was over.

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If most baseball fans have not heard of Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana, it can be explained by the fact that he served as Vice President of the United States under Grover Cleveland. At that time the Vice Presidency served as a burial place for politicians. Fans, however, would probably recognize the name of the Vice President's nephew, Jack Hendricks, who managed the St. Louis Cardinals in 1918 and the Cincinnati Reds from 1924 through 1929.

Be that as it may, Vice President Hendricks found himself in St. Louis one evening in October, 1885, and shortly after his arrival, he strolled out on the balcony of his hotel. To his pleasant surprise a parade was passing, a crowd had gathered, and so he began to make a speech:

This, gentlemen, is an honor that I did not expect. It is a genuine surprise to me. It must be only in the West that the greatness of the Vice Presidency is recognized. I know that Missouri is a good old Democratic state, but I did not suspect for a moment that my arrival would provoke the enthusiasm which I see displayed before me.

The marchers were bearing aloft flares, and just then a youth standing beside the Vice President shouted, "There's Gleason!"

"Gleason? Gleason?" muttered the Vice President. "And who, may I ask, is Gleason?"

"Just the greatest shortstop the Browns ever had," replied the youth. "And that is one of the reasons why we are going to beat Chicago for the championship."

But there was to be no championship that year. Seven games were played between the Browns and White Stockings, each winning three and one ending in a tie. They were without doubt the worst games ever inflicted on a World Series audience. For the first time, though, the term "World Series" was printed, although it was originally called the World Championship Series. The phrase started in St. Louis and was probably first used by Alfred Spink, a baseball writer of that city who in another year would assume the ownership and publication of *The Sporting News*, the baseball weekly that survives to this day.

No World Series would ever be played under such discouraging conditions. The money in the purse had been reduced to \$1,000, with each club putting up \$500; the games were not attended by a single club owner, all of whom were in session at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York City establishing a maximum salary of \$2,000 for players; the series was interrupted while the Browns played the St. Louis Maroons, of the National League, for the championship of St. Louis, an endeavor in which they succeeded; and the Browns and White Stockings made 103 errors in the seven games, 27 of them coming in the final contest. To add to the confusion the first game was played at Chicago, then three in St. Louis, one in Pittsburgh, and two in Cincinnati.

Today, of course, it would be impossible to play a World Series that did not yield a winner, and fans throughout the years must have looked at the record books and wondered why on earth such an inconclusive finish was permitted. The difficulty was a rhubarb in the second game that led to Chicago's winning by forfeit. But the Browns refused to concede, so the result was not known until a postseries investigation legalized the forfeit and ruled the series a tie.

The teams should have provided much better entertainment, for their ranks included the greatest players in the land as well as the greatest managers, Adrian "Cap" Anson of the White Stockings and Charlie Comiskey of the Browns, both of whom also happened to be the best first basemen in their respective leagues. Anson's team, on paper at least, was far superior, with a star at every position. John

Clarkson, a right-hander and future Hall of Famer, had won fifty-two games while losing sixteen, and on days when he was unavailable Jim McCormick, with a record of twenty and four, did the work. Frank "Silver" Flint caught them both. Anson's infield was considered the best seen up to that time and included, in addition to the captain himself, Fred Pfeffer at second, Ed Williamson at short, and Tommy Burns at third. The outfield showed Abner Dalrymple in left, George Gore in center, and Mike "King" Kelly in right.

The Browns, a creation of Chris Von Der Ahe, owner of a small delicatessen and beer dispensary, had no individual stars to equal those of Anson. But Comiskey welded his players into a cohesive unit that won four consecutive American Association pennants. As he looked around the field from his position at first, Comiskey could see Sam Barkley at second, Bill Gleason at short, Walter "Arlie" Latham at third, James "Tip" O'Neill in left, Curt Welch in center, and William "Yank" Robinson in right. Dave Foutz and Bob Caruthers were pitchers of almost equal ability, and Albert "Doc" Bushong caught them.

The series opened at Chicago, and the game was so long delayed by exhibitions of throwing and running that darkness halted play after eight innings. Chicago won the field contests, with Williamson throwing the ball 113 yards, 1 foot and 4 inches, and Pfeffer running the bases in fifteen and three-fourths seconds; but neither team could win the ball game, and the White Stockings earned their 5 to 5 tie only because Pfeffer connected for a last-minute, three-run homer off Caruthers.

On the next day at St. Louis came the silly show that caused the forfeit. All the trouble resulted from the folly of employing only one umpire, Dave Sullivan, of the National League staff, who had to take his stand behind the pitcher in order to call balls and strikes and simultaneously keep his eyes peeled for a possible crisis on the bases. In the sixth inning the speedy Billy Sunday, destined for fame as an evangelist and that day subbing for Gore, who had reported in no condition to play, led off with a double. Kelly then hit to Gleason at short and should have been declared out at first. But Sullivan, who had been watching Sunday race home, missed the call and declared Kelly safe. An argument then raged for fifteen minutes, and, when play was resumed, Anson singled, scoring Kelly to tie the game at 4 to 4. Williamson then topped one of those tricky rollers toward third.

Sullivan changed his mind several times and finally decided the ball was fair. The crowd then surged onto the field, the umpire forfeited the game to Chicago, and police surrounded him to prevent mayhem.

Sullivan disappeared from the scene, and with local umpires working, the Browns captured the next two games, 7 to 4 and 3 to 2. Bill Medart, who officiated in the fourth game, was so partial to the Browns that even the home club became disgusted, and Comiskey admitted his boys had been outplayed.

Anson was now so thoroughly disgusted that he made certain of honest officiating by bringing in "Honest John" Kelly, the most famous umpire in the country, to work the games scheduled for Pittsburgh and Cincinnati. The Browns, admittedly embarrassed by Medart's work, agreed to the selection. Justice then seemed to assert itself, for with Kelly on the job, the White Stockings won two in a row by identical 9 to 2 margins.

His confidence in the team restored and apparently feeling at peace with the world, Anson then made a generous gesture on the morning of the seventh game. "We will not even claim the forfeited game," he said. "We each have two victories now, and the winner of today's game will be the winner of the series."

It was a noble offer, but obviously the Chicago manager made it in the belief that his team could not possibly lose. However, even with Kelly doing his capable job of calling balls and strikes and watching the bases, the White Stockings mired themselves in shame before a sparse audience of 1,200 at Cincinnati, blowing the game, 13 to 4. Chicago made seventeen errors that afternoon, with Anson himself contributing four, and the Browns, as if to demonstrate that Chicago did not have a monopoly on sloppy play, added ten of their own. Never has a World Series game been so terrible to contemplate as that one.

But after the teams disbanded for the winter and Anson had a chance to think things over, he reneged on his promise not to claim the forfeited game. A committee of owners from both leagues then looked into the matter, decided the forfeit should stand, and ruled that the series be declared a tie. At the same time the committee made another inspired and interesting decision, returning the \$1,000 purse to the owners, with the result that not one member of either the White Stockings or the Browns ever received as much as one cent for participating in the World Series of 1885.

Chris Von Der Ahe had no literary ambitions, but in September, 1886, when it became apparent to him that the Browns and White Stockings seemed sure to win the championships of their respective leagues again, he recognized the need to write a letter, so to someone in his office was entrusted the job of composing the following message:

A. G. Spalding, President
Chicago League Club
Chicago

Dear Sir— The championship season is fast approaching an end, and it now seems reasonably sure that the Chicago White Stockings and St. Louis Brown Stockings will win the championship of their respective associations. I therefore take this opportunity of challenging your team, on behalf of the Browns, for a series of contests to be known as the World's Championship Series. It is immaterial to me whether the series be composed of five, seven or nine games. I would respectfully suggest, however, that it would be better from a financial standpoint to play the entire series on the two home grounds, and not travel around as we did last season. I would like to hear from you at your earliest convenience, in order that the dates and other details may be arranged. I am yours respectfully,

C. Von Der Ahe
St. Louis
September 26, 1886

Spalding accepted, asked for a nine-game series, and insisted that the winning club keep all the receipts. Von Der Ahe then willingly accepted the winner-take-all provision but said the series would have to be seven games because the Browns again faced the task of meeting the Maroons for the "championship of St. Louis" and therefore would not have time for a long series with Chicago. That was how the World Series first came to be played on a best-four-out-of-seven basis, the format still in effect.

The personnel was much the same as the year before. The only change in the Chicago lineup occurred when Mike Kelly moved from right field to replace Silver Flint as catcher, opening his outfield position for Jimmy Ryan, a rookie and the first of those rare players, aside

from pitchers, who bat right and throw left. Ryan would enjoy a distinguished career with Chicago and remain as a regular for the next fourteen years. On the St. Louis side, Yank Robinson moved from right field also, replacing Sam Barkley, who had gone to Pittsburgh, at second base. Either Caruthers or Foutz, depending on which of the two was needed to pitch on a particular day, assumed Robinson's old spot in right. Nat Hudson had been added as a pitcher, giving Comiskey three starters, a rarity in that era.

The magnificent Clarkson pitched a shutout in the first game, Chicago winning, 6 to 0, but the tables were turned in the second when Caruthers blanked the White Stockings, 12 to 0. Clarkson came back to win his second start, 11 to 4, and the teams shifted to St. Louis, where Chicago expected to wind things up in a hurry. But luck was with the Browns once more, and they took three straight and the title.

After Foutz got the best of Clarkson, 8 to 5, in the fourth game, Anson tried to ring in Mark Baldwin, a pitcher he had signed for 1887. But Comiskey would have none of that and argued furiously that the new player was ineligible, and when the umpire backed him up, Anson had to start Williamson, who seldom pitched, and the result was a 10 to 3 disaster.

The final game was the best ever played in a World Series up to that time. Clarkson held a 3 to 0 lead until the eighth, when the Browns rallied to tie, the big blow being a two-run triple by Latham over the head of Dalrymple in left. Then, after a scoreless ninth, the Browns won in the tenth on a play that has gone down in the game's legendry as "Curt Welch's \$15,000 Slide."

So deeply is the incident embedded in baseball folklore that any modern fan, hearing about the play, might conclude that here was a man—Curt Welch—who took a desperate chance to win the World Series for his team by dashing brazenly against the odds into a cloud of dust, just as sixty years later another St. Louis outfielder, Enos Slaughter, would snatch victory for his team by daring on the base paths in the deciding game. Anyone believing that would be wrong on all counts. Not only was the slide not worth \$15,000, but there was no reason to slide whatever.

The inning began when Welch singled to center and Foutz hit a grounder that Williamson, back at his normal shortstop position, fumbled. Robinson, just as he would today, sacrificed the runners

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along, and the Browns had the winning run on third with one out. With Bushong at bat, Welch broke for the plate on Clarkson's second pitch. A tortoise could have scored, because the ball sailed over the head of Mike Kelly and Umpire Gracie Pearce, and the grandstand emptied. But there had not even been a play at the plate.

Riding back to the Lindell Hotel in a carriage, Al Spalding was trying to analyze the game, but it was Latham's triple and not Welch's run that bothered him.

"I thought Dalrymple should have caught the ball," Spalding said, looking at Mike Kelly as if urging him to agree.

Kelly did not reply. He was not going to be trapped into putting the rap on Dal.

"Ryan or Gore would have smothered it," Spalding said, in what must have been one of the first of thousands of second guesses related to World Series plays.

"Mebbe," Kelly said.

It had been a good series. Although it was not yet the national event that it would become, there were signs of increased interest, and a spirit of orderliness, entirely lacking in 1885, was being brought to the games.

Because of the winner-take-all provision, the Chicago players for the second straight year did not receive any money whatever for their efforts, and so many of them made side bets with the Browns that they had to borrow money to get back to Chicago.

The receipts totaled \$13,920.10 from an attendance of 42,566, and St. Louis proved to be a better draw than Chicago, with the three games at Sportsman's Park drawing 29,460 in a plant that seated 10,000. Von Der Ahe pocketed \$6,960.05, but out of that he had to pay the umpire and park help. The players split a similar sum, which meant that each of the twelve Browns received a poke of \$580. And in St. Louis in 1886 there were numerous things that one could do with \$580.

4

Fred K. Stearns was a wholesale druggist who bought the Detroit Wolverines of the National League and won the pennant in his first attempt in 1887. He inherited a manager, William Watkins, who had artfully put together a hard-hitting, solid team, lacking in imagination and devoid of sparkle, but a powerful array of sluggers with

popular appeal. Watkins turned his team into a contender prior to the 1886 season when he acquired the Buffalo Big Four, a famed unit that consisted of first baseman Dan Brouthers, second baseman Hardie Richardson, shortstop Jack Rowe, and third baseman James "Deacon" White. But the Wolverines also had a superb catcher in Charlie Bennett and two crack pitchers in Charles "Lady" Baldwin, a southpaw, and Charlie Getzein. The outfield, from left to right, was made up of Larry Twitchell, Ned Hanlon, and Big Sam Thompson, all experienced and competent. The Wolverines had come close in 1886, finishing two and one-half games behind Chicago, and in 1887 they pushed ahead and ended up three and one-half lengths ahead of the Phillies, shoving the White Stockings back to third. The days of glory for Anson were over. Five times in eight years of managing he had won pennants in Chicago, but although he would lead that team for eleven more seasons, he would never taste victory again.

When the Browns won in their association for the third straight year, the only noticeable change was in their battery, with Jack Boyle, progenitor of a well-known Cincinnati baseball family, replacing Doc Bushong as the regular catcher and Charles "Silver" King taking his turn as a pitcher along with Foutz and Caruthers. The Browns were aware of the Detroit power but counted on their superior running, defensive skill, and all-around finesse.

Stearns was possibly as much a sport as a businessman. When Detroit won, he became so excited he ordered Henry Stephens, a Michigan lumberman, to produce the tallest pennant pole ever seen and was pleased to have one delivered that stood 125 feet high. Stearns had such big ideas that he challenged Von Der Ahe to a series of fifteen games, with the two teams traveling in a special train of parlor cars and making stops at Pittsburgh, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, Baltimore, Brooklyn, and Chicago, besides playing three times at St. Louis and twice at Detroit. The grandiose idea appealed to Chris, who promptly accepted and also agreed to raising the admission price for a seat in the grandstand to one dollar, the first time that such a high admission fee had been charged in the history of professional baseball.

Another innovation adopted on Stearns' recommendation was the employment of two umpires, "Honest John" Kelly and John Gaffney. When play began, Kelly would be behind the plate and Gaffney at second base, but for some reason they would change places at the end

of each half inning. The plan came to be known as the double umpire system, and the spectators thought it was an amusing luxury, never dreaming the time would come when six umpires were needed to officiate in the World Series.

There was at this time a popular actress known on the stage as Helen Dauvray. A Cincinnati girl whose real name was Gibson, she had become enamored of baseball and of one of its stars, John Montgomery Ward. He had started as a pitcher with Providence in 1878, worked a perfect game in 1880, hurt his arm, turned to the infield and became an outstanding shortstop, and now was playing with the Giants and living at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. There have been many lovely actresses whose lives have touched the game—Lillian Russell, Mabel Hite, Ethel Barrymore, Tallulah Bankhead, and Laraine Day are a few of them—but La Dauvray was the first. Not long after Ward met her they became engaged, and about a month before the World Series between the Browns and Wolverines began, they were married at the Arch Street Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia.

It was Helen Dauvray Ward's idea that an elaborate silver cup be awarded the winner of the World Series. She thought it absurd that no trophy had ever been given the winning team, so she won Stearns and Von Der Ahe to her cause, paid a jeweler to manufacture it, and sent it on to accompany the teams on their special train. So it was that the Dauvray Cup became the first symbol of World Series success, but what has become of it is impossible to determine. Someday it may turn up, and if and when it does, the hope is that it can be sent to Cooperstown to join the Temple Cup, the McGinnity Cup, and other treasures of the game.

Dan Brouthers, the most powerful of all the Detroit hitters, missed all but one of the World Series games because of a badly sprained ankle. To make up for the loss, Watkins moved Deacon White from third to first, shifted Hardie Richardson from second to third, and inserted Fred Dunlap at second. But the strategy did not work, as the Browns dropped bunts in front of White that confused him thoroughly, running off with the game, 6 to 1.

Watkins tried a different combination after that, sending White back to third and using Charlie Ganzel, an extra catcher, at first. The plan worked, the Wolverines clicked off three straight victories,

lost one, then took four more in a row, and were within one game of clinching the series.

That was the situation when the teams prepared for a morning game at Washington and an afternoon contest at Baltimore on October 21, the only time in history that two World Series games were played on the same day. This freak of scheduling came about because the game carded for Washington the day before had been postponed by rain.

The morning game did not yield the expected victory by Detroit, but it did produce the first triple play in World Series history, the Browns making it in the third inning. Rowe was on first, Ganzel on second, and Richardson on third for the Wolverines when Thompson lashed a liner to Gleason at short. He wheeled, fired to third before Richardson could duck back, and Latham then threw to Robinson at second before Ganzel could return to that base. Possibly inspired by such slambang fielding, St. Louis won, 11 to 4.

But in Baltimore that afternoon Detroit won the series, and with it the Dauvray Cup. A barrage of eighteen hits off Foutz provided the 13 to 3 margin. There were still four games of the scheduled fifteen to be played, and these meaningless meetings took place before slim audiences. Detroit won two of them, making their final margin over the Browns ten games to five.

Stearns was proud of his champions but disappointed that the series had not been so profitable as he had hoped. The total receipts were \$42,000, but expenses amounted to \$18,000, so the clubs had only \$24,000 to split.

The World Series would never turn into such an ambitious caravan again. Here, for the record, are the scores:

October 10	St. Louis	6	Detroit	1	at St. Louis
October 11	Detroit	5	St. Louis	3	at St. Louis
October 12	Detroit	2	St. Louis	1	at Detroit (13 innings)
October 13	Detroit	8	St. Louis	0	at Pittsburgh
October 14	St. Louis	5	Detroit	2	at Brooklyn
October 15	Detroit	9	St. Louis	0	at New York
October 17	Detroit	3	St. Louis	1	at Philadelphia
October 18	Detroit	9	St. Louis	2	at Boston
October 19	Detroit	4	St. Louis	2	at Philadelphia

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October 21	St. Louis	11	Detroit	4	at Washington (A.M.)
October 21	Detroit	13	St. Louis	3	at Baltimore (P.M.)
October 22	St. Louis	5	Detroit	1	at Brooklyn
October 24	Detroit	6	St. Louis	3	at Detroit
October 25	Detroit	4	St. Louis	3	at Chicago
October 26	St. Louis	9	Detroit	2	at Detroit

2. The Alibi and the Goat

The City of New York once had a way of adding polish to its residents, no matter how provincial their origins; even Jim Mutrie, who had pedaled into the metropolis on a bicycle in 1880, wheeling all the way from New Bedford, Massachusetts, in the hope of making a living out of baseball, gradually shed his seedy look with the passing of time. He abandoned the Buffalo Bill hat for a stovepipe, cut his shaggy locks, and even carried a cane. In the lobby of the Fifth Avenue Hotel he was indistinguishable from a drummer of cigars.

After winning the American Association pennant with his Mets in 1884 and losing that first World Series to Providence, Mutrie shifted his allegiance to the other team that he and John B. Day controlled, the New York National League Club. In 1885 someone, possibly Mutrie himself or possibly P. Jay Donohue of the *New York World*, began calling that team the Giants. And Mutrie, in boasting of his Giants, that year began to utter a war cry that was simultaneously meaningless and meaningful. "We are the people!" Mutrie would shout, as if he were a Tammany politician at an election rally. What he meant by those words he did not know, nor did the persons who heard him, but they would cheer and echo the cry. For the players *were* Giants on the earth, and the followers of the team—well, they *were* the people, and they even had a song to prove it:

We have fought all the fights to be fit,
We have won all the games to be won,

We have taken the rag off the bush
 And have yanked the traditional bun.
 Then who are the *people*?
 We are!
 I say *who* are the *people*?
 We are!

We may dance and may sing,
 But odds, bodds and by Jing,
 You can bet we're the people.
 We are.

At first, however, the Giants did not win all the fights to be fit. Though finishing second to Chicago in 1885, they slipped to third in 1886 and fourth in 1887 before rallying and winning the pennant in 1888, the first of seventeen National League flags they would capture for New York before moving on to San Francisco in 1958.

The chief strength of the Giants was in the battery. Tim Keefe had moved to the club with Mutrie from the Mets, where he joined another pitcher, "Smiling Mickey" Welch, who was almost his equal. Their catcher was Buck Ewing; if you want to know how good he was, consider that Connie Mack, a catcher once himself who lived to manage Mickey Cochrane and watch Bill Dickey and Gabby Hartnett, always said that Ewing was the greatest of all time.

Another source of enormous strength to the Giants was their shortstop, John Montgomery Ward. By an odd coincidence Keefe and Ward married sisters. Two years after Ward and Helen Dauvray (Gibson) were married, Tim became attached for life to Helen's sister, Clara. While Mutrie sat on the bench in his plug hat, Ewing and Ward took charge of the team on the field.

Big Roger Connor, the first baseman, was another popular favorite at the Polo Grounds. It was his bulk that largely inspired the nickname Giants, for at 6 feet 3 inches in height and 220 pounds he was physically the largest Giant of them all. Capable players manned all positions, with Danny Richardson at second, Art Whitney at third, "Orator Jim" O'Rourke in left, Mike Slattery in center, and "Silent Mike" Tiernan in right.

The Browns, meanwhile, rode to their fourth consecutive American Association championship despite the fact that Chris Von Der Ahe

had sold many of the contracts of his best players. Perhaps envious of Al Spalding, who enriched his treasury at Chicago by sending Mike Kelly and John Clarkson to Boston, Von Der Ahe, in a fit of pique, began dismantling his club shortly after the defeat by Detroit.

He sent Bill Gleason, an excellent shortstop and a favorite at Sportsman's Park since 1882, to the Philadelphia Athletics for John "Jocko" Milligan, a rather ordinary catcher, and James "Chippy" McGarr, a second baseman who flopped miserably and did not even finish the season with the Browns but drifted to Omaha. Curt Welch, only a year after the supposed immortality engendered by his celebrated but wholly unnecessary slide, was then also dispatched to the Athletics for \$3,000. But even more strangely, Von Der Ahe disposed of his two star pitchers, Bob Caruthers and Dave Foutz, and catcher Doc Bushong, sending them to Brooklyn for mere money. That Comiskey could suffer such losses and still put together a team that won the pennant is evidence of his great skill. He did it by wheedling Louisville out of Elton "Icebox" Chamberlain, who won his nickname through his eminent coolness under fire; he moved Yank Robinson to short from second, making room for McGarr, and then when the latter failed, picked up Bill White, an infielder released by Louisville.

As the World Series was about to begin, the atmosphere surrounding it was not particularly pleasant. The Browns were moaning because Nat Hudson, possessed of a very deceptive slow drop that should have bothered the Giants and, except for Silver King, the best pitcher on Comiskey's staff with twenty-six victories to his credit, decided to skip the World Series altogether and take the baths at Hot Springs. A man of independent means, Hudson could come and go as he pleased, and there was nothing that Von Der Ahe or Comiskey could do about it.

Then Day and Von Der Ahe precipitated a hassle with the fans concerning the prices of tickets to the games. The plan was to charge \$1 for general admission, but such a public din arose that the idea was immediately abandoned. The magnates compromised and accepted a scale of \$.50 for general admission, \$1 for grandstand, and \$1.50 for a reserved seat in a certain portion of the grandstand. The schedule called for four games in New York and in St. Louis, and one each in Brooklyn and Philadelphia, with the winner, of course, being the team to win six or more. "Honest John" Kelly and John

Gaffney were to umpire again, and once more the teams would struggle for the Dauvray Cup, which had to be won three times to be retained and never would be. There was also another prize, the Hall Cup, a trophy valued at \$1,000 and contributed by one Thomas H. Hall.

In New York on the morning of the first game it rained until noon, and workmen with shovels liberally applied sawdust to the infield. Then Sir Timothy Keefe and Silver King engaged in a pitching duel that was wonderful to see, each allowing only three hits. There was not a score after the third inning, but by that time the Giants had the ball game won, 2 to 1, the winning run crossing the plate in the third under circumstances heartbreaking to King. With two out and no runners on, Tiernan coaxed a walk, then stole second and continued all the way home when Boyle's extraordinarily errant peg to second got past Harry Lyons, the center fielder.

The Browns took heart the next day after Chamberlain shut out the Giants and Welch, 3 to 0, causing the pitcher to lose momentarily his perpetual grin. But then the Giants won four in a row, and it was almost over. Keefe beat King for the second time, 4 to 2, and at Brooklyn, Edward "Cannonball" Crane, a third stringer, took the measure of Chamberlain, 6 to 3. Crane had been around the majors for five years, but that ball game had supplied his first evidence of brilliance. Until that time, he was known to the populace mostly because of his strange eating habits, his favorite snack consisting of two dozen eggs served in a soup bowl, topped off by a dozen clams. Keefe, in his third outing, was not so effective as formerly, but he managed to outlast King, 6 to 4, and then, at Philadelphia, the Giants really poured it on, Welch beating Chamberlain, 12 to 5.

With a lead of five games to one and only one more victory needed for the title, the teams moved on to St. Louis to wind it up. The train from Philadelphia stopped at Pittsburgh, and the players, officials, and umpires got off to stretch their legs. Waiting for them, pencils in hand, were the baseball writers, along with a small but excited collection of the rabble. Among that crowd, anxious to meet his old teammates but not in the best condition, was Curt Welch. Apparently he had wagered and lost a large sum on his former club, for when he encountered "Honest John" Kelly on the station platform, he told him how rank his umpiring had been and then openly accused the

umpire of having bet on the Giants. Kelly measured Curt with his eyes, shook his head in disgust, snorted, and walked away without comment, and the sportswriters put their pencils to work.

Then Von Der Ahe, who knew better but who was too poor a loser to care about mere truth, told the writers that Curt was right, that both Kelly and Gaffney had bet on the Giants and then favored them with every close decision. The trouble with Chris was that his career in the American Association, thanks largely to Comiskey, had been a triumphant one; until Detroit had beaten him, he had not known what defeat was, and now that the Giants were repeating the dose, it was almost unbearable.

The alibi, of course, is as old as the game itself, and of all the excuses for losing, blaming the umpire is as obvious and banal as it is ancient. Von Der Ahe, whose mottled, bulbous nose gave him an appearance like that of the late comedian W. C. Fields, was one of baseball's great characters. His German accent was as thick as a prize knackwurst in a butcher's window, and his malapropisms were widely quoted. He was generous to his players and a sport who would bet on anything; but he had a childish temper, and to many he was a bore.

At this time there was a belief in baseball that any story originating in Pittsburgh should be discounted. This was because a certain baseball writer of that city was so gifted with imagination that he filled his news columns with pleasant fiction. At the same time that Von Der Ahe was belaboring the umpires, this writer sent out a story claiming that while the train was stopped in the Pittsburgh station, Roger Conner had saved the life of Helen Dauvray Ward. Helen, so the story went, had been walking up and down on the station platform when a huge girder fell from a shed where men were working and would have crushed her had not Connor suddenly appeared to catch the flying iron by one end and deflect it in time to save the lady's life. Both Helen and Roger, though unopposed to such favorable publicity, nevertheless denounced the story as a complete fake.

So when the same writer spread the statement that Von Der Ahe had made concerning the umpiring, there was a tendency to disbelieve it. But other witnesses verified its accuracy, and Chris found himself on the spot. When the train arrived in St. Louis, so much damage had been done that it appeared unlikely the series would go on. John Gaffney was actually in tears. "I don't mind anyone finding fault with

my judgment," he said, "and I don't care about anyone's opinion of my work. But I do object to being called crooked, and I will quit the business before taking any more of that."

"Honest John" Kelly backed up his associate. "If Gaffney won't umpire any more games, I won't either," he promised.

Faced with financial loss because of the situation he had caused, Von Der Ahe then resorted to the claim that he had been misquoted, an absurdity because of the great number of persons who had heard his original accusation. Now, of course, it is difficult to know who was the first professional ballplayer to repudiate an interview, but it is the oldest dodge in the business and, baseball aside, is probably the oldest dodge in the history of conversation.

But when Von Der Ahe backed down, Gaffney and Kelly agreed to continue their work, and the games went on. The Browns won a brief respite by taking the seventh game and the first at St. Louis when King bested Crane, 7 to 5, but Keefe pitched on the following day, won his fourth straight from the Browns, 11 to 3, and it was all over, with the Giants winning, six games to two. But because ten games had been scheduled, the final two were played. Hardly anyone looked on, and substitutes dotted the lineups as the Browns won both, 14 to 11 and 18 to 7.

With the alibi exploded, it then became necessary for the Browns to find a goat, a practice, unfortunately, which has been followed in every World Series since. Baseball writers who cover the World Series seem to have an emotional need to supply both heroes and goats, often without much reason. Just as some politicians suggest simple solutions to complex problems, some baseball writers see shaded situations in terms of black and white. Without much thought they had selected Curt Welch as the hero of the 1886 World Series. Now, two years after that, they chose their first World Series goat, William Dighton White, the St. Louis shortstop.

After disavowing his charge of crooked umpiring, Von Der Ahe picked on White as the cause of the defeat of the Browns, saying that his careless play had cost three games. Even the Boston Herald, then usually an equable voice in baseball affairs, fell for the line. "If one man ever lost an important series, it was this man White," wrote an anonymous writer in the *Herald* who was probably Ed Stevens, the baseball editor. "Had the Browns a strong man in his place, the result of the series might have been entirely different."

The charge was absolute nonsense. Full accounts of the games are available, and White can be rationally charged with only one of the losses suffered by his team. In the fifth game the Browns were leading in the eighth, 4 to 1, when White's error set up a five-run Giant rally that won the game. But that was the extent of his culpability. Von Der Ahe had had an exceptional shortstop in Bill Gleason, but he had chosen to sell his contract to the Athletics, a rather goatish act in itself.

White never played another major league game. The first World Series goat went back to Bellaire, Ohio, and in the remaining thirty-six years of his life he kept his name out of the news. After his death on the final day of the year of 1924, the *Reach Guide* in its obituary of him referred to him as a "noted shortstop."

But if there was no real goat in the 1888 World Series, there definitely was an authentic hero, Tim Keefe. His four starts produced four complete games and four victories, and in thirty-five innings of pitching he allowed ten runs, only five of them earned, and eighteen hits. The losses to Radbourn of four years before had been avenged.

Mutrie was also a hero of sorts. The man who invented the World Series and then lost the first one ever played had now balanced the ledger and had also become the first person to manage World Series teams in two different leagues. But Mutrie, proud though he was of his offspring, knew that his child had imperfections.

Mutrie told Joe Pritchard, a St. Louis baseball writer:

Just say for me that if I ever engage in another World Series, the ball will stop rolling just as soon as the series is decided. The games played after the series had been won were mere farces. Our boys did not care whether they won them or not. It is a difficult task to handle a lot of ballplayers during the season, no matter how sharp you watch them, but since my men won the World Series and have caught up with so many acquaintances from all parts of the country, it is a hard matter to keep them in good form.

2

The bubbly, boiling rivalry between the Giants and the Dodgers has for so long been a spirited feature of National League life that it seems strange to recall that these two teams first met in a World Series. The Giants of Mutrie repeated in 1889, and Brooklyn that year won the pennant in the American Association.

So, when the clubs first met, the championship of the world was at stake. It could not be called a subway series, because as yet there were no subways in New York. And it could not be called a battle of the boroughs, because New York and Brooklyn were not then boroughs but separate cities. Nor was the Brooklyn team known as the Dodgers. It was called the Bridegrooms, or Grooms, because during the season just completed, four of the players had become benedicts.

Mutrie realized his wish concerning anticlimactic games. It was agreed that the series would terminate as soon as one club had won six times. But this meant that eleven games could conceivably be played, and that was the cause of a dispute that almost disrupted things before play began. Tom Lynch, who had been selected to umpire the games along with Gaffney ("Honest John" Kelly had left the game to devote full time to the saloon that he operated in partnership with Mike Kelly, Anson's old star), insisted on a fee of \$800, more than twice that he had been offered. When his terms were not met, he simply failed to show up, but Bob Ferguson, a former player and manager, was pressed into service, and the series began. After the first game, Lynch yielded and joined Gaffney in working the rest of the contests.

The Giants presented almost the same team that had whipped the Browns the year before, except that George Gore appeared in center more often than Mike Slattery, and Henry "Hank" O'Day, later a famed umpire, backed up Keefe and Welch in the pitching department.

Brooklyn, which played its games at old Washington Park, was managed by Bill McGunnigle, who had long made a practice of leading teams to pennants. He won with Saginaw of the Northwestern League in 1883, then moved to Bay City in the same circuit the next year and repeated there. With Brockton of the New England League he finished first in 1885, slipped to fourth in 1886, but then transferred to Lowell and regained the top in 1887. That is where Charlie Byrne, one of the owners of the Brooklyn club, first saw him in action and hired him.

McGunnigle put together a veteran team. Bob Caruthers, whose contract had been purchased from Von Der Ahe along with those of Foutz and Bushong, won forty games and lost twelve. Foutz, a good hitter, was converted into a first baseman because the Grooms already had a strong pitcher in Bill "the Adonis" Terry. Hub Collins played

second, George "Germany" Smith short, and George Pinkney third. William "Darby" O'Brien was in left, John "Pop" Corkhill in center, and "Oyster Tom" Burns in right, with Bushong catching. The popular favorite was O'Brien, McGunnigle's field captain, who batted .312.

The Grooms surprised the Giants by winning three of the first four, mostly because Keefe had lost his touch. Sir Timothy managed to go the distance in the first game, but Brooklyn won, 12 to 10, and Tim never started again. The Giants bounced back, 6 to 2, behind Crane, but then the Grooms defeated Welch and Crane on successive days, 8 to 7 and 10 to 7.

Like many brawls between the Giants and Dodgers in years to come, the games were punctuated with arguments, wild charges, and unruly conduct by the fans. Only one of those first four games went nine innings. There were so many delays caused by the wrangling that darkness terminated play twice after eight innings and once after six.

Abruptly then there was a change. The fans quieted, the players played it cool, the games went the distance, and the Giants won five in a row, taking the series six games to three. After Crane downed Caruthers, 11 to 3, O'Day outlasted Terry, 2 to 1, in the eleven-inning sixth game, easily the best of the set, with the winning run resulting when Ward's smash through short scored Slattery. The next two triumphs were lopsided, 11 to 7 and 16 to 7, before O'Day and Terry clashed in the 3 to 2 finale that the Giants won in the seventh on an error by Bushong.

Now New York had two legs on the Dauvray Cup, but neither the Giants nor any other team would ever win the third. In the hectic period that the game was about to enter the trophy would be totally forgotten.

3

During the last years of the 1880's the relationship between major league players and the owners of the clubs grew increasingly bitter. The chief source of the trouble was a \$2,000 salary limit imposed on the players. The only player organization at the time was called the Brotherhood, a fraternity theoretically designed to protect the interests of its members but not a particularly effective group. It did, however, have a spirited leader in John Montgomery Ward, who had

completed his studies in law at Columbia University. Ward was not a revolutionary, and he intended to operate within the framework of organized baseball. However, during the winter that followed the season of 1888 Al Spalding led two teams of star players around the world, and during the group's absence the owners adopted a plan for grading players not simply according to skill but judging their habits, conscientiousness, and attitudes, and then paying them accordingly. The players, in other words, were to be treated as schoolchildren. But with Ward somewhere at sea with the Spalding tourists the athletes were helpless; even when he returned, it was too late to do anything about 1889.

During the 1889 season, however, the players held a series of meetings and determined to form a league of their own in 1890 to be known as the Brotherhood or Players League, splitting the profits with such backers as they could find.

They prevailed upon Albert L. Johnson, a street railway magnate from Cleveland, to provide capital and also to introduce them to similarly endowed gentlemen in other cities. With the sagacious Ward on the job the plan worked, the league was formed, and almost every star player jumped his contract to join the Brotherhood.

The threatened war caused dislocations throughout baseball. Brooklyn and Cincinnati, for instance, left the American Association and joined the National League. The Brotherhood then put clubs in every National League city except Cincinnati, choosing Buffalo instead, and the three major leagues then began a scrap so violent that it threatened to destroy the professional game.

All three leagues lost money, but all finished their schedules, and it was decided to hold a World Series as usual. Mutrie had been the first person to manage World Series teams from both leagues, but in 1890 Bill McGunnigle went him one better. Moving his Brooklyn team from the Association and keeping it virtually immune from raids by the Brotherhood, he won the National League pennant with ease and thus won flags in successive years in different leagues with the same club.

The situation in the American Association was even more strange. Louisville in 1889 made one of the sorriest showings in all baseball history, winning twenty-seven and losing 111, finishing eighth and twenty-eight and one-half games behind Kansas City, the American Association's seventh-place team. But a thorough housecleaning un-

der a new manager, the veteran John C. Chapman, enabled the Colonels or Cyclones, as they became known, to win the pennant. Never before had a club leaped from last to first in a single year.

For a while that summer there were rumors that Louisville would meet the Boston club, winners in the Brotherhood race, in the World Series. But Jack Chapman exposed the stories as nonsense. "Why would we have anything to do with an outlaw league?" he asked. "They stole players from us as well as the National League."

The series was cut from eleven to nine games, and the old price scale of fifty cents for general admission and an extra quarter for a reserved seat was restored.

Obviously the American Association, riddled by warfare, was not strong that year; but the Louisville champions, if not classy, were at least interesting. Harry Taylor, the first baseman and a graduate of Cornell University, was a rookie from Elmira. Next to him at second was Tim Shinnick, another first-year man who had learned the game at Phillips Exeter Academy and Auburn, New York. Phil Tomney, the shortstop, and Harry Raymond, the third baseman, had each played in the majors three years. Raymond's real name was Harry Truman, a fact that was brought to the attention of the President of the United States and provided him with amusement in 1950.

William "Chicken" Wolf, right fielder of the Cyclones, was the most experienced player. He would, in fact, become the only man to appear in the American Association in all ten of the seasons it enjoyed major league status. Charlie Hamburg, in left, and William "Farmer" Weaver, in center, completed the outfield. Ed Daily, Scott Stratton, and Philip "Red" Ehret were the pitchers, with Jack Ryan usually catching them.

Brooklyn, heavily favored, at first seemed destined for an easy victory. After Bill Terry had pitched a shutout, 9 to 0, in the opener, and Tommy Lovett followed with a 5 to 3 decision over Daily, the two teams tied, 7 to 7, in a wild battle ended by darkness that Louisville would have won except for careless baserunning. Ehret had the edge on Lovett, 5 to 4, in the fourth game, but then Brooklyn won again, 7 to 2, and needed only one more triumph. The next two games were played in Brooklyn, but Louisville unexpectedly won them both, 9 to 8 and 6 to 2, and that evened the series at three victories apiece. But the weather was so cold that only 300 fans showed up for the seventh game, and the managers decided to call everything off and settle

for the tie. The season had been long and costly, the public was disgusted with the game, and the players were happy to go home.

So ended the rivalry of the National League and American Association. The Brotherhood, with the greatest players in the country in its ranks, had the National League on the ropes but did not know it. If their skill at the council table had been equal to their skill on the field, they would have won their war. But the Brotherhood, not knowing this, collapsed and abandoned the fight, with the players returning to the orthodox leagues.

A new war broke out between the National League and American Association in 1891, making a World Series that year out of the question. Then the battered Association quietly expired. The National League siphoned off its four strongest clubs, increasing its membership to twelve, and enjoyed a monopoly that would last as long as the nineteenth century.

3. Desecration of the Temple

Once there was a man, William Chase Temple, who served as president of the National League but whose name is never listed among the holders of the office. The reason is that he held the job for only twenty-four hours and resigned because his business associates told him that the position was "extremely undignified."

This happened in 1901. Four of the National League clubs wanted Al Spalding to serve as head of the circuit, and the other four were opposed. With Temple's name then offered as a compromise, the owners elected him unanimously. But when the story was published, executives who worked with him in various enterprises began bombarding him with telegrams, urging him to quit immediately. Much as he loved baseball, he yielded to the advice, and the game lost a good man.

Temple's career was in the best tradition of nineteenth-century America. Born at Starke in northern Florida during the Civil War, he accompanied his parents at an early age to Wilmington, Delaware, and worked as a newsboy until he was sixteen. After graduating from Delaware State Normal School in 1879, he went to seek his fortune in Milwaukee, worked hard, rose fast, and returned to Pittsburgh in 1889 as district manager of the Babcock & Wilcox Company. Before long he became associated with the Red Carbon Coal Company, the Hastings Lumber Company, the St. Louis Plate Glass Company, the Pittsburgh & Hecla Mining Company, and the Davidson Lumber

Company. He was eventually a director of twenty-two corporations, including the Bank of Pittsburgh, the Guarantee Title & Trust Company, and the Iron City National Bank.

The company that he served and loved best of all, though, was the Pittsburgh Exhibition Company, otherwise known as the Pittsburgh Pirates. Soon after arriving in Pittsburgh, he bought stock in the club, expanded his holdings, and became president in 1892.

Baseball history is a curious web spun by a master spinner, threading together lives that then overlap to form a strange fabric of destiny. Consider for a moment the circumstances involving Temple and his descendants. One might say the story started in Brooklyn in 1854 when a youngster named Jimmy Wood began playing with an amateur team called the Marions. He soon became the best second baseman in Brooklyn, playing with the famous Eckfords, an amateur nine, from 1857 through 1869. It was in the latter year that the Cincinnati Red Stockings were organized as the first professional team and traveled from Maine to California without once losing.

In the wake of that victorious tour a Chicago group determined to form a team in 1870 capable of beating the Red Stockings, and the man chosen to build the team was Jimmy Wood. He did his work well; Chicago defeated the Reds not once but twice, and in another year the National Association, the first major league, was formed.

Wood long before had married a girl named Sarah Perrine, and they had a lovely daughter, Carrie, who in some manner met and married the young executive, William Chase Temple. A daughter, Dorothy, was then born to the Temples, and she grew up to marry in 1914 Bert Mason, who had pitched for the Washington Senators and Cincinnati Reds. So for three generations this family was enveloped in the whole course of baseball.

When, in 1892, the American Association died and the National League became an awkward, twelve-club circuit, the owners scheduled a split season, a device since popular in the minors but never again attempted in the big leagues. The idea, of course, was to revive interest in the second-division cities by beginning the season again in July. Cleveland won the first half (or the first season, as the owners called it), and Boston the second. Those two teams then clashed in what might have been considered a World Series, although, of course, it was not, since by common acceptance the term refers to a post-season meeting of championship teams from separate leagues.

It was, nevertheless, a memorable set of games, with Boston winning five in a row after the first one ended in an eleven-inning, 0 to 0 tie. That game, then considered the best exhibition of baseball ever seen in Cleveland, has often been described in articles and books as a duel between Cleveland's mighty Denton "Cy" Young, and Boston's distinguished Charles "Kid" Nichols, now both members of the Hall of Fame. The only thing wrong with such an account is that Nichols did not appear in the game. The Boston pitcher who squared off against Young that afternoon was Jack Stivetts.

No championship play-off of any kind followed the season of 1893. Frank Selee's Boston Beaneaters won their third successive flag that year, then toured the land in a series of October exhibitions with an all-star team of prominent players.

Temple thought that the long annual National League race should be climaxed by some suitable prize, so when he and his manager at Pittsburgh, Al Buckenberger, attended the winter meeting of owners they presented a definite plan of action to begin in 1894.

The teams finishing first and second were to meet in a best-four-out-of-seven series. Temple thought he had provided for any contingency. The club finishing second was to challenge the team in first, but should the first-place team decline, the trophy would become temporarily the property of the second-place club, which then would have to hold itself open to challenge from the third-place team. As in the case of the Dauvray Cup that preceded it, a team would be required to win the Temple Cup three times in order to retain it. The receipts from the games were to be split so that the winners received 65 percent and the losers 35 percent.

The plan was enthusiastically adopted and became known officially as the Temple Cup Competition. Temple ordered the cup from A. E. Thrall, a New York jeweler, at a cost of \$800. The trophy stood 30 inches in height, and on the front in bold relief was the figure of a pitcher delivering the ball. The handles and upper rim were ornamented with delicate filigree.

So far so good. But Temple, like so many generous people of good intentions, was to see his idea lead only to bitter chaos and distrust. When he offered the cup as a prize and paid for it himself, he had the best interests of the game in mind.

But Ned Hanlon, who in 1894 led his scrappy Baltimore Orioles to their first pennant, immediately objected to the division of the

swag, wanting to play the games on an all-or-nothing basis. After the Temple Cup committee turned him down, he countered with a proposal that the receipts be split evenly between the Orioles and the second-place New York Giants of John Montgomery Ward.

This, of course, was an even worse idea. With an equal division of the gate, there would be no incentive whatever to win, and such a plan would virtually assure that the players would drag out the games to the limit of seven to increase their take.

The Orioles admittedly had a great team. Their pitching staff of Charlie Esper, William "Kid" Gleason, George Hemming, and Bill Hawke left much to be desired; but one would have to look far to find an outfield better than theirs, with Joe Kelley in left, Steve Brodie in center, and Willie Keeler in right, or an infield that showed Dan Brouthers at first, Henry Reitz at second, Hughey Jennings at short, and John McGraw at third, not to mention the strong catcher, Wilbert Robinson.

But the players were so often accused of playing dirty baseball and so in the habit of dragging out the games with senseless wrangling that they were despised everywhere in the National League except in Baltimore.

The Giants, on the other hand, had little except Amos Rusie, the speediest pitcher yet known in the game, and Mike Tiernan, still a hard-hitting outfielder. Ward had slowed up at last, moving from short to second, and, as it turned out, the Temple Cup games were the last in which he appeared. Baseball would see him again as a club owner in Boston, but most of Ward's years would be devoted to the practice of law.

But if the Giants lacked stars, they did not lack confidence. After dressing at their hotel that first day in Baltimore, they rode to the grounds in a carriage, singing a popular tune of the day, "Mamie, Come Kiss Your Honey Boy." They then proceeded to defeat the Orioles four straight, and the applause was national.

The Orioles repeated in 1895, then faced another team with a tarnished image, the Cleveland Spiders of Pasty Tebeau. Again the second-place team, Cleveland, won, four games to one, slinging the Orioles around as easily as a potter might handle pliant clay. In both cities gangs of toughs waited for the omnibus of the visiting team and pelted the players with sticks and stones, forcing them to lie on the

floor. From a standpoint of sportmanship it was the low point in baseball history, and many thought the game was headed for ruin.

The Baltimore *American* observed editorially:

We hope for the sake of baseball and the reputations of citizens and cities that this will be the last year of the Temple Cup series. The events in Cleveland and the proceedings which followed the opening game here illustrate the bad effects of a contest which is in reality little more than a money-making opportunity for the players. The series clouds the title of any championship, and does more to bring the game into bad repute than all the other misfortunes of the season. The natural climax of the playing is the winning of the championship, and to add a second competition is to discount and confuse the whole fight.

But the evil was not that the Temple Cup games offered the players an opportunity to make money, any more than the Baltimore *American* was evil because it offered its publisher an opportunity to make money. It is likely, too, that for chauvinistic reasons the *American* had a low opinion of the Temple Competition because the Orioles had been unable to defeat New York in 1894 and Cleveland in 1895. But the newspaper was right in saying that the games detracted from the championship. That evil was caused by the monopoly the National League enjoyed. The preclusion of a natural rival, as the American Association had been and American League would be, prevented a real World Series.

Despite all criticism the Temple Cup play continued as usual in 1896, and for once the result followed the script, with the Orioles, easy winners in their quest of a third straight pennant, decisively beating the Cleveland Spiders four straight times. Then Baltimore discovered that victory in the games was important after all. Ned Hanlon, in fact, was so pleased with events that when Bobby Wallace bounced back to the box and Joe Corbett threw to Jack Doyle at first for the last out of the final game, he rushed for and pocketed the ball and later ceremoniously presented it to Temple.

After a hard fight in 1897, Boston, with Frank Selee still in charge, managed to nose the Orioles out of their first-place nest by a margin of two games. But then in Temple Cup Competition Baltimore, after dropping the first contest, won four in a row. It was a furious battle of

sluggers: twice the losing Beaneaters scored eleven runs, and the Orioles scored twelve in the game they dropped, the scores being 13 to 12, 13 to 11, 8 to 3, 12 to 11, and 9 to 3.

Boston had what was considered to be the finest infield ever seen, with the incomparable Fred Tenney at first, Link Lowe at second, Herman Long at short, and Jimmy Collins at third. Fans rated them better even than Chicago's old four of Anson, Pfeffer, Williamson, and Burns. It was Collins who stole the show. When he badly injured an eye in the first game, the Orioles, perhaps the most skillful bunting team of all time, began to drop the ball in his direction. Collins responded to the challenge and kept throwing them out, but he could not win the series for Boston by himself.

While the games were being played, a newspaper spread the word that in 1896 the Baltimore and Cleveland players had split the receipts, so that nothing actually was at stake, and that now the Orioles and Beaneaters were doing it again. Temple, who was in attendance, was furious and said that if indeed such hippodroming was going on, he would withdraw the cup and ask that the players be blacklisted.

If only someone had been able to think of the plan later adopted by which the players would share the receipts of only the first four games, all suspicion of shenanigans would have ceased. But it seemed easier to do away with the games, and although the players were never disciplined, Temple Cup play was abolished at the annual National League meeting in 1897, and the cup was returned to Temple in all its silver glory. Today it is a cherished possession of the Baseball Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, but few who see it know about the bitterness it caused.

Temple soon sold his holdings in the Pittsburgh club, resigned from the boards of other corporations, and moved to Florida. He became mayor of Winter Park, turned down an offer of nomination to run for the Senate in 1913, and died four years later.

4. The Spirit of St. Nicholas

The old St. Nicholas Hotel in Cincinnati, which later became the Sinton, is now successfully torn down, another inevitable victim of urban renewal, and replaced by a towering, shiny office building that dominates the block on which it stands but buries behind its bright façade a host of memories. There are not many left to remember now, but on a date seldom recalled and never celebrated, January 10, 1903, it was at the St. Nicholas that representatives of the National and American leagues sat down and waged peace, bringing to an end the costly war in which Ban Johnson had succeeded in establishing his American League as an equal rival of the National. That crowning success elevated baseball to a high plateau of public acceptance and forced the birth of the modern game. For a half-century there would not be a single change of franchises. Baseball would now grow up.

During the course of the 1898 and 1899 seasons the National League continued to provide yawns, then streamlined itself by lopping off four clubs, reducing the ranks to eight. One of the teams put out of existence was Louisville; its owner, Barney Dreyfuss, anxious to remain in baseball, managed to purchase the Pittsburgh franchise. By keeping the best Pittsburgh players and bringing along with him from Louisville such stars as John "Honus" Wagner, Fred Clarke, Claude Ritchey, Tommy Leach, and Charles "Deacon" Phillippe, he formed a combination so powerful that it won pennants in the first three years of the new century.

Although the American gained major league recognition in 1901, no World Series was possible until after two years of player raids, threats of recrimination, and court injunctions. But the owners, tiring finally of their petty strife, arranged the visit at the St. Nicholas; now the National and American leagues not only acknowledged each other's existence, they were separate and theoretically equal. It was that that made possible the modern World Series.

The challenge for such a series in 1903 came from Dreyfuss, whose superb team was in the process of winning its third straight flag. Born in Freiburg, Germany, Barney had come as a young man to Paducah, Kentucky, where he had relatives, started business life as a washer of whiskey barrels in a distillery, rose to the rank of bookkeeper, became credit manager within a month, and began to improve his lot. Slight of build and inclined to be sickly, he was advised to get outdoors if he wanted to enjoy a normal life-span; so he organized and managed a semipro baseball team in Paducah and became so fascinated with the game that when the distillery transferred him to Louisville, he bought into that city's National League team and eventually succeeded to its presidency.

Although Barney's Pittsburgh team was generally called the Pirates, Pittsburgh writers at first usually referred to the players as the Premiers, a designation probably deserved. Managed by Fred Clarke from his position in left field, the club was best known for its fine infield of William "Kitty" Bransfield at first, Ritchey at second, the incomparable Wagner at short, and Leach at third. With Clarke in the outfield were Clarence "Ginger" Beaumont in center and Jimmy Sebring in right. Eddie Phelps did the catching, and the pitching mainstays were Phillippe, Sam Leever, and Ed Doheny.

The Boston club of the American League, on the receiving end of the challenge, was also formidable. Jimmy Collins, still the best third baseman in baseball, managed the team from his position, anchor man of an infield that showed George "Candy" LaChance at first, Albert "Hobe" Ferris at second, and Freddy Parent at short. Pat Dougherty was in left, Charles "Chick" Stahl in center, and John "Buck" Freeman in right. Lou Criger handled the catching of a pitching staff that was based upon the still sturdy right arm of Cy Young and which also included Bill Dinneen and Long Tom Hughes.

Collins promptly accepted the Dreyfuss dare and commented, "The Pittsburghs do not look so strong to me. They show up strong

because they are in a poorer league than the American. Why, the American League is fifty percent stronger than the National. I think we can show them some baseball when the time comes."

The Boston players were usually referred to merely as the Americans, sometimes as the Pilgrims or Puritans, and would not become the Red Sox until 1907. The owner of the franchise was Henry J. Killilea, who lived in Milwaukee and did not dream that fifty years later a trip from Boston to Milwaukee would provide a baseball sensation. Before accepting the challenge, Killilea first checked with Collins, then secured a final okay from Ban Johnson, and the games were on.

A study of the rosters of the major league clubs in the early years of this century would seem to bear out the Collins claim that the American League was stronger, but that involves irony because most of the players in question had had previous National League experience and had jumped to the new league during the war, lured by the higher pay that the absence of monopoly can bring. Of the thirteen Boston players used by Collins in the 1903 World Series, eleven, all except Ferris and Dougherty, had earlier starred in the National League, rolling up fifty-seven years of combined experience in its ranks.

The session at the St. Nicholas did not specifically provide for a World Series but left arrangements for one to the discretion of the individual clubs. The plan that Dreyfuss and Killilea worked out called for a series of nine games if necessary but to conclude when one team won five, the first three in Boston, the next four in Pittsburgh, and the final two, if required, back in Boston. The gate was to be divided equally, with each club working out its own arrangements with the players.

The Pirates entered the games in very poor physical condition, and for a while Clarke wondered if he could field a team at all. It had been decided that no player signed after August 31 could be used, a provision still in force, and in September the Pittsburgh squad had begun to come apart at the seams. The mighty Wagner managed to stay in the lineup despite painful tendons in his right leg, and Otto Krueger, a valued utility man equally at home in infield or outfield, went out for the year after being beamed by Bill Reidy in a late game with Brooklyn. But the worst disaster affected the pitching staff. Doheny, a southpaw who had won sixteen and lost eight, began acting in a peculiar manner, evidencing symptoms of paranoia, and had to be put in an

institution after attacking a male nurse with a poker. Leever, a right-hander with a record of twenty-five and seven, injured his shoulder in a trapshooting tournament at Charleroi, Pennsylvania.

But the Pirates started with a rush, scoring four runs in the first inning of the first game, astonishing the partisan Boston crowd, and went on to win, 7 to 3, as Phillippe took the measure of Young. The game produced the first World Series home run of this century, a blow from the bat of Sebring, a left-handed swinger who had hit only four during the regular season. Jimmy was also about to become the batting leader of the series, with an average of .367.

Leever, still bothered by the result of his silly excursion into trapshooting, attempted to start the second game against Dinneen, but when Boston scored twice in the first and his arm pained him, he gave up, replaced by Frederick "Bucky" Veil, a right-hander seldom employed during the regular season. Bucky pitched well enough, but the Pirates could do nothing with Dinneen, who shut them out, 3 to 0. Dougherty was the batting star for Boston, clouting two home runs, a feat not duplicated in series play until Harry Hooper did it for the Red Sox against the Phillies in 1915.

Phillippe, in the third game, working after only one day of rest, won for the second time, 4 to 2. Hughes began for Boston but was batted out before he retired a man in the third, and Young then wasted seven innings of relief in a hopeless cause. An overflow crowd of 18,801 spilled onto the outfield grass, annoying both teams and resulting in seven ground-rule doubles.

The teams moved quietly on to Pittsburgh during an idle Sunday, then Clarke received a break when Monday's game was postponed by rain. This enabled him to pitch Phillippe again, and the good Deacon responded by nosing out Dinneen, 5 to 4. With an edge of three games to one, it now appeared to be all over, and Clarke trotted out Roaring Bill Kennedy, who had been in the National League since 1892 but who had won only thirteen games in his three most recent seasons, to face Young. For five innings he pitched scorelessly, but Boston blasted out six runs in the sixth, four more in the seventh, and triumphed, 11 to 2. Again the crowd was on the field, and this time a ball hit into it was good for a triple, with Boston providing five of the six such drives that developed.

Leever thought he was up to pitching the sixth game, and at least

his arm was free enough from pain to permit him to finish, but Dinneen took his measure, 3 to 0.

Now the clubs were even, and when the weather turned cold overnight, the artful Dreyfuss decided it was too chilly to play. It is conceivable that his reason for a postponement was meteorological, but cynics pointed out that the gambit enabled him to draw a large Saturday crowd and give an extra day of rest to Phillippe. But the Deacon, who had won all three of his team's victories, was not quite up to the assignment this time, and Young defeated him, 7 to 3. The North Side neighborhood around South Avenue and School Street was jammed again as spectators exceeded the 10,000 capacity of Exposition Park, and among the eleven hits made off Phillippe were five ground-rule triples.

The trains then headed for Boston again, and this time Collins, with Dinneen and Young available, and knowing that two aces beat one in any game, felt confident, an attitude subsequently justified. A hard rain postponed the crusher for a day, but then Dinneen outpitched Phillippe, 3 to 0, and it was all over.

For the winners Dinneen was certainly the hero with three victories, two of them shutouts. But what is one to say about Phillippe, who not only had three victories also, but who pitched five complete games in five starts? He was the only sound pitcher Clarke had available, or at least the only one of class, and he labored mightily to help his otherwise outmanned team.

If there has to be a goat, it has to be Wagner. The greatest of greats experience dismal moments, and Honus, limping on his sore right leg, made two crucial boots that set up the six-run flurry against Kennedy and six errors in the series. He went hitless in the last three games and showed a batting average of .222.

Although Clarke was infuriated because he had only one reliable man to pitch, all was not happy in Boston either. The excessively frugal Killilea, in absentee zeal, forced the sportswriters from Pittsburgh to pay their way into the Huntington Avenue grounds, and even Dreyfuss was required to buy his ticket, which he did with a chuckle. As was bound to happen also, many tickets found their way into the pockets of speculators, and the lobby of Boston's Hotel Vendome became a scalper's paradise.

The series also was unusual in that the losers made out better fi-

nancially than the winners. Although the Pittsburgh players were under contract until October 15 and thus received their regular salaries, Barney gave all his share of the receipts to the players, enriching each of them by \$1,316. Killilea, meanwhile, begrudgingly gave his Boston men, whose contracts had expired on September 30, \$1,182 each, pocketed \$6,699 for himself, then sold his ball club to John I. Taylor, son of the owner of the Boston *Globe*.

2

One of the most popular exhibits at the Hall of Fame in Cooperstown is a series of group pictures of the teams that have won the World Series. Many observant visitors, noting that a picture is lacking for the year of 1904, stop by the library to ask the reason.

The question is a good one, but the answer is complicated.

Although the peace deal worked out at the St. Nicholas was a just one, it could not destroy all personal animosities, and it happened that John T. Brush, who owned the New York Giants, and John J. McGraw, who managed them, hated the American League with a fury that reached white heat. McGraw had conducted a personal vendetta directed at Ban Johnson that dated back to his days of managing the American League entry at Baltimore. Frequently fined and suspended for his senseless and countless rows with umpires, McGraw had left Baltimore under unpleasant circumstances to join the Giants in 1902. Brush, meanwhile, was furious because the American League in 1903 moved into New York, building a park in the upper heights of Manhattan and forming a team that became an immediate rival. Brush sneered at the new team, calling them the Invaders, but fans generally called them the Highlanders, and soon they would become the Yankees.

Dreyfuss, who had willingly pitted his club against the American League, had not been forced to share his city with a rival. But Brush persisted in his foolish notion that there was only one major league, the National.

When, as early as July, it became apparent that the Giants would probably win the 1904 pennant, McGraw announced that under no circumstances would the Giants meet the American League winner.

The public reaction, even in New York, was one of disappointment verging on distress. The World Series in 1903 had drawn over 100,000 spectators who filled the pot with \$50,000, evidence enough

that the games were enthusiastically accepted. The World Series was already looked upon as a fitting climax of the season's struggle in each league.

"The refusal to play would be a violation of our agreement and a sign of weakness in the National League," Johnson scoffed.

But to his enemy McGraw retorted, "New York is not afraid to play any team in the country, and when the proper time comes, we will prove that."

Actually, Johnson erred in saying that New York's attitude was a violation of any agreement. The St. Nicholas pact, as already mentioned, did not provide for a World Series but merely guaranteed that the leagues would recognize each other.

What did McGraw mean when he said the Giants would prove they were not afraid to play when the "proper time" came? It is possible to make an educated guess and no more. The likelihood is that if any American League team other than New York had been in first place at the time, the Giants would have agreed to play. But the Highlanders, paced by the spectacularly successful spitball pitcher Jack Chesbro, were first; the idea of meeting the rival New York team for the championship was so repugnant to Brush and McGraw that they simply could not face up to it. Perhaps the "proper time" would come should the Highlanders lose the lead. But this they refused to do, and the fans and nearly all the newspapers brought continued pressure for a clear-cut statement by the Giants.

In late September, when the Highlanders were still first, Brush finally called in the press and distributed a pompous statement persisting in his refusal and including this sentence: "Neither the players nor the manager of the Giants nor myself desires any greater glory than to win the pennant in the National League. This is the greatest honor that can be obtained in baseball."

Then, irony of ironies, the Highlanders lost the flag on the season's final day, lost it because Chesbro, after winning forty-one games, made a fatal wild pitch that handed Bill Dinneen a 3 to 2 victory and made Boston the champion again.

John I. Taylor, the new Boston owner, immediately wired Brush a challenge to a series of games. But the Giant leader declined. It was too late.

A month later Brush issued a surprise announcement, agreeing that should the Giants win again in 1905, he would be willing to meet the

American League at last. The spirit of St. Nicholas had finally engulfed him.

But we are not done with irony. For when the conditions of the World Series, a program that has lasted until this day, were established, it was Brush himself who sat down and wrote the code. The series was to be on a best-four-out-of-seven basis, with the players to share in the receipts of only the first four games. Ten percent of the take would go to the National Commission, the game's ruling body, with the remainder going to the management of the competing clubs, and participation would be mandatory.

The Giants *did* repeat in 1905 and willingly met Connie Mack's Philadelphia Athletics. The Giants had been in last place when McGraw took charge of them in 1902, but he had brought with him from Baltimore the nucleus of a good team: Roger Bresnahan, one of the greatest catchers of all time; Iron Man Joe McGinnity, a right-handed bull of a pitcher devoted to working two games in a single day if necessary; Dan McGann, an accomplished first baseman; and Billy Gilbert, a steady performer at second. Awaiting him in New York was the brightest star of all, Christy Mathewson. Under McGraw he became the greatest pitcher in the National League, retiring finally with 373 victories.

By judicious trading McGraw then filled out his squad, picking up Mike Donlin, who had also played for him in Baltimore, from the Reds to play center; obtaining George Browne from the Phillies and stationing him in right; snaring Sandow Mertes from the Cubs to play left; and getting Bill Dahlen, a superb shortstop, from Brooklyn. The only rookie on the 1905 squad was Art Devlin, the third baseman.

The Athletics were also formidable. Their pitching ace and their answer to Mathewson was the eccentric George "Rube" Waddell, who had won twenty-six games. Solid pitching was the key to victory for the A's, who had another southpaw wizard to go along with Waddell, Eddie Plank, and a right-hander, Albert "Chief" Bender, a Chippewa. The infield showed Harry Davis at first, Danny Murphy at second, Monte Cross at short, and Lave Cross at third. The Crosses were not related. Tullos "Topsy" Hartsel was in left, Bris Lord in center, and Ralph "Socks" Seybold in right, with Ossee Schreckengost and Michael "Doc" Powers splitting the catching.

The Pirates had entered the 1903 series at a disadvantage because Sam Leever had an ailing arm. Now the shoe was on the other foot

because Waddell, in the last month of play, fell on his left shoulder after tripping over a suitcase on a train. The playful Rube was trying to wrest a straw hat from the head of its wearer, a pitcher named Andy Coakley, and was so badly injured that he failed to appear in the series at all.

But the situations were not really comparable. Leever's ineffectiveness had left the Pirates with only one capable pitcher, Deacon Phillippe. Without Waddell, great as he was, Mack still could call on Bender and Plank. Rube's absence merely meant that Coakley, a capable pitcher in his own right, could start one of the games.

If it is pitching that you like, the 1905 World Series is your dish. Every one of the five games was a shutout, with the Giants winning the necessary four. Mathewson, as has often been recalled, shut out the Athletics three times in six days, allowing fourteen hits in the process and striking out eighteen. Pitching of that kind has never been duplicated in World Series play and probably never will be.

The baseball world of 1905 was hardly a garden of literati. Most of the players had considered their education complete upon finishing the eighth grade. But when the first game started at old Columbia Park in Philadelphia, there was Mathewson, a graduate of Bucknell, opposing Plank, who finished his courses at Gettysburg. Today it would be routine for collegians to match pitches in the World Series. But in that day it was singular.

Bucknell defeated Gettysburg that day, of course. Matty allowed four hits, struck out six, and generously allowed one runner to reach third. Only two fly balls were hit to the outfield. The Giants scored twice in the fifth and once in the ninth to win, 3 to 0.

The teams shifted to New York for the second game, and the crafty Bender evened the series by beating McGinnity, 3 to 0. An enormous crowd of 24,992 filled the Polo Grounds, and outside the park thousands stood along the tracks of the elevated trains to watch the action. It was almost a replica in reverse of the previous game, as Bender won, 3 to 0, and also allowed four hits. In strikeouts he exceeded Matty, with nine. A single by Lord batted in the first run in the third after a damaging error by McGann, and two more scored in the eighth on two singles and a double by Hartsel.

But those were to be the only runs that the Athletics scored in the entire series. The third game, at Philadelphia, was a 9 to 0 romp for Matty over Coakley. Again he gave the Athletics four hits. Mack per-

mitted Coakley to finish because the score was no fault of his, Murphy making three errors at second, and Lave Cross and Hartsel contributing bobbles.

The last two games were played in New York. McGinnity first beat the unfortunate Plank, 1 to 0, the run scoring in the fourth on errors, first by Monte and then Lave Cross on easy grounders, then Matty blanked Bender, 2 to 0. The Chief set up both runs with bases on balls but otherwise pitched well.

There was not a triple or a home run in the series. The Giants batted .209 and the Athletics .161. The leading hitter was Donlin at .316.

But, aside from the result, the baseball world was happy, except for the Athletics and their partisans. The spirit of the St. Nicholas had triumphed at last, and the World Series was here to stay. There has been one in every year since, and there are few who would disagree that it is the sporting event of the year in the United States.

The National League was also back in business, and W. E. Kirk summed up the happy feeling in a parody of Gray's *Elegy* on the sports page of the New York *American*; the final stanza read:

Far from the madding crowd's ferocious yells
The Polo Grounds will miss the Giants' tricks.
Until a crowd of thirty thousand tells
That we have started Season Nineteen-Six.

5. The Dark Miracle of Chance

For five years baseball was dominated by the Chicago Cubs in a strange pattern of improbable destiny that involved the intertwining lives of four men: Charles P. Taft, Charles Webb Murphy, Frank Selee, and Frank Chance. The first was a capitalist, the second a club owner, the last two merely managers; the interlocking of their lives provided a symphony that combined triumph and tragedy.

Selee, so casually forgotten today, was one of the greatest of managers. Born in New Hampshire, the son of a Methodist minister, he was a kindly, quiet gentleman who ran his teams in the manner of Harry Wright and Connie Mack. At Boston from 1890 to 1901 he won five pennants and finished in the first division nine times. He switched to Chicago in 1902, determined to restore to that team the glory years of Anson. He finished fifth that season, climbed to third in 1903, second in 1904, then became a victim of tuberculosis and had to quit the game, moving to Colorado to die. One of the best moves he made in his years with the Cubs was to convert an awkward young catcher, Frank Chance, into a first baseman. Chance became not only a star but a shrewd judge and handler of players; when Selee had to quit, he let his players vote on his successor, and they chose Chance overwhelmingly.

Murphy was a product of Wilmington, Ohio, a little town fifty miles north of Cincinnati. As a youth he had such an incurable case of baseball fever that he went to Cincinnati, where he obtained a job

as a drugstore clerk; but his proximity to the Reds interfered with his pharmaceutical duties, and when he used the death of his grandmother to explain his frequent afternoon absences, he was fired. But young Murphy was ambitious. He caught on as a reporter for the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, which was owned by Charles P. Taft, rose rapidly and by 1904 was assistant city editor.

Taft, brother of William Howard Taft, then Secretary of War but soon to be President of the United States, was something of a baseball buff himself. He had played the game at Yale, owned the land on which the home park of the Phillies was located, and rooted regularly for the Reds. He was involved in several Cincinnati banks, served on the boards of various corporations, and administered the holdings of his wife, which were estimated at \$30,000,000.

Murphy secured a leave of absence from the *Times-Star* to serve as press representative of the Giants, and in that capacity he happened to overhear a remark in Chicago indicating that the Cubs were for sale. He rushed back to Cincinnati, persuaded Taft to back him in the purchase of the club for \$105,000, and on November 1, 1905, three months after the departure of Selee, found himself a big-league magnate.

In 1906, Murphy's first year as an owner and Chance's first full year as a manager, the Cubs ripped through the National League like a hurricane, picking up speed as they went along. In August they won 26 and lost three. Of the twenty-nine games that remained after that, they won 24, finishing with a record of 116 and thirty-six, and a twenty-game margin over their closest competitor, the Giants. In more than sixty years since, the nearest approach to the phenomenal record of the Cubs came in 1954 when the Cleveland Indians won 111.

Meanwhile, on Chicago's South Side, Charlie Comiskey's White Sox, managed cannily by Fielder Jones, scratched out a pennant in a stretch duel with the Highlanders, winning by three games. The Sox had a combined batting average of .228, lowest for a team in the American League that year, but a superb pitching staff enabled them to make the most of the few runs they scored. Thus was assured the first World Series meeting of teams from the same city.

The Cubs, who then occupied a park in the western part of the city, had not won a pennant for twenty years, but their followers now considered them unbeatable. The gamblers, who are supposed

to know such things, installed them as 3 to 1 favorites over the team that writers somewhat sneeringly referred to as the Hitless Wonders.

Twelve men, eight regulars and four pitchers, played prominent roles for the Cubs in the series, and eight of them had been developed in Chicago by Selee: Chance himself, second baseman Johnny Evers, shortstop Joe Tinker, center fielder Artie Hofman, right fielder Frank Schulte, catcher Johnny Kling, and pitchers Mordecai "Three-Fingered" Brown and Ed Reulbach. Chance, however, had made sagacious deals in acquiring third baseman Harry Steinfeldt, left fielder Jimmy Sheckard, and pitchers Orval Overall and Jack "the Giant Killer" Pfeister.

By now it seemed that there would never be a year in which one or the other World Series teams would be at full strength. First it was Leever for the Pirates in 1903, then Waddell of the Athletics in 1905, and now it was George Stacey Davis, the veteran shortstop star of the White Sox, who was incapacitated, injured in the season's final week. To fill the breach Jones moved his third baseman, Lee Tannehill, to short and installed at third George Rohe, a reserve infielder who had broken into only about half of his team's games.

Jones managed the club from his position in center and was flanked by Pat Dougherty, the first player in this century to appear in two World Series, in left and Eddie Hahn in right. John "Jiggs" Donahue was at first, Frank Isbell at second, and the catcher was Billy Sullivan. But the chief source of White Sox strength was pitching, with right-handers Ed Walsh, the spitball marvel, and Frank "Yip" Owen, and southpaws Nick Altrock and Guy "Doc" White.

The first game was played amid snow flurries at West Side Park and resulted in a fine duel between Brown and Altrock, each allowing four hits. There was no score until the fifth when Rohe blasted an unexpected triple and slid home a moment later when Brown picked up an easy roller and threw poorly to Kling. Each team scored once in the sixth, and that was it: White Sox, 2; Cubs, 1.

It was even colder the next day when Reulbach faced White at South Side Park, and the game was not much to watch. The Cubs leaped out in front with three runs in the second and were never headed, evening the series with the 7 to 1 victory. Reulbach toyed with the White Sox, allowing only one hit, a single by Donahue; but his control was off, as he walked six, hit one, and made a wild pitch.

Rohe, the ugly duckling suddenly turned swan, struck again in the third game, as Walsh shut out Pfister, 3 to 0. It was quiet until the sixth, then suddenly the bases were full when Tannehill singled, Walsh walked, and Hahn was hit in the face by a pitch and retired for a runner, Jack O'Neill. Pfister took stock of things, forced Jones to pop high over home plate to Kling, decisively struck out Isbell, and seemed to be out of trouble. Then Rohe, the underrated, sliced a fair ball down the left field line, beyond the grasp of Sheckard, for a thundering triple that cleared the bases and settled the issue. Walsh protected the lead masterfully, allowing only two hits and striking out twelve, a record that would stand until Howard Ehmke would surpass it in 1929.

But again the Cubs roared back to square the series when Brown pitched a two-hit, 1 to 0 shutout in the fourth game, beating Altrick in the process. George Davis made his first appearance in that one, but Jones benched Tannehill and kept Rohe at third. The lone Cub run did not occur until the seventh, when Chance singled, reached second on the obvious sacrifice by Steinfeldt, and scored on a single to left by Evers.

The weather finally turned warm before the fifth game, and an unruly crowd jammed West Side Park and overflowed onto the outfield grass, necessitating a two-base rule on balls batted among the spectators. The conditions that resulted destroyed an anticipated struggle between Walsh and Reulbach. The game turned into a carnival of hitting, and neither pitcher finished. The Hitless Wonders became more wonderful than hitless. Isbell, for instance, stroked four doubles into the crowd, a record never equaled in series play, Davis hit one double right-handed and one left-handed, and Rohe, to the surprise of no one now, delivered a double and two singles, as the White Sox won, 8 to 6.

Chance left it up to Brown to square matters for the third time, but Mordecai, working with only one day of rest, could not do it. The crowd was huge and even more disorderly than on the day before. The paid attendance was 19,249, but there must have been at least 25,000 in the park. Hidden by the mob in the outfield, police tore boards off the fences and let fans in at one dollar a head. Ushers slipped hundreds more through side gates for a similar consideration. At one point in the early innings a fan pushed Sheckard as he was chasing a fairly hit ball. Three times the White Sox scored off Brown

in the first, and when they added four in the second, Mordecai retired in favor of Overall. For all purposes the game and series were over then, and the White Sox breezed to the 8 to 3 verdict that brought with it the title.

What happened to the Cubs? How could such a terrific team get beat in such a fashion? It is possible, even now, to advance good reasons. Sheckard did not make a single hit in the series, going to bat twenty-one times. The Cubs were also probably overconfident. But give the White Sox all credit; there was the unexpected batting of Rohe, the stout pitching of Altrock, Walsh, and White, the strong batting of Donahue, and the skillful catching of Sullivan.

It is axiomatic in baseball today to state that a short series proves nothing really, that victory goes to the team with the hot hand. And in World Series play this axiom had its first demonstration in the games of 1906. There is very, very little difference between the major leagues.

Murphy made a profit of \$80,000 that year, almost making up for the original investment. Taft then let him buy enough shares of stock at par to give him control of the club. He had come a long way from Wilmington. Sportswriters began to call him "the man who ran a shoestrung into a million dollars."

For Comiskey the triumph was particularly sweet. As a manager back in the dear, dead days of the American Association, he had won four pennants in a row with the Browns and twice had added a World Series victory. He had also, as an owner, won the first American League flag in 1901, but there had been no World Series that year because of the war of the Leagues. But now he was on top of the baseball world again, proud of his boys, proud of baseball, and already mulling over a plan for building a new park for his fans.

During the season of 1907 the Cubs could not, of course, equal their seasonal record for winning, but they still tore the league apart with 107 victories and a seventeen-game bulge over second-place Pittsburgh. Chance that year made only one change in his regular personnel, restoring Jimmy Slagle to his old post in center, replacing Hofman, who became an all-around handyman.

The White Sox slipped to third as Detroit's Tigers, under the fiery old Oriole Hughey Jennings, nosed out the Athletics by one and one-half games. A new star flashed for Detroit in American League skies that summer as Ty Cobb, aged twenty, sparkled in right field and

won the first of what would be nine consecutive league batting championships with his average of .350. Sam Crawford in center and Davy Jones in left completed a solid outfield, and the infield showed Claude Rossman at first, Herman "Germany" Schaefer at second, Charlie O'Leary at short, and Bill Coughlin at third. The four pitching mainstays were George Mullin and Wild Bill Donovan, right-handers, and Eddie Siever and Ed Killian, left-handers. Cub fans, remembering the difficulty their pets had had with Altrock and White, waited nervously to see how they would make out against Jennings' southpaws.

Detroit, however, had one glaring weakness: catching. Charlie "Boss" Schmidt was the regular, but runners were apt to take liberties with his arm. He was backed up by Fred Payne and Jimmy Archer.

Jennings, on the eve of the first game, observed to a newsman, "I'd give a million dollars if I had a Kling behind the bat."

Never was a remark more prescient or more timely.

The series opened at West Side Park, the attendance was 24,377, and there were seats for all, as Murphy had added bleachers to house the grass sitters who so often on big days had disrupted play. Donovan, pitching against Overall, had a 3 to 1 lead going into the ninth, but then the Cubs filled the bases and Schulte's infield out scored Chance from third. Del Howard, a combination first baseman and outfielder, then went up to hit for Tinker. When he swung wildly at an outside pitch, the ball got by Schmidt, and Steinfeldt carried across the tying run. Reulbach relieved Overall in the tenth, and the 3 to 3 deadlock continued until Umpire Hank O'Day called a halt because of darkness after the twelfth. Schmidt had more to be humiliated about than the ball that got by him; there were seven stolen bases by the Cubs.

Chicago then ran out the series, winning four games in a row by scores of 3 to 1, 5 to 1, 6 to 1, and 2 to 0, as Detroit became the first team in World Series history not to win a single game since Old Hoss Radbourn had defeated the Mets three times running in 1884.

The second game was a victory for Pfister over Mullin, and the big blow was a double by Sheckard that scored two in the fourth. Payne caught for the Tigers, but the Cubs stole five more bases.

In the third battle Reulbach scored handily as the Cubs batted out Siever in four rounds, disposing of the fear that they could not beat

left-handers. Jennings restored Schmidt to the lineup, and he showed improvement, as there was not a single stolen base in the game.

That night the teams departed on separate trains for Detroit, and a disappointing crowd of only 11,306 disillusioned Tiger fans saw Overall battle Donovan again. The weather was miserable, rain holding up proceedings in the fifth, and many left the park in the seventh when Chicago scored three runs without hitting the ball out of the infield.

Brown was unbeatable in the finale, although yielding seven hits. Mullin pitched well against him, but single runs by the Cubs in the first and second, one scoring on a single by Steinfeldt and the other on an infield out, were all that were needed to beat him.

The revenge by Chicago was complete. The Cubs stole eighteen bases in routing the Tigers, and Steinfeldt was the batting leader with a figure of .471. On the Detroit side Cobb, in his first taste of series play, hit only .200. But the biggest factor in the Tiger defeat was the atrocious catching that Jennings had feared.

The same teams met again in 1908 following terrible struggles in both leagues. In the National it was the year of the Merkle play, the famous incident in which young Fred Merkle, the Giant first baseman, failed to touch second while the apparent winning run was crossing the plate, forcing a replay of the game with the Cubs. Chicago won that second play of the game the day after the season should have closed, clinching a third straight pennant. And in the American League Detroit battled Cleveland and Chicago down to the final day, when Donovan settled matters with a two-hit, 7 to 0 shutout.

Chance presented the same caste of players when the series opened at Bennett Field, the Detroit park named for the team's famed catcher of the 1880's. Jennings, on the other hand, had a new outfielder, Matty McIntyre, in left, and as the series began, he moved Schaefer from second to third, displacing Coughlin, and sent Jerry Downs to second. There were also two new Detroit pitchers: Eddie Summers, one of the first knuckleballers; and George "Sassafras" Winter, a veteran of eight years with the Boston Americans. In addition, there was a good catcher, Ira Thomas, but for some reason Donovan and several others on the Tiger staff did not like to pitch to him, so Schmidt again went behind the bat, despite an injured finger and his usual deficiencies.

The first game was played on a sloppy day that saw busy grounds

keepers applying sawdust to the infield. But under the gloomy skies the Tiger fans were still hopeful when Detroit held a 6 to 5 lead going into the ninth. Then from the bats of the Cubs came a deluge worse than that provided by the elements. Summers, who had relieved Killian in the third and had pitched splendidly, allowed six straight hits, as Chicago ran out the 10 to 6 victory. The spectators went home in disgust, wondering why Jennings had permitted Summers to take such a beating.

The second game fell upon a Sunday, and Murphy, in order to assure a big gate, persuaded the National Commission to schedule it in Chicago, assuring twice as large a crowd as might be expected in Detroit. For seven innings the game was a scoreless scrap between Overall and Donovan, but in the eighth the Cubs struck again with explosive force, scoring six times. Tinker accounted for the first two with a home run carried by the wind into the right-field bleachers. Then Donovan went to pieces, and the rout was on. The final score was 6 to 1, Detroit averting a shutout in the ninth when Cobb singled Jones across.

Now it was a time for desperate action, and Jennings restored Coughlin to his place at third and sent Schaefer back to second, benching Downs, who had demonstrated an inability to tag runners. Even more important, Thomas took the place of Schmidt behind the bat. The move paid off as Mullin easily defeated Pfister, 8 to 3. Cobb, displaying his true form for a National League audience at last, contributed three singles and a double.

But that was the last scratch by the Tigers. In the final two games at Detroit they failed to score a single run. Brown, no stranger to shutouts, beat Summers, 3 to 0, in the fourth game, and Overall made it 2 to 0 in the fifth and last.

Chance led his team at bat with a .421 figure, and newspapers were now calling him the Peerless Leader. Cobb had a mark of .368 but was hardly in the mood to cheer, as his team showed only one victory and one tie in ten games against Chicago.

2

The mighty machine of Chance, winner of three consecutive pennants, was outgunned in 1909 when Fred Clarke's Pirates, appearing in a brand-new ballpark, Forbes Field, raced ahead of the Cubs to the wire. Of the 1903 champions only Wagner, Leach, Phil-

lippe, and Clarke himself remained in the Pittsburgh lineup. New-comers included Bill Abstein at first, John "Dots" Miller at second, Bobby Byrne at third, and Owen "Chief" Wilson in right, with George Gibson catching such new pitchers as Charles "Babe" Adams, Nick Maddox, Howard Camnitz, Albert "Lefty" Leifield, and the veteran Vic Willis.

Detroit that year won its third straight flag, and the change in personnel was startling. Jennings showed an entirely new infield of Tom Jones at first, Jim Delahanty at second, Owen "Donie" Bush at short, and George Moriarty at third. Davy Jones established himself in the outfield again, along with Cobb and Crawford, and Ed Willett joined Mullin, Donovan, and Summers as a regular pitcher.

For the first time the series went the limit of seven games. It also followed a curious pattern of consistency, with the Pirates winning the first, third, fifth, and seventh, and the Tigers taking the other, even-numbered ones.

The difference was Babe Adams, who had won twelve of fifteen during the regular season but who had not worked so often as Camnitz, Willis, or Leifield. He beat Mullin in the first game, 4 to 1, Summers in the fifth, 8 to 4, and Donovan in the seventh, 8 to 0. The only other Pirate victory was accounted for by Maddox, who hung on to win the third game, 8 to 6, after the Bucs had batted out Summers. Donovan beat Camnitz, 7 to 2, in the second game, then Mullin shut out Leifield, 5 to 0, in the fourth and edged Willis, 5 to 4, in the sixth.

Wagner, physically sound this time, made up for his bad work in 1903 and led the Pittsburgh hitters at .333. Cobb, playing in his last series, although his career had almost two decades to run, slumped to .231, as the surprise batting star of the Tigers was Delahanty at .346.

The hero, of course, was Adams with his three victories. "Except for the express company, there is no bigger Adams in the United States," was one writer's way of putting it. And when Babe returned from the final game in Detroit to his Mawhinney Street home in Pittsburgh, there were, by actual count, 463 women, many of them accompanied by approving escorts, waiting to kiss him. He had to take refuge at a hotel to marvel at his sudden celebrity.

By now the World Series had become the greatest sporting event of the year. A daily newspaper in Havana, Cuba, sent three men to

cover the action by the Pirates and Tigers; and in Battle Creek, Michigan, a German butcher who knew nothing about baseball but who, for geographic reasons, would normally bet on Detroit, placed instead a sum on Pittsburgh, because that city's team boasted a shortstop named Wagner and won \$575 for his pains.

The National League had now won three World Series in a row, a statement that could not truthfully be made again until 1965.

The Cubs regained the heights in 1910, Chance winning his fourth pennant in five seasons, but it was the last moment of glory for his great machine. On the opening day of the World Series against the Athletics an inconspicuous event took place that was symbolic of things to come. Johnny Evers, the Chicago second baseman, posed for a picture with Eddie Collins, second baseman of the Athletics. The picture was a study in the ever-shifting workings of fate, for Collins was now considered the greatest second baseman in the game and Evers was on crutches, victim of a broken leg and replaced in the big games by Heinie Zimmerman.

Connie Mack, the patient architect, presented a young squad that was a decided underdog, but a combination ready for its finest hour. Collins was the hub of an infield that showed the veteran Harry Davis at first, Jack Barry at short, and Frank Baker at third, but on the bench was another splendid young infielder, John "Stuffy" McInnis, regarded by Mack as the most promising player he had ever seen. Bris Lord was in left, Amos Strunk in center for the injured Rube Oldring, and Danny Murphy in right, while Ira Thomas was on hand to catch the old duo of Plank and Bender and the sensational Jack Coombs.

There was something symbolic about the first game also, in which Bender beat Overall, 4 to 1. It was precisely the score by which Adams had defeated Detroit in the opener the year before, and it was the first time since 1906 that the American League had won the first game.

Coombs then trounced Mordecai Brown, 9 to 3, in the second game, despite an unimpressive performance in which he allowed eight hits and walked nine, and the clubs moved to Chicago with the Athletics holding a two-game edge.

Plank was suffering from a sore arm, and it was expected that Bender would pitch the third game, but Mack surprised everyone

by trotting out Coombs again, and he had an easy time of it, breezing, 12 to 5, as the A's disposed of Reulbach in two innings.

Chicago finally tasted victory in the fourth game, beating Bender in the tenth, 4 to 3. The Cub starter was Leonard "King" Cole, an exceptional rookie who had won twenty while losing only four all year. A double by Jimmy Archer and a single by Sheckard nailed down the victory which went to Brown in relief.

Coombs then squashed Chicago hopes by snatching his third triumph in the fifth and final game, 7 to 2 over Brown.

The strong batting of the Athletics provided the basis for their victory. Even the switch-hitting Coombs joined the frolic with an average of .385 as the A's batted .316 as a team, the highest average seen in World Series play and a mark that would stand until 1960.

An era had ended in Chicago. Murphy would soon sell his club, Chance would finish second, then third, and finally move on to the Yankees.

6. Baker and Other Breadwinners

Not quite a year before his death at seventy-seven in 1963, J. Franklin Baker, a member of the Hall of Fame, visited Cooperstown to witness the induction of Jackie Robinson, Bob Feller, Bill McKechnie, and Edd Roush. On the morning of the ceremony he strolled through the museum and stopped to examine a display showing the names of all major league players who had hit 200 or more home runs, a list that began with Ruth and included more than fifty others.

His own name was not among them, and as he pursed his lips and studied the list, it was impossible to decipher his thoughts. For he was the original "Home Run" Baker, celebrated not for the frequency of his homers—although he hit them regularly at a time when few players did—but for the dramatic impact of two he delivered on successive days during the World Series of 1911.

Just as Connie Mack had forged a championship combination the year before, John McGraw in 1911 won again with a new Giant team that roared past the slipping Cubs. Only Christy Mathewson and a lesser pitcher, Leon Ames, remained from the 1905 club that had met the Athletics, but they were joined on a stout staff by Richard "Rube" Marquard, a star southpaw, and Otis "Doc" Crandall, first of the relief specialists. Bresnahan had moved on to manage the Cardinals, and John "Chief" Meyers, a Mission Indian, was the regular catcher. Fred Merkle was at first, Larry Doyle at second, Art Fletcher

at short, Buck Herzog at third, Josh Devore in left, Fred Snodgrass in center, and John "Red" Murray in right.

The introduction of a cork-center ball had caused a noticeable increase in batting in both leagues, but the Giants were also a running team and entered the series with a record of 347 stolen bases. Somehow they had the idea that they could bunt the wiry, rawboned Baker to death or cut him down in a sea of flying spikes at third. But in this they failed.

On October 14—six years to the day after Mathewson had shut out Bender to close the 1905 action—those same two pitchers faced each other again before a screaming crowd of 38,281 at the Polo Grounds. Matty, never scored on by the Athletics, saw that streak end in the second when Baker singled, was sacrificed to second, took third on a short passed ball, and scored on a slasher to left by Harry Davis. The Giants tied it in the fourth when Snodgrass walked and went all the way home when Collins fumbled Herzog's smash on the hit-and-run.

The Giants then won it in the seventh, 2 to 1, when Meyers doubled to the fence in left and crossed the plate on a line single by Devore.

At Philadelphia on the following day the two left-handers, Plank and Marquard, squared off. Each team scored once in the early going, and that was the way things stood in the sixth when Baker first came to national attention. With two out and the bases empty, Collins doubled to left. Baker took a ball and strike, then stepped into a low, inside fast ball and hit it high over the right-field wall. The 3 to 1 margin was all Plank needed to run out the victory.

Back at the Polo Grounds for the third game Mathewson had the better of Coombs, 1 to 0, going into the ninth, and then Baker struck again with another confection. Matty was determined not to repeat Marquard's mistake, if it had been one, and after forcing Collins to roll out, he worked carefully to the left-handed Baker, feeding him nothing but slow curves. The count went to two balls and one strike, then Baker measured another curve, knee-high, and lofted it into the stand in right, tying the score, and setting off a noisy demonstration. The game moved through a scoreless tenth into the eleventh, and then the Athletics won by scoring twice on hits by Collins, Baker, and Davis and a key error by Fletcher. New York tried gamely to come

back and scored once after Herzog's double, but Coombs got the final out and a 3 to 2 victory.

It was a classic exhibition of pitching. Coombs allowed only three hits, and Mathewson, though tagged for nine, did not walk a single batter and yielded only twenty-eight called balls in eleven innings. Then the two teams sat through six solid days of rain.

When play finally resumed, it was Mathewson and Bender again. Baker this time was out of home runs, but his contribution to the Athletics' cause was a pair of doubles. The first launched a three-run flurry in the fourth, and the second scored Collins with the game's final run in the fifth, as the A's triumphed, 4 to 2.

Baker was hitless in the fifth game, which is perhaps an explanation of the Giant victory, 4 to 3, in ten innings. Crandall was credited with the decision over Plank, both working in relief. Doyle scored the winning run from third after Murphy caught Merkle's long fly in right but actually slid over the plate and did not touch it. Bill Klem, umpiring at that station, noticed the omission and was prepared to make the courageous call, waiting for an appeal. But Davis, captain of the Athletics, though knowing what had happened, left the field without saying a word, an exercise in judgment that probably prevented a riot.

McGraw chose to pitch Ames in the sixth game, and he was expected to face Plank. But Bender begged Mack for a chance to finish things, and Connie, who often said in later years that he considered the Chippewa the greatest money pitcher of them all, replied, "All right, Albert. The ball is yours."

The ball *was* his, and so was the game, 13 to 2. Bender bruised a finger badly in an early inning, bandaged it, and insisted on finishing. He allowed only four hits as the A's freely rattled the fences off Ames, Wiltse, and Marquard. Baker, with two more singles, ended play with an average of .375, the highest made by any player of either side.

The Athletics, like the Cubs before them, were destined to win four pennants in five years. But like the Cubs of 1909 the A's of 1912 missed out, as an unheralded band of Boston Red Sox, led by Garland "Jake" Stahl, who also played first base, won the American League race with room to spare.

The strength of Boston lay in its superlative outfield of George "Duffy" Lewis in left, Tris Speaker in center, and Harry Hooper in right; along with an exceptional pitcher, Smoky Joe Wood, who that season had won thirty-four and lost five. From his position at first Stahl could look around a solid infield that showed Steve Yerkes at second, Heinie Wagner at short, and Larry Gardner at third. Forrest Cady did most of the catching, and along with Wood on the pitching staff were Ray Collins, Bucky O'Brien, Charlie Hall, and a fine rookie, Hugh Bedient, who had won twenty games.

The Giants won again with the addition of only one new regular, Jeff Tesreau, who rounded out a fine pitching staff. Mathewson, though perhaps no longer a terror, was still a winning pitcher, but Marquard produced an exceptional year, winning nineteen straight games—twenty under the present scoring rules—to establish a record never equaled since.

The meeting of the teams resulted in a sloppily played but exciting and extremely close series climaxed by what has gone down in history as "the Snoggrass muff." Not only did the series go the limit, but a tie game ended by darkness stretched out the number of games to eight.

For the first time McGraw failed to call on Mathewson in an opening series game, relying instead on Tesreau, a spitballer. It is traditional to lead with one's best, and that Matty surely still was; but the games were scheduled to be played in New York and Boston on alternate days, and perhaps McGraw figured it was better to have Matty, with all his experience, operating before the hostile Boston crowds. Whatever his reasoning, the ploy failed. Although Tesreau outpitched Wood for six innings, he was batted out in the seventh, and Boston won, 4 to 3.

At Boston the following afternoon Fenway Park, which had opened for play only that season, was packed and gaily decorated. The mayor, John J. "Honey Fitz" Fitzgerald, went down on the field before the game, led the Royal Rooters in song, then presented Stahl with a shiny new automobile, while other fans gave shortstop Heinie Wagner a silver bat.

One of those who observed the turnstile rush that day was Arthur Irwin, the veteran player, manager, and scout. "Just look at the people come in," he said to a companion. "My goodness! I played shortstop for Providence when we beat the Mets in the first World Series

of all in eighty-four, and do you know what we got? Sixty-five bucks apiece."

Matty *did* pitch well in enemy territory, but the Giants made five errors behind him, and the game was projected into two extra innings before Silk O'Loughlin called it because of darkness, with the score tied, 6 to 6.

Marquard outdueled Bucky O'Brien, 2 to 1, in the third game, but then the Red Sox won twice in a row, Wood taking the measure of Tesreau for the second time, 3 to 1, and Bedient nosing out Mathewson, 2 to 1. As the clubs headed for New York, Stahl figured that Wood could then apply the clincher. But Jimmy McAleer, president of the Red Sox, ordered his manager to save Wood and give O'Brien, who had looked so good in the third game, another chance. Stahl didn't like the idea at all but had to follow orders, and he sat with clenched teeth as O'Brien was pounded for five runs in the first, enough to give Marquard a 5 to 2 victory. Then when Wood did start again, against Tesreau for the third time, he was ineffective. The Giants pasted him for six runs in the first and frolicked, 11 to 4, squaring the series at three games each.

Then came the game of the Snodgrass muff that gave the championship to Boston in ten innings, 3 to 2. It started as a battle between Mathewson and Bedient, but when the latter was lifted for a pinch hitter in the seventh, Wood rushed in and fought to a 1 to 1 tie through the regulation nine. Then the Giants broke through in the top of the tenth, apparently winning the title when Murray doubled and Merkle singled him home.

Not too hopefully the Red Sox came up for the last time. Clyde Engle was sent up to bat for Wood, and when he raised an extremely high but otherwise routine fly to left center, the crowd groaned. Snodgrass set himself for an easy catch, but the ball popped out of his glove, and there was Engle, the trying run, on second.

Hooper then smashed a terrific blow to deep center, and it is not often remembered that Snodgrass not only caught that one but threw to second and just missed nipping Engle, who was retracing his path from around third. Then Mathewson, who had not walked a single batter in his first two starts, lost his target and passed Yerkes, putting on first the potential winning run.

Speaker then lifted a weak foul fly near the coaching box at first. Merkle, however, appeared to be in a trance and stood transfixed as

Meyers tore off his mask and raced for the ball, barely missing the catch. Presented with this unexpected break, Speaker ripped a single that scored Engle and sent Yerkes scurrying to third. Matty then purposely walked Lewis to get a force at any base, but Gardner then flied to Devore in right, and the ball was hit deeply enough to permit Yerkes to beat the futile throw home.

So the muff by Snodgrass was only one link in a chain of strange events. Mechanical errors such as his are part of the game and happen to the greatest players. McGraw, knowing this, gave the outfielder a raise in salary for 1913. The real blunder in the inning was induced by Merkle's coma, and how odd it is that the player so unjustly criticized for not touching second in 1908 was not censured at all in this instance. There was in addition the irony of Mathewson, greatest control pitcher of his time, walking to base what proved to be the winning run.

It had been a dramatic and spectacular series that could have gone either way. It went the way it did because history hangs on slender threads, and anyone who makes predictions is a fool.

2

In 1913 Connie Mack's great machine again reached the top despite the absence most of the year of Jack Coombs, sidelined first by typhoid and then back trouble, and the decline of such veterans as Harry Davis and Danny Murphy. The Athletics seemed to be more formidable than ever with Stuffie McInnis replacing Davis at first, Eddie Murphy taking over for Danny in right, and a rookie catcher, Wally Schang, showing better form than Ira Thomas or Jack Lapp ever had. Now the famed "\$100,000 infield" of McInnis, Collins, Barry, and Baker was complete, and Coombs was not missed because Mack developed such young pitchers as Leslie "Bullet Joe" Bush, Bob Shawkey, and Carroll Brown. Amos Strunk won the job in center, with Rube Oldring moving over to left to replace Bris Lord, who had reached the end of the line.

McGraw's Giants, winning for the third year in a row, made changes also. George Burns won an outfield job from Devore, who was shunted to the Reds; Arthur "Tillie" Shafer, a sensitive but brilliant rookie from California, often spelled Herzog at third or could fill in in the outfield; and Al Demaree was added to the pitching rotation.

But the Giants, hoping for success in their third and "rubber"

meeting with the Athletics, went into the games in desperate shape. Merkle was limping with a leg injury and had to hobble to his position, and Snodgrass was sidelined with a Charley horse, so Shafer had to go to center.

The first game took place on a dark and dreary day at the Polo Grounds, and the dank weather only served to increase the confidence of Connie Mack, who knew that his two best pitching bets, Bender and Plank, like certain racehorses, thrived in such gloom. So did Home Run Baker, who knocked out Marquard in the fifth with his third World Series home run, a blow that gave Bender a 5 to 1 lead and must have convinced the large crowd that once again the Athletics were masters of the Giants. Buoyed by that two-run blow, Bender, though touched up somewhat himself, hung on to win, 6 to 4.

At Philadelphia the next day the prospects of the Giants were further dimmed when Chief Meyers split a finger in practice and Merkle proved unable to limp to first base at all. McGraw replaced Meyers with Larry McLean and asked Snodgrass to give his Charley horse a try and play first. But Fred was not up to it, and in the third inning George "Hooks" Wiltse, a pitcher, was substituted.

The Giants, in the face of such odds against them, fought the battle of their lives, and the result was a superb pitching struggle between Mathewson and Plank that was scoreless after nine innings. The Athletics almost won out in the last of the ninth after placing runners on second and third with none out. Then Wiltse, despite unfamiliarity with his position, made successive plays after fielding grounders to choke off first Strunk and then Barry at the plate. Eddie Murphy then bounced back to Matty, and the threat was averted.

Heartened by their stout defense, the Giants then scored three times in the tenth, with Matty himself batting in the first run with a single. He then retired the A's in order, and New York won, 3 to 0.

As Baker was taking the field for the third game, Herzog came up to him and said, "We've got you now. We're going to beat you this time."

"Quit fooling yourself," Baker snapped back. "Three more days and I'll be on my way to Maryland to shoot ducks."

As a prognosticator he could not have been more right. For on that day occurred the turning point of the series. With Bender and Plank so recently used, Mack considered the various merits of his

young pitchers and selected Bush, who had not yet reached his twenty-first birthday and who sometimes was bothered by faulty control. But the rookie rose to the occasion and breezed to victory over Tesreau, 8 to 2. Bender and Plank then won the fourth and fifth games, the former beating Demaree, 6 to 5, and the latter out-pitching Mathewson, 3 to 1.

There was no way to know it at the time, but for Matty that final defeat marked his last World Series appearance. He walked slowly to the Polo Grounds clubhouse in center field, head up and partially obscured by the crowd. When Art Fromme, another Giant pitcher, tried to put a mackinaw around his shoulders, he let it drop on the ground, opened the clubhouse door, and disappeared from sight.

Mathewson had made eleven World Series starts, completed ten of his games, and won five and lost as many. Four of his victories had been shutouts, and three of his defeats had been by a single run.

McGraw, so often violent in defeat during the regular season, had now lost three World Series in a row. But he reacted graciously in defeat and said to Connie Mack, "You've got the greatest infield I've ever seen. You deserved to beat us."

But in the privacy of his own clubhouse he was not so gracious with Wilbert Robinson, his first-base coach and crony going back all the way to his days in Baltimore. They quarreled when McGraw accused Robbie of missing a sign, and after that they were never really reconciled. Robinson became manager of the Dodgers, and for eighteen more years they would glare at each other from opposing dugouts.

3

The dynasty of the Athletics came to an abrupt end when they lost the 1914 World Series in four straight games to the upstart Boston Braves, a team which that year had been in last place on the morning of July 19. It was the first World Series sweep of the century, and it happened with such suddenness and was so unexpected that baseball fans all over the country were absolutely stunned.

The Braves were managed by George Stallings, a graduate of Virginia Military Institute and a medical student at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in Baltimore. But his erudition was not visible in the dugout, where he ran the team like a superstitious tyrant

and was possessed of volcanic rages. His team, inspired that year under his spur, was an ordinary one.

Stallings did have three fine pitchers in Dick Rudolph, George Tyler, and Seattle Bill James, and a splendid young catcher in Hank Gowdy. The infield was adequate with Charley Schmidt at first, the still fiery but fading Johnny Evers at second, irrepressible Rabbit Maranville at short, and J. Carlisle "Red" Smith at third. But Smith, in the season's final set of games, had the misfortune to break his ankle, and he was replaced by Chuck Deal, who had batted .210.

The kindest thing to say about the Boston outfield was that it was mediocre, so much so that Stallings introduced the practice of platooning at two positions, using Joe Connolly in left and Herb Moran in right against right-handers, and Ted Cather in left and Leslie Mann in right against southpaws. George Whitted was stationed in center at all times, although he had put in only a half season with the team.

Hardly anyone gave the Braves a chance. Hank O'Day, the old umpire who had that year managed the Cubs, freely predicted that the Athletics would win four in a row. And when Hughey Jennings, McGraw's aide on the Giants, heard that the odds on the A's were 3 to 1, he told Fred Lieb, the New York writer, "After the injury to Smith, they ought to be ten to one."

Play opened at Philadelphia with Bender facing Rudolph, and the opinion was almost unanimous that the National League was headed for defeat for the fifth straight year. But the Braves, sparked by Gowdy, who connected for a single, double, and triple, treated the Chief roughly, easily winning, 7 to 1.

It was the second game that really decided the issue. Plank, effective as ever, matched James pitch for pitch, and the ninth began with the teams still scoreless. With one out, Deal hit a deep fly that Strunk misjudged in center, and the Boston third baseman ended up on second. Plank then used his crossfire to strike out James, but Mann delivered a little Texas leaguer behind Collins, scoring the only run of the game.

For years the Braves had played in a shabby plant at home, the South End Grounds, but they borrowed Fenway Park for the World Series, and the last two victories took place there. The third game went twelve innings before James, in relief of Tyler, outlasted Bush, 5 to 4, winning when Gowdy doubled and Mann, who ran for him,

scored when Bush picked up Moran's bunt and threw wildly past third. Then Rudolph came back in the finale and beat Bob Shawkey, 3 to 1. Gowdy was the batting star with an average of .545.

Were the Athletics, who had so easily defeated the Giants, really that bad? They were, and the reason was demoralization because of economic matters. For it was in 1914 that the Federal League, an outlaw circuit, was organized as a third major, attracting players from the National and American by offering higher salaries. Eddie Plank was paid \$5,000 for his work in 1914, and Bender earned only \$4,000. Both of them had not only decided to jump to the Feds but had actually signed contracts to do so.

During the late days of the playing season, when the Athletics had the pennant clinched and the Braves were scheduled to play at the Polo Grounds, Mack said to Bender, "I want you to go over to New York and watch the Braves. Study them, so you'll know how to handle them."

A few hours later Connie was surprised to meet Bender on the street in Philadelphia.

"I thought I told you to go to New York and look over the Braves," said the manager, somewhat testily.

"Oh, I didn't give that a second thought," replied Chief. "What's the use of wasting a perfectly good afternoon looking over that bunch of bush-league hitters?"

7. Carrigan, the Forgotten

Bill Carrigan, in his prime, was a good-looking man with well-chiseled Irish lineaments, eyes of blue steel and a fighting jaw. A former student at Holy Cross, where he played halfback for Frank W. Cavanaugh, the Iron Major, and was converted from an outfielder to a catcher by Tommy McCarthy, he joined the Red Sox in 1906, slowly learned his trade, and acquired a reputation for his polished handling of pitchers. He replaced Jake Stahl as manager during the 1913 season and immediately tightened the Boston defense, building the Red Sox into a tight combination against which it was almost impossible to score.

As this is written, Carrigan, almost completely forgotten, is still living at eighty-five, a retired banker at Lewiston, Maine, where he once helped his father in the grocery business. He is the only manager who ever won successive World Series without subsequently being elected to membership in the Hall of Fame. Frank Chance and Connie Mack accomplished the feat before him, and John J. McGraw, Miller Huggins, Joe McCarthy, and Casey Stengel would follow.

The key to his team, which slapped down the Phillies in 1915 and the Dodgers in 1916, was defense. The glorious outfield of Tris Speaker in center, flanked by Duffy Lewis in left and Harry Hooper in right, is still remembered as one of the finest combinations of them all. Carrigan platooned Dick Hoblitzel and Del Gainor at first,

but the rest of the infield was set, with Jack Barry, a refugee from Connie Mack's disintegrating Athletics, at second, young Everett Scott at short, and steady Larry Gardner at third. Forrest "Hick" Cady and Chet Thomas divided the catching, and the pitching staff was a medley of fine arms belonging to Ernie Shore, George "Rube" Foster, Hubert "Dutch" Leonard, and two youngsters, Babe Ruth and Carl Mays.

The team's one glaring fault was a tendency of the batters to hit the first pitch. News of this traveled throughout the league, and at one point during the regular season in 1915 there was a stretch during which Boston connected safely only once in twenty-one tries at first offerings. Then Carrigan called a halt, instructed his men to wait; the team climbed and eventually earned a hard-won battle for the pennant with Detroit.

In the National League, meanwhile, another old catcher, Pat Moran, rose to greatness with his Phillies. That team had been a National League member since 1883 but had never been a winner until Moran won the flag in 1915, in a curious race that saw the Giants eighth and last despite a winning percentage of .454, highest ever for a tail-ender.

The brightest stars for the Phils were Grover Alexander, a young right-handed pitcher who showed thirty-one triumphs, a dozen of them shutouts, and Clarence "Gavvy" Cravath, a primitive slugger stationed in right who led the league in home runs with twenty-four, a figure considered eminent in pre-Ruthian days. Along with Alexander on the pitching staff were Erskine Mayer, George Chalmers, and Eppa Rixey, and in the outfield with Cravath were Dode Paskert in center and George Whitted in left. Eddie Burns handled the catching, and the infield showed Fred Luderus at first, Bert Niehoff at second, Dave Bancroft at short, and Milton Stock at third.

In one sense the 1915 World Series was a repeat of the year before, with a team from Boston meeting and defeating a team from Philadelphia. But it was the Red Sox instead of the Braves, and the Phillies instead of the Athletics. To continue the strange parallel, whereas in 1914 the Braves had borrowed the facilities of Fenway Park, now they had a handsome new plant of their own, Braves Field, and the Red Sox borrowed that.

The Phillies were at home at Baker Bowl, a showplace when it

was opened in 1887, but now a declining plant of limited capacity destined to become, in the era of the lively ball, a decrepit bandbox. It is strange to note that Babe Ruth, possibly the greatest of all World Series heroes, made his first series appearance there and, twenty-one years later, showed up on a major league diamond for the last time there.

William F. Baker, owner of the Phillies and a former New York City police commissioner, envious of the new park in Boston, attempted to squeeze a few more dollars out of his end of the World Series by installing on the field in right center 400 extra seats. Perhaps they should have called him Home Run Baker II, for it was that act that brought about the eventual defeat of his team.

Alexander won the opening game from Shore, 3 to 1, the Phillies scoring twice in the eighth on a soggy field. The score was tied, 1 to 1, when a scratch single by Stock and two walks filled the bases. Cravath then topped the ball and dribbled an infield out to Scott that scored one run, and another came in when Shore had trouble fielding a roller by Luderus.

It was in the ninth inning that day that Ruth first appeared before a World Series crowd, batting for Shore with one out and a man on first. The familiar roar that later would greet his appearances at the plate was not present. Babe's best was a hard smash to Luderus, who made a clever stop and retired him without assistance.

Undismayed by their ineffectiveness against Alexander, the stone-wall Red Sox braced and won three consecutive games by the same score, 2 to 1. Foster nosed out Mayer in the second game, batting in the winning run himself in the ninth on a single that counted Gardner. In attendance at that game was Woodrow Wilson, who showed up with his fiancée, Edith Bolling Galt. The agonies of Versailles were far ahead of them on that happy afternoon, and it marked the first time that a President of the United States had watched World Series play.

In an attempt to grab the lead again, Moran came back with Alexander in the third contest, but Leonard, a southpaw, edged him, 2 to 1, with the decisive margin again coming in the ninth, when Lewis singled Hooper home. It was Duffy's third blow of the game and his fifth in two games off Alexander.

Shore then nudged Chalmers, 2 to 1, the Red Sox scoring single

runs in the third and sixth. It was Lewis again who made the difference, as his double in the sixth scored Hoblitzel with the run that held up.

It was in the fifth and final game that Baker's folly in installing the field seats became apparent. Hooper, who would hit only sixty-nine home runs in a career extending through seventeen summers, bounced two into the temporary seats.

Alexander was supposed to pitch again but came up with a sore arm, and Mayer started against Foster. Rixey rushed to his assistance in the third after Hooper bounced his first freak hit, which would be a double under today's rules, into the temporary seats. The Phillies then scored twice on a long clout by Luderus and carried a 4 to 2 lead into the eighth when the redoubtable Lewis smashed a legitimate two-run homer to tie it up. Then in the ninth Hooper bounced another into the stands to win the game, 5 to 4, and with it the title.

The Federal League collapsed during the winter that followed, and the owners of the clubs, again lacking competition, began to slash salaries. One player who would not knuckle under was Speaker, and much to his surprise Joe Lannin, the hotel and real-estate man who owned the Red Sox, sold his contract to Cleveland for \$50,000 and two kids, Sam Jones and Fred Thomas. Not many clubs could give up a Speaker and continue to win, but the Red Sox managed by alternating Chick Shorten and Clarence "Tilly" Walker in center and breaking in another youngster, Hal Janvrin, as a replacement for Barry at second.

In the National League it was Brooklyn's turn to triumph, sweet revenge for Wilbert Robinson, who reached the pinnacle three years after leaving McGraw. It was the strangest of seasons for the Giants, who finished fourth despite a record streak of twenty-six consecutive victories at home and another of seventeen in a row on the road.

Like Moran and Carrigan, Robbie was skilled at developing pitchers, and he liked them big and strong. He was also capable of putting together a team of patched-up veterans and discards that somehow clicked, and his 1916 squad was a perfect demonstration of his talent. The pitching corps included such hand-me-downs as Rube Marquard, Sherry Smith, Jack Coombs, and Larry Cheney and such seasoned performers as Nap Rucker and Jeff Pfeffer. The batting stars were

Zack Wheat in left and Jake Daubert at first, and the ranks were filled by Casey Stengel in right, Hi Myers in center, George Cutshaw at second, Ivey Olson at short, and Mike Mowrey at third, with Otto Miller catching. Fred Merkle and Jimmy Johnston also saw frequent action.

But the Dodgers fell to Carrigan as easily as the Phillies, in five games. Once more the Red Sox borrowed Braves Field, and the series opened there, with Shore coasting along against Marquard with a five run lead until the ninth, when Brooklyn rallied for four runs and made it close, Boston winning, 6 to 5.

In the second game Ruth made his first series start and launched the streak of twenty-nine and two-thirds scoreless innings that would not be broken until the time of Whitey Ford. It was not, however, an easy victory. Myers touched Ruth for a home run with two out in the first, Boston matched it when Scott tripled off Smith in the third and then rode home on an infield error, and that was the way it was until the fourteenth when Boston won, 2 to 1, when Gainor doubled to score Mike McNally, running for Hoblitzel, who had walked. The starting pitchers went the distance in the longest World Series game ever played.

Brooklyn won its only victory in the third game and in a way that was strange. Robbie's whole strategy was based upon throwing southpaws—Marquard and Smith—against the Red Sox, and his only winning pitcher proved to be the right-handed Coombs. The score was 4 to 3, and Coombs left the game in the seventh when the Red Sox counted their final run on a homer by Gardner. Mays, who pitched with a submarine delivery so radical that his fingers almost scraped the ground, worked the first five innings for Boston, allowing all the Brooklyn runs.

Marquard failed again in the fourth game, and Boston breezed behind Leonard, 6 to 2, as Gardner contributed his second home run in two days.

The fifth contest was then played at Boston on Columbus Day before a crowd of 42,620, the largest that would view a World Series battle until the opening of Yankee Stadium in 1923. Shore gave the Dodgers only three hits, winning, 4 to 1. The Red Sox scored all their runs off Pfeiffer in the early innings, and there was never any doubt about the outcome.

Undefeated in World Series competition, the Red Sox had won

four of the classics in a row and two in successive seasons. Carrigan, knowing every thrill that the game can offer, then retired to enter the banking business at Lewiston. Ten years later he would come back to run the Red Sox for three agonizing seasons in the cellar, but now was his moment of greatest glory.

2

The World Series of 1917 will always be known as the one in which Heinie Zimmerman chased Eddie Collins across home plate as the White Sox defeated the Giants in six games. It was also the one in which for the first time the games were played with America at war. There was no decline in interest in the game because of the world conflict, and the simulated warfare of baseball provided a safety valve for the restive populace.

For McGraw it was the sixth pennant in New York and the fifth World Series, and for the fourth straight time his forces lost. For Comiskey it was the first flag since the days of the Hitless Wonders. For the first time the two contestants came from the two largest cities in the land.

The White Sox were a young, talented, temperamental team led by Clarence "Pants" Rowland, who had never seen the sights of any city larger than Peoria as a player but who had long experience as a manager in the minors. He replaced Jimmy Callahan as manager of the White Sox in 1915, and although the fans at first would not accept him, he finished third, then second and finally first, proving, as had Frank Selee before him, that it is not necessary to play in the majors to win there as a manager, a point that Joe McCarthy would later underline more indelibly.

The stars of Rowland's cast were Eddie Collins, the distinguished second baseman, and Joe Jackson, the hard-hitting left fielder who had to be babied to be kept in line. There was a superb young catcher, Ray Schalk, a good, young center fielder, Oscar "Happy" Felsch, and a splendid shortstop, George "Buck" Weaver. Chick Gandil was at first, Freddy McMullin at third, and in right John "Shano" Collins alternated with Nemo Leibold.

The Chicago pitching staff was well balanced, and most of the crew indulged in freak deliveries. Ed Cicotte, who had won twenty-eight games, featured the shine ball, a mysterious pitch that seemed to rise after he rubbed it on his trousers.

"I don't understand it," Connie Mack said to a reporter during the series. "Two years ago Cicotte appeared to be on the way out. Now he looks faster than ever because of the shine ball. One side is darkened, the other light, and it is like looking at two pitches. They ought to bar it, along with the spitball."

Red Faber, like Cicotte a right-hander, employed the spitball; Dave Danforth, a left-hander who either started or relieved, performed some strange ritual with the ball, and even umpires were not sure exactly what he did, although it seemed to involve loosening the cover. Other left-handers were Claud Williams and Ewell "Reb" Russell. How Schalk was able to catch such peculiar shoots was a puzzle.

The Giants were in a state of flux. Only George Burns, Art Fletcher, and Jeff Tesreau remained from championship days of the past, although Buck Herzog, after exile in Cincinnati, was back again and stationed at second. Walter Holke played first base now, with Heinie Zimmerman at third. Bennie Kauff, the greatest star produced by the Federal League, was in center, with Dave Robertson in right. Lew McCarty and Bill Rariden split the catching.

Against the White Sox McGraw used only left-handers as starters, leading off with Harry "Slim" Sallee, then following with Ferdie Schupp and John "Rube" Benton, relegating his right-handers—Fred Anderson, Pol Perritt, and Tesreau—to bullpen duty.

The first clash at Chicago was an extremely close duel between Cicotte and Sallee. Each pitcher allowed seven hits and struck out two, and Cicotte issued the only walk. But the difference was a home run struck in the fourth by Felsch, a blow that rode high into the seats in left and brought victory to Chicago, 2 to 1.

On the following day Schupp was batted out in the second and was no match for Faber. Then, when the Sox exploded for five runs in the fourth off Anderson, they won, 7 to 2, and appeared to be heading for a sweep.

But back in New York the Giants, proving again the uncertainty of the game, rallied to square the series when Benton shut out Cicotte, 2 to 0, in the third game and Schupp, reversing his form, also blanked Chicago, 5 to 0, in the fourth. It was in this latter game that Kauff, held hitless in the first three, came into his own at last with two home runs, one inside the field over Felsch's head in center, the other into the bleachers in right. Kauff thus achieved the feat first

performed by Pat Dougherty in 1903 and then duplicated, under somewhat shabby circumstances, by Harry Hooper in 1915.

It was still either team's series through seven innings of the fifth game, with the score tied, 5 to 5. But McGraw, stubbornly the fans thought, stayed with an obviously tired Sallee into the eighth, and the White Sox then scored in a flurry of three to win, 8 to 5.

Then came the sixth game and the celebrated Zimmerman-Colins sprint.

Here is what happened. With Chicago batting in the fourth of a scoreless game, Eddie Collins grounded routinely to Zimmerman and ended up on second when Heinie threw the ball wildly past first into the Polo Grounds crowd. Jackson then raised the easiest sort of fly to right, but Robertson muffed it, and Collins made it to third with Jackson safe at first. Rube Benton, perhaps inwardly fuming but to all appearances ignoring the amateurish work behind him, bore down hard on Felsch, made him hit back to the box, and there was Collins, one of the fleetest runners in the league, trapped off third.

Now, in a rundown play of this kind proper execution calls for forcing the runner back to the base from which he had come. If Benton had thrown promptly to his catcher, Bill Rariden, the latter, ball in hand, could have run Collins back to third. But Benton threw dangerously to Zimmerman, and Collins darted back and forth on the line, hoping that by this maneuver Jackson could reach third and Felsch second. Suddenly Collins noticed that Rariden was half-way up the line and that neither Holke nor Benton had rushed in to guard home plate. When he then stepped past Rariden, it was an easy matter to outrun the slow-footed Giant third baseman, who had no one to throw to and who could only make a fruitless dash after Collins, the ball extended in his right hand.

Who made the mistake? Certainly not Zimmerman, who was guilty only of a lack of speed. Was it McGraw, for not drilling his team in the mechanics of such a fundamental play? Was it Benton, for throwing to Zimmerman instead of Rariden, and, again, for not covering home? Was it, for the same reason, Holke?

After the play, Gandil singled, scoring Jackson and Felsch, and the White Sox eventually won, 4 to 2.

The umpire behind the plate that day was Bill Klem, the National League official who seemed to get a World Series assignment any-

time he wanted one. This was the eighth series in which he had worked, and before his retirement in 1940, he would see action in eighteen World Series altogether, calling them in 104 different games.

When the morose Giants filed into their clubhouse, a slammed door prevented outsiders from hearing what was said, but many tried to imagine the scene. Ring Lardner, in the pages of the *Chicago Tribune*, visualized an indiscreet teammate picking on Zimmerman, only to have Heinie reply, "What was I supposed to do with the ball? Throw it to Klem?"

For a while there was no assurance that there would be a World Series in 1918, and even after it began, there was some doubt as to whether or not it would be completed.

The first uncertainty was caused by the international situation. With players headed daily for the military and fans subject to the same regulations, of course, there was for the first time a definite slackening of interest in baseball. In June General Enoch Crowder issued his famed "work or fight" order, and everyone was trying to figure out how this applied to baseball. Was baseball work? Was it in the national interest? No one seemed authorized to ask Washington, so the game just drifted on. Finally the War Department ordered the National and American leagues to end their respective seasons on Labor Day but granted them two additional weeks to conduct a World Series as usual.

The second uncertainty was a rebellion among the players over their share of the proceeds that erupted before the sixth game and almost resulted in a strike.

The White Sox, young and strong, were expected to repeat in 1918, but the club became split into hostile camps and was badly demoralized. The players still had championship ability but were so lacking in unified purpose that winning was beyond them.

This opened the way to the Red Sox who, with a greatly strengthened team, regained the heights. With Speaker gone to Cleveland and Lewis in the Navy, only Hooper remained from the once incomparable outfield, but Everett Scott was still around to play short, and the young pitchers, Ruth and Mays, were getting better. Ruth, in fact, had become such an attraction as a slugger that Ed Barrow, the manager, listening at last to the entreaties of Hooper, used him in left field on days when he did not pitch. But the principal improve-

ment at Boston came from purchasing the contracts of Amos Strunk, center fielder; Stuffy McInnis, first baseman; Wally Schang, catcher; and Bullet Joe Bush, right-handed pitcher. Barrow filled out his lineup by inserting Dave Shean at second, and George Whiteman, on days that Ruth did not play there, in left. Whiteman was almost totally unknown despite previous trials with the Red Sox and Yankees.

Chicago won in the National League for the first time since 1910 in the North Side ball park taken over from the Federal League that would eventually become Wrigley Field. The team's manager was Fred Mitchell, who had been an aide to George Stallings on the Miracle Braves in 1914. And although the Cubs had gone without a flag for eight years, they were not lacking in World Series experience. Third baseman Charlie Deal, left fielder Les Mann, and pitcher George Tyler, like Mitchell, had been with the champion Braves. Center fielder Dode Paskert had performed for the 1915 Phillies, and Fred Merkle had gone through series with both the Giants and Dodgers.

Although the other Chicago players were new to a World Series audience, they included such established men as catcher Bill Killefer, right fielder Max Flack, shortstop Charlie Hollocher, and such pitchers as Hippo Jim Vaughn, Phil Douglas, and Claude Hendrix.

The Cubs, in anticipation of big crowds, borrowed Comiskey Park for the occasion, but this was a misjudgment in public interest, and there were a lot of empty seats. The Red Sox, more realistic, were not tempted to flirt again with Braves Field and remained at Fenway Park.

Possibly because of the war, the players and the public seemed to be in an angry, touchy mood. At seven o'clock on the morning of the first game at Chicago a police patrol swooped down on early arrivals at the bleachers gate, forcibly removing seven fans in a station wagon. A rumor swept the crowd that General Crowder's "work or fight" order was being literally enforced and that the men had been arrested for not working. But the police assured them that they had merely broken up a crap game.

That afternoon Cub fans got their first glimpse of Ruth, and when in batting practice he arched a long drive out of the park, they were overcome with wonder. But it was the Cubs themselves who were

overcome by his pitching in the game that followed, as he defeated Vaughn, 1 to 0, scattering six hits. The only run of the game scored in the fourth on a pass to Shean and singles by Whiteman and McInnis.

The Cubs came back on the second day with Tyler taking the measure of Bush, 3 to 1. The same pitchers had faced each other in the 1914 games with a similar result. All the Chicago runs scored in the second, and Tyler himself accounted for two of them with a timely single. After the inning, the angry mood of the occasion was again in evidence when Otto Knabe, of the Cubs, and Heinie Wagner, opposing coaches who had been riding each other, settled things with their fists under the stand, and, like his team that day, Knabe emerged as the winner.

To avoid unnecessary travel in wartime, the teams stayed over in Chicago for the third game, and Mays edged Vaughn, 2 to 1. Hippo had now allowed only three runs in two games but had dropped them both. Mays was a puzzle all afternoon, but to win he needed a sensational catch by Whiteman which robbed Paskert of a possible home run in the fourth. Whiteman also scored the first run, and, with hits in all three games, he was emerging from anonymity to become the hero of the series, just as George Rohe, of the Hitless Wonders, had been a dozen years before.

Then the teams moved to Boston, and the Cubs were once more confronted by Ruth, who began pitching with a consecutive streak of twenty-two scoreless World Series innings behind him. For a time it appeared that he had another shutout in the making, too, but finally in the eighth the Cubs struck for two runs on a walk, single, wild pitch, infield out, and another single. Ruth had connected for his first World Series hit, a triple, in the fourth, as the Red Sox had counted twice, and after Babe's skein had been broken in the eighth after twenty-nine and two-thirds innings, the score was 2 to 2. Then Boston won, 3 to 2, in their half when Schang singled, took second on a passed ball by Killefer, and scored when Douglas threw Hooper's perfect bunt into right field.

The rule providing that all first division clubs share the World Series receipts went into effect that year for the first time. On top of that the players of the Red Sox and Cubs had agreed to donate 10 percent of their shares to various war charities. So when the crowds

were disappointing, the players realized that they would hardly benefit at all from the games, and there was agitation to do something about it.

Harry Hooper and Les Mann, spokesmen for the players, determined to ask the National Commission either to postpone the sharing arrangement with other first-division teams for another year or to guarantee the World Series players a flat fee, \$1,500 for the winners, \$1,000 for the losers.

After the fourth game, the players decided to strike unless these demands were met, and the rumor circulated that there would be no fifth game at all. Curious spectators who went to Fenway Park looked out over an empty field as the players huddled in their club-houses while Hooper and Mann went to the umpires' dressing room to meet with the commission.

A strange meeting it was. Ban Johnson, usually all business and always persuasive, showed up late and somewhat the worse for wear. Instead of stating his position with logic, he put his arm around Hooper and delivered a somewhat maudlin lecture about the glory of baseball. Hooper shrugged his shoulders, looked at Mann as if to say, "What's the use!" and it was decided to play the game.

Vaughn then kept the flickering Cub hopes alive when he held the Red Sox to five hits and beat them, 3 to 0, in a match with Sam Jones. The first run scored on a double by Mann in the third and two more on a similar blow by Paskert in the eighth.

The threatened strike of the players led only to public apathy, and only 15,000 showed up for the sixth game. Tyler, pitching after only one day of rest, tried his best to square the series, but the Cubs could do nothing with Carl Mays, who held them to three hits, winning the game, 2 to 1, and with it the series. Boston scored its two when Flack, in right, was unable to hold a curving smash by White-man as Mays and Shean, who had walked, raced over the plate.

The financial news was as bad as the players had feared. Each member of the Red Sox pocketed only \$1,108. Each Cub settled for \$671. Left-handed pitchers had now started against the American League in twelve straight World Series games, but on only four occasions had they won.

8. The Crooked One

Eddie Cicotte, a tired, lean man of eighty-three, sat in the kitchen of his farm home near Detroit on a summer day in 1967 and kept saying aloud, over and over, "The Lord must have known when he made the world round that nothing in it would ever be on the square."

It was, of course, his rationalization of an event in which he had been involved and which had ruined his life forty-eight years before. It was a philosophic cynicism he had picked up somewhere that permitted him to live with his conscience. For Eddie Cicotte was one of eight men, members of the Chicago White Sox who later became known as Black Sox, put out of organized baseball for life after conspiring to lose the World Series of 1919 to the Cincinnati Reds.

Haunted by the harrowing memory that had plagued his days, Cicotte said, "I was guilty. I've been sorry ever since. And I think I've paid far more than the offense called for."

Even those who follow baseball only casually and some who are interested in the game not at all know in a vague way that there was once a crooked World Series. And in a nation that has produced crooked elections, crooked court decisions, and crooked business transactions of every description, why not?

But the penalty was just. Baseball is primarily a game for boys, boys of all ages, and the guilty eight had to be disposed of if public confidence in baseball were to be preserved. As it was, the game's management was slow to prosecute and would have preferred to

sweep the whole mess under the table, which would have been a form of crookedness also.

If casual fans and nonfollowers of baseball know in a general way about the Black Sox, even serious students of the game know little more. No one individual has the perspective to see the whole picture. There were plots and counterplots and plots within plots. The crooked players knew their part of the story, the gamblers knew theirs, the honest White Sox players had suspicions, club officials heard rumors they tried not to believe, and writers picked up scraps of information and misinformation they tried to piece together. But there was more than one ring of gamblers, and each of the eight Black Sox could not be certain of the other seven. It was all too confusing, and in the years that followed the honest Chicago players were as reluctant to talk about the affair as the guilty ones, perhaps through fear, perhaps because they thought a minimum of publicity was preferable to making the truth public.

The eight banished players were among the most talented in the game. They included two pitchers: Cicotte, a right-hander and master of the deceptive shine ball, a winner of twenty-nine games that year, and Claud "Lefty" Williams, a left-hander who had won twenty-three and who was celebrated for his extraordinary control; Joe Jackson, an illiterate mill hand from South Carolina and a left-hander who departed the game with an average of .356 for his career and who had once batted .408; George "Buck" Weaver, generally considered to be the best third baseman the American League had seen since Jimmy Collins; Arnold "Chick" Gandil, first baseman with a great pair of hands, a slow runner but good clutch hitter; Charles "Swede" Risberg, a tough, young shortstop just coming into his own; Oscar "Happy" Felsch, a wide-ranging center fielder whose perpetual grin made him a delight to his followers; and Fred McMullin, a reserve infielder brought into the conspiracy only because he overheard two of the plotters making plans while he was lying on a rubbing table in the clubhouse.

The honest players on the team who saw regular duty included Ray Schalk, a scrappy catcher of enormous talent; Eddie Collins, still king of second basemen; outfielder Nemo Leibold, John "Shano" Collins, and Eddie Murphy; and pitchers Dickie Kerr, Urban "Red" Faber, and Grover Lowdermilk.

This separation of the honest and dishonest players predated the

scandal. For several years the Chicago team had been split into cliques, with those later judged crooked forming one unit, and those whose innocence was never questioned constituting another. The club was sliced into those two camps, and it was clearly visible in hotel lobbies, on parlor cars, and even at the batting cage. The groups hated each other violently, but despite the dissension and enmity, there was so much talent around that the team won almost whenever it chose, or half of it chose.

The opposing team in the ill-starred series, Cincinnati, though not considered the equal of the White Sox, was not without merit. Pat Moran, the old catcher who had piloted the Phillies to their first National League pennant in 1915, had repeated the feat with the Reds four years later. The star of the club was Eddie Roush, an acrobatic center fielder who had just won his second batting championship; and he was flanked by Pat Duncan, a hard-hitting rookie who had come up late in the season, in left, and Earle "Greasy" Neale, whose destiny was to discover more glory in football, in right. Jake Daubert, at first, and Heinie Groh, at third, were infield standouts, with Maurice Rath playing second and Larry Kopf short. Ivey Wingo and Bill Rariden shared the catching of a deep, solid pitching staff that included Walter "Dutch" Ruether and Harry "Slim" Sallee, left-handers; and Horace "Hod" Eller, Ray Fisher, Jimmy Ring, and Dolf Luque, right-handers.

Inspired by the euphoria that followed the end of World War I, the National Commission, visualizing an era of unparalleled prosperity, increased the length of the series to nine games, with the players sharing in the receipts of the first five. It was expected that the games would usher in a glowing age for baseball, and that time *would* come, but first the page of history had to be smeared with the infamous ink of the Black Sox.

The full account of what took place in the games will never be known, but the most exhaustive study made so far was by Eliot Asinof, who had once played professional baseball, in his thorough book about the scandal *Eight Men Out*. He traveled all over the country, interviewing such survivors of the mess as would talk to him, read the running story in the pages of old newspapers, and pieced together some sense out of all the conflicting stories.

In so doing he cleared the air and disposed of some myths. He proved beyond question that it was the players who first approached

the gamblers and not the other way around; he definitely linked Arnold Rothstein, the notorious New York gambler, with the plot, sweeping aside the widely held belief that Abe Attell, a gambler and former featherweight boxing champion, pretended to have Rothstein's backing but acted on his own; and he squashed the opinion that the Black Sox, denied all the money they had coming to them by the gamblers after the first game, then tried to win the remaining games.

There was an electric excitement in Cincinnati on the day the series opened. For the patient fans of that city the event was the culmination of a dream, for the Reds, charter members of the National League in 1876 and continuous members since 1890, had always before failed to achieve the rosy promise of April. But now they had won at last, and despite the mighty reputation of the White Sox, the proud residents of the smallest city in the major leagues felt that their Reds could take the World Series, too.

In fact, a strange thing was happening. Several days before, the White Sox had been overwhelming favorites, but now the odds were mysteriously shifting, and on the morning of the first game even money was the best that Cincinnati betters could obtain. At the city's Hotel Sinton, where baseball headquarters was set up and Garry Herrmann staged the first of the elaborate feasts for the press that have become an annual ritual, gamblers stood in the lobby waving green bills of large denomination, ticket scalpers circulated openly, and such celebrities as Warren G. Harding and George M. Cohan had all they could do to push themselves through the mass of excited people to reach the elevators. And the same scene, to a lesser degree, took place simultaneously in such hotels as the Gibson, Havlin, and Metropole. No hotel rooms were available anywhere, and out at Redland Field a line had formed, the night before, as excited bleacher fans waited to see what would happen.

What happened was this: After the White Sox had been retired in the first, Maurice Rath, the Cincinnati lead-off man, was plunked in the back by a Cicotte pitch. It was not known at the time, but this was the prearranged tip-off that the fix was on, and in poolrooms and cigar stores all over the country there were sinister people who smiled to themselves. Daubert then planked a single to right, and Rath scurried to third, from which point he scored after Jackson had hauled down Groh's long fly to left, and the Reds were in the lead.

The White Sox tied the score in the second, but the Reds batted out Cicotte with five runs in the fourth. The inning could have ended scorelessly had not Risberg been slow in throwing to Gandil to complete what should have been a double play. Then five Cincinnati batters in a row hit Cicotte safely, and Kid Gleason, the Chicago manager, stormed out to remove his star pitcher from the box. The tide was turned, and Ruether breezed to victory, 9 to 1.

On the following day it was more of the same, although the Reds won by a much closer score, 4 to 2. The turning point came in the fourth when Williams, celebrated for his control, walked three men and permitted a triple by Kopf.

The teams moved on to Chicago that night, and by this time almost everyone knew that something was wrong. Schalk was furious, Gleason suspicious, and the eyebrows of some writers were beginning to rise. But nothing could be proved, and nothing could be printed.

When Kerr beat the Reds, 3 to 0, in the third game, there were those who thought they may have been mistaken, that the White Sox had merely played a couple of bad games in succession and now were on their way. But Cicotte bowed to Ring, 2 to 0, in the fourth game. This time he was not so careless as to allow five straight hits, but in the fifth inning he set up the only two runs scored by deflecting a throw from the outfield out of Schalk's reach.

The fifth game resulted in another shutout, Eller blanking Williams, 5 to 0, and in the process striking out six batters in a row. Williams was careful and walked only two, but the game blew up in his face when the Reds scored four times in the sixth, two counting when Felsch dropped a long fly by Roush that went for a triple. To his dying day Felsch insisted that he had really tried to catch the ball, and how is anyone to tell?

Now the Reds needed only one more game, but for a while that victory eluded them. Kerr outlasted Ruether and Ring in ten innings to win the sixth game, 5 to 4, with Gandil, ironically enough, scoring Weaver with the winning run on an infield bounder. Cicotte then beat Fisher, 4 to 1, and the Sox were within one game of tying things up.

It was all up to Williams in the eighth game, and as Hughie Fullerton, the Chicago baseball writer, was fighting his way through the crowd to the press box at Cincinnati, a gambler he knew brushed into

him and said, "All the betting's on Cincinnati. It's going to be biggest first inning you ever saw."

There have been bigger first innings, of course, but for all practical purposes the series was over when Cincinnati scored four times in its first chance at bat, tagging Williams for five hits. The Reds, behind Eller, then kept pecking away, and although Chicago rallied for four runs in the eighth, it was far too late, and Cincinnati got its victory, 10 to 5.

So that was the way the games went, but what motivated the play in each of them can never be determined. The eight players never did receive their bribes in full, and they were supposed to split \$100,000. After each game the gamblers would tell them the money was needed for further betting. Cicotte did receive \$10,000 because he insisted on having it in advance. Most of the others got \$5,000 each. Weaver always insisted that he never received a dime, and he also claimed that he had played to win at all times. Nevertheless, as Judge Landis pointed out to him on the occasion of one of his pleas for reinstatement, he had guilty knowledge of the plot, and that was sufficient to bar him from the game for life.

Despite the rumors, and despite stories by Fullerton in Chicago and Jimmy Isaminger in Philadelphia, the whole sordid story did not come out until the waning days of the 1920 season, when the players were indicted by a Cook County grand jury. Cicotte, Jackson, and Williams all confessed, then repudiated their confessions. Then the confessions, along with waivers of immunity, disappeared from the files, and a jury acquitted the players.

By this time baseball had a commissioner, Judge Landis, and he established the game's policy in such matters for all time when he stated:

Regardless of the verdicts of juries, no player that throws a game, no player that entertains proposals or promises to throw a game, no player that sits in a conference with a bunch of crooks and gamblers where the ways and means of throwing games are discussed, and does not promptly tell his club about it, will ever play professional baseball. Of course, I do not know that any of these men will apply for reinstatement, but if they do, the above are at least a few of the rules that will be enforced. Just keep in mind that regardless of the verdicts of juries, baseball is entirely competent to protect itself against the crooks both inside and outside the game.

2

Of the eight Black Sox, only Gandil remained out of baseball in 1920. The others reported and went through another American League season, isolating themselves more than ever from the other players. The gamblers, of course, had them in thrall now, and there is little doubt that they went on selling games. But so superbly talented were they that for most of the year Chicago remained in first place. The scandal broke in the season's final week when the White Sox and Indians were fighting for the pennant. With the eight Chicago players immediately suspended, Cleveland slipped into first place and won out by two games, sparing baseball the embarrassment of having Chicago in the World Series again.

Tris Speaker's Indians had fought an uphill battle in a season marred by more than the Black Sox revelations, the fatal injury of a player, the only incident of its kind in the history of major league baseball. In August the fine Cleveland shortstop, Ray Chapman, was struck in the head by a ball pitched by Carl Mays, of the Yankees, and he died in a hospital the following day. Some people in baseball demanded that Mays be barred from the game; but Carl, though known to be not averse to throwing at hitters, was blameless. Chapman was a plate crowder, and Muddy Ruel, who caught for the Yankees that day, often said in later years that if the ball had not struck Chapman, it would have been called a strike.

Harry Lunte, Chapman's substitute, was not a strong enough hitter to sustain the team's performance, and the Indians did not regain their stride until September, when a young shortstop, Joe Sewell, was secured from New Orleans.

Only a few months removed from the University of Alabama, Sewell, declared eligible for the series by a special ruling, jelled the infield that showed George Burns at first, Bill Wambgsanss at second, and Larry Gardner at third. Speaker, however, like George Stallings with his 1914 Braves, went in heavily for platooning. Against left-handers he employed Joe Evans in left and Joe Wood, the reformed pitching star, in right. When right-handers were working, he had Charlie Jamieson in left, Elmer Smith in right, and replaced Burns at first with Doc Johnston. Speaker, still the nonpareil of center fielders, maintained that position at all times.

Steve O'Neill was a workhorse behind the plate, and the strong

pitching staff was headed by Jim Bagby, winner of thirty-one games that year, Stan Coveleski, George Uhle, Duster Mails, and Ray Caldwell.

Uncle Robbie's Brooklyn club, absent from the championship class for four seasons, fielded a team with seven holdovers from the 1916 pennant. Otto Miller was still on hand to catch, Ivey Olson remained at short, Zack Wheat was in left, Hi Myers in center, and Rube Marquard, Jeff Pfeffer, and Sherry Smith still took their pitching turns. But Jake Daubert, who had annually angered the management with his salary demands, had been passed on to the Reds and replaced by Ed Konetchy. Pete Kilduff was now at second, Jimmy Johnston (brother of Cleveland's Doc) at third, and Tommy Griffith in right. Nap Rucker, Larry Cheney, and Jack Coombs were long gone from the pitching corps, but there were competent newcomers in Burleigh Grimes, Al Mamaux, Clarence Mitchell, and Leon Cadore.

Because of the Black Sox scandal, there was some agitation to cancel the World Series, but the season had been a prosperous one, and it was a foregone conclusion that Ebbets Field and League Park, more compact than many big-league plants, could be packed to capacity, which they were.

And it was a good thing that the games did go on. Not only was the continuity of the series preserved, but one of the games provided two of the most dramatic feats in World Series annals, for in the fifth contest Elmer Smith hit the first grand-slam home run in World Series play (there would not be another for sixteen years . . . by Tony Lazzeri), and Bill Wambsganss executed the rarest of baseball accomplishments, an unassisted triple play.

The series began at Ebbets Field, and when Robbie's boys won two out of three, Brooklyn, frenetic as always, looked forward to its first world championship, but then the Indians rallied for four victories in a row and the title, five games to two.

The pitching star was not Bagby, as expected, but Coveleski, a right-handed spitball artist from the anthracite fields of Pennsylvania. Although his performance did not equal that of Christy Mathewson in 1905, who blanked the Athletics three times, he did beat Brooklyn three games, allowing only two runs and fifteen hits in the process.

In the first game he outlasted Marquard, 3 to 1, and the difference was supplied by Steve O'Neill, who spanked two doubles to account for as many runs.

But on the next day another spitball pitcher, Burleigh Grimes, determined as a bulldog on the mound, blanked the Indians, 3 to 0, to win the nod over Bagby. Doubles by Wheat and Griffith were the big blows.

Then Sherry Smith beat Caldwell, 2 to 1, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say he beat Caldwell, Mails, and Uhle. For Caldwell retired only one man in the first, Johnston, who sacrificed Olson, who had walked, to second. When Sewell then fumbled Griffith's roller, and Wheat and Myers followed with singles, Speaker gave Caldwell the afternoon off. Smith then nursed his lead carefully. A canny southpaw often said to have had the greatest motion to first base in the history of the game, Sherry in this outing must have had a fairly good motion to the plate. For he was in trouble only in the fourth when Speaker doubled and came all the way home when Wheat could not pick up the ball. That hit was one of only three that Cleveland made.

But when the Indians returned home, they began to roll. Coveleski for the second time allowed one run and five hits in the fourth game, with the Indians batting out Cadore in the second and eventually winning, 5 to 1, with Wambsganss, Speaker, and Sewell each making two hits. Cadore that year had won fame by going twenty-six innings to a 1 to 1 tie with Joe Oeschger, of the Boston Braves, who also went that enormous distance, but this time it simply was not his day.

Then came the curious and dramatic fifth game, which matched Bagby and Grimes. The action started in the home half of the first before a big Sunday crowd. Jamieson scratched out an infield hit, Wambsganss singled, and Speaker, up to sacrifice, beat out the resulting bunt to fill the bases. Grimes worked carefully on Smith, a left-handed hitter, and slipped over two strikes, but Elmer then measured one and lofted it high over the wall in right, as the fans let loose a roar that carried far out on Lake Erie.

This sudden and unexpected flurry enabled Bagby to coast, and he was in such a merry mood that when he came up in the fourth, with Johnston on second and O'Neill on first, he hit a home run of his own and became the first World Series pitcher ever to account for one. Now his lead was 7 to 0, and he romped the rest of the way, winning, 8 to 1.

The Wambsganss play occurred in the fifth. With Kilduff on second and Miller on first, Clarence Mitchell, who had relieved Grimes,

was permitted to bat for himself, even though his team was hopelessly out of it. Mitchell was a good hitter as pitchers go, and with the hit-and-run on, he slashed a vicious line drive apparently headed for right center. But Wambsganss leaped high in the air, speared the ball, touched second before Kilduff could duck back and chased Miller back to first, tagging him en route.

Mitchell batted once more in the game, and on that occasion he hit into a double play. Two swings of his bat produced five outs, but baseball, as the saying goes, is a game of inches, and geometry that day was simply not on his side.

Spectacular as that fifth game was, the real turning point in the series took place on the following day when Mails beat Smith, 1 to 0, allowing only three hits. There was irony here, for the Duster had once pitched for Brooklyn. Cleveland rescued him from the minors late in the season, and he made a remarkable contribution to the search for the pennant with seven victories and not a single defeat. Then, after pitching scorelessly for almost seven innings in relief of Caldwell in the third game, he was permitted by Speaker to start a game of his own.

The only run scored in the sixth when Burns stroked a long double to left center, counting Speaker, who had singled.

Coveleski then came on to pitch the final game. For the third straight time he allowed five hits, but Brooklyn was unable to make a single run while the Indians defeated Grimes, 3 to 0, scoring single tallies in the fourth, fifth, and seventh.

The ecstatic Cleveland fans had seen their pets win at home on four successive afternoons, and they had enough to talk about for most of the winter. Not only had they witnessed a grand slam and an unassisted triple play, but there were heroes all over the place: Coveleski and Mails for their pitching, O'Neill and Speaker for their hitting. It was enough to make them forget the Black Sox!

9. Giants on the Earth

Success in baseball, as in other pursuits, frequently breeds self-satisfaction that leads to carelessness. Possibly for this reason no team in the history of baseball as played in the National and American leagues had, by 1921, won four consecutive pennants. It is difficult for a manager to force a team that takes victory for granted to continue the struggle with the same zest. Many had tried. Cap Anson, Frank Selee, Ned Hanlon, Fred Clarke, Frank Chance, Hugh Jennings, and John McGraw had all won three times in a row, but the fourth flag eluded them all.

Now McGraw, having built beautifully since his last championship in 1917, would become the first to win four straight. He no longer resembled the slim, young third baseman of the old Orioles. At forty-eight in 1921 a definite paunch destroyed that image, his hair was graying, and with the passing of years he had become florid of face, totally intolerant of defeat, and, on the field at least, usually irascible. But he was still active enough to don a uniform daily and bat grounders to his infielders in practice.

What a wonderful team he had now! Of his 1917 champions only George Burns remained. This, of course, was not George Henry Burns, the Cleveland first baseman, but George Joseph Burns, the fleet outfielder and lead-off man who had been with him since the closing days of 1911. Burns was stationed in center, with Emil Meusel, a midseason acquisition from the Phillies, who was called Irish be-

cause he was German, in left, and Ross Youngs, a brilliant new star, in right. The infield was a marvel with George Kelly, long and lean and a distance hitter, at first; Johnnie Rawlings, another pickup from the Phillies, at second; Dave Bancroft, quite possibly the best man at his position since the 1917 retirement of Honus Wagner, at short; and Frankie Frisch, a daredevil who slid headfirst and played every game as if it were his last, at third. The two catchers, Frank Snyder and Earl Smith, had the surliness that McGraw liked in his men; and they received the offerings of a talented staff that included Art Nehf, Phil Douglas, Jesse Barnes, and Fred Toney.

There were two things at the moment, however, that stung McGraw badly. For one thing, he had never had much good fortune in World Series play, losing four in a row after that initial triumph in 1905 against the Athletics. For another, he was now faced with a series in opposition to his tenants at the Polo Grounds, the Yankees, who, under their plucky little manager, Miller Huggins, had won the American League race for the first time.

Colonel Jacob Ruppert, who ran the Yankees with the assistance of his co-owner, Colonel Til Huston, achieved championship class, thanks mostly to the largesse of Harry Frazee, owner of the Red Sox. Frazee, more interested in the stage than in baseball and usually in need of money for his theatrical ventures, could always be counted on to sell the contracts of his stars to New York. The most conspicuous example of this was the transfer to Ruppert of Babe Ruth, a transaction accomplished for \$100,000 and a secret loan of an additional \$350,000. Ruth in New York, strictly an outfielder now, was an instant phenomenon. He hit fifty-four home runs in 1920 and increased the figure to fifty-nine in 1921, as McGraw looked on in jaundiced envy. The Giants had always been the only team in New York as far as McGraw was concerned, but now, with Ruth, the Yankees were getting a slice of the pie of patronage.

Nor was Ruth the whole story. The accommodating Frazee provided the Yankees with two really outstanding pitchers in Waite Hoyt and Carl Mays; Wally Schang, who would be the team's regular catcher for five years; and third baseman Mike McNally. To fill out his regular lineup, Huggins had Bob Shawkey, Jack Quinn, and Harry Harper on his pitching staff, Wally Pipp at first, Aaron Ward at second, Roger Peckinpaugh at short, Bob Meusel in right, and Elmer Miller in center.

For the last time the World Series was contested on a basis of five victories out of nine. For the first time the games were played under the aegis of Judge Landis. For the first time since 1906, when the Cubs met the Hitless Wonder White Sox, it matched teams from the same city, and for the first time ever one could reach both parks by subway. Also, for the second year in a row, brothers opposed each other, with Bob and Irish Meusel replacing Jimmy and Doc Johnston.

There must be some way to pitch to Ruth, McGraw thought, and the order went out, "Curve balls in the dirt."

As it turned out, the Yankees won the first two games and then lost the series, and that was another first. Both of those early victories were shutouts decided by the same score, 3 to 0, with Mays beating Douglas and Hoyt outpitching Nehf, Mays allowing five hits and Hoyt only two. Of those seven Giant hits, Frisch accounted for five, four of them off Mays. Hoyt, a dapper, urbane youth who had once belonged to McGraw, had just passed his twenty-first birthday.

The third game began as a struggle between Bob Shawkey and Fred Toney, but neither remained long on the scene. The Yankees, in the third, bombed Toney for four runs, and Jesse Barnes rushed to his rescue. Then the Giants, in their half, also scored four times, and Jack Quinn had to go to the assistance of Shawkey. Things moved along quietly until the seventh, when the Giants erupted with eight runs, the most ever scored in a World Series inning up until then, and that was it. In earning the 13 to 5 verdict the Giants made twenty hits, the most ever made by a team in a World Series game before or since.

Then Mays and Douglas faced each other again, and this time the Giants won, 4 to 2, squaring the series at two games each. The game was notable for producing the first World Series home run by Ruth, a long blast in the fifth that gave his team the lead. But the Giants rallied for three in the eighth to assure the verdict.

Hoyt then defeated Nehf for the second time, 3 to 1, but again the Giants evened things up by winning, 8 to 5, with Barnes again going to the assistance of Toney. By this time Ruth was out of action with an arm infection and a banged-up knee, and Chick Fewster replaced him in left. The series was even, but with the Bambino out of action, the Giants took heart.

McGraw's team then forged ahead when Douglas slipped past

Mays, 2 to 1, an error by Rawlings opening the gates for a game-winning double by Snyder.

The eighth and final game, in which Nehf beat Hoyt, 1 to 0, was by far the best demonstration of baseball in the series. The only run scored in the first inning when Hoyt walked Bancroft and Youngs and Peckinpaugh booted Kelly's grounder.

In the ninth the Yankees, who were the home team, made a valiant effort to win, but the game and series ended with a dramatic and strange play. Frank Baker, the old hero of the Athletics who was now in the sunset of his career, replaced McNally at third for the Yankees in the final two games. With Ward on first and one out, Baker came to the plate and smashed the ball to the right side of the infield. Rawlings knocked it down, recovered, and threw Baker out at first. Meanwhile, Ward, who represented the tying run, made a dash for third, but Kelly made the long throw to Frisch in time, and the series was over.

It is ironic that Hoyt lost the deciding game, because his pitching in the series was almost perfect. He pitched three complete games without allowing an earned run, which was precisely what Mathewson had done in 1905. But instead of getting the three shutouts he deserved, he ended as a loser. Did someone say once that baseball is a funny game?

When the same two clubs faced each other again in 1922, both were vastly improved. McGraw parted with George Burns in order to obtain Heinie Groh, a third baseman he had long sought, from Cincinnati. The deal enabled him to shift Frisch to second and alternate Casey Stengel and young Bill Cunningham in center. Hugh McQuillan, obtained from the Braves in midseason, strengthened the pitching staff.

The Yankees acquired Whitey Witt for center field, relegating Elmer Miller to the bench, and, thanks to the unfailing generosity of Frazee, picked up Joe Dugan to play third, Everett Scott to perform at short, and Joe Bush to pitch.

It was Bush who faced Nehf in the opening game, and four singles and a long fly brought victory to the Giants in the eighth, 3 to 2, but the win went to Rosy Ryan, who had replaced Nehf in that inning.

In the second game Shawkey and Jesse Barnes went to a ten-inning tie, 3 to 3, halted by "darkness," a decision that precipitated a real hassle. With the score knotted and the eleventh inning about to begin at 4:46 P.M., umpire George Hildebrand, after consulting with his compatriot, Bill Klem, decided it was too risky to continue, although forty-five minutes remained before sunset.

The fans set up a terrible howl and threw bottles and cushions all over the playing area. One group, spying Judge Landis in his box and mistakenly believing he had terminated play to assure the club owners of more profits, converged on him and shouted imprecations. Actually, calling the game was Klem's idea, he passed the advice along to Hildebrand, and Landis had nothing whatever to do with it. In fact, he was so incensed that he ordered the clubs to donate the receipts of approximately \$120,000 to hospitals for soldiers wounded in World War I.

Jack Scott, a veteran pitcher released by Cincinnati earlier in the season with a dead arm and rescued from the junk heap by McGraw, pitched the third game and shut out Hoyt and the Yankees, 3 to 0.

Now the Giants needed only two more triumphs, and they promptly took them. The next day's game started in a drizzle, and it was darker than it had been when Hildebrand had stopped play two days earlier. But the game went on, and McQuillan bested Mays, 4 to 3.

In the final contest, in which Nehf and Bush were matched, the Giants came to bat in the eighth, needing 1 to tie. Groh singled with one out, and Frisch promptly doubled him to third. The Yankees then got a brief reprieve when Scott grabbed a grounder from Meusel's bat and threw out Groh at the plate. Bush then intentionally walked Youngs to load the bases, and Kelly won the series with a smash to center that made the final score 5 to 3.

For McGraw it was his last World Series triumph, the peak, really, of his career. And for Ruth it was the nadir. So well had Nehf and the other Giant pitchers followed orders about giving him curve balls in the dirt that he was held to a double and a Texas-league single in seventeen times up, for a puny average of .118.

Contemporary judgment of him was harsh. Joe Vila, who had begun writing baseball in New York before the turn of the century, had this to say of Ruth:

The exploded phenomenon didn't surprise the smart fans who long ago realized that he couldn't hit brainy pitching. Ruth, therefore, is no longer a wonder. The baseball public is onto his real worth as a batsman and in the future, let us hope, he will attract just ordinary attention.

But Ruth would be back, and he would attract extraordinary attention. He would, perhaps, become the greatest World Series performer of them all.

2

Yankee Stadium was an architectural marvel in its day, and in view of Casey Stengel's subsequent career there as manager of the Yankees at an age when most of us are looking for carpet slippers, it seems only poetic justice that it should have been a home run from his bat that won the first World Series game ever played in the Bronx, a series which matched the Giants and Yankees for the third time in a row in 1923.

The score was tied, 4 to 4, when the ninth inning of the first game began, but Casey settled matters when he smashed a change-up thrown by Bush far to left center between Bob Meusel and Whitey Witt, winning, 5 to 4. As he rounded second base, a rubber cushion he used to protect a bruise jumped out of his shoe, and he had to hobble home, just beating the long throw by Meusel, who had perhaps the strongest arm in baseball.

Two days later, in the same amphitheater, he won the third game of the set, 1 to 0, with another home run off another change-up, this one pitched by Sad Sam Jones, a blow that he pulled into the stand in right. The crowd that day was announced as 62,430 and was believed to be the largest throng that ever witnessed a game of baseball up to that time.

Such heroics should assure success for a club, but unfortunately for the Giants, the only two games they won were those in which Stengel homered.

In the second game Herb Pennock, Frazee's last gift to the Yankees and a stylish southpaw who could thread a needle with the ball, out-pitched McQuillan, 4 to 2. In the fourth contest the Yankees batted out Scott in a six-run second and coasted in, 8 to 4, tying things up. Then Bush breezed to an 8 to 1 verdict, as McGraw experimented

by starting a rookie, Jack Bentley, and it was all over in another twenty-four hours when Pennock took the final game from Nehf, 6 to 4. The Giants had a lead in that one, but Nehf, who had pitched so wonderfully for McGraw for five years, finally ran out of gas, blew the lead, and retired, with Ryan rushing to his aid too late.

The series supplied a glorious vindication for Ruth. He hit two home runs in the second game, enough to supply the margin of victory Pennock needed, hit safely in each of the six games, and batted .368. He had starred in a World Series before, of course, as a pitcher in 1918, but this was the first time he had demonstrated before a series audience the batting power that made him the most captivating player in the land.

McGraw's fourth straight flag in 1924 was scratched out by only one and one-half games over Brooklyn, and under circumstances that were most unpleasant. During the closing week of the season Jimmy O'Connell, a young Giant outfielder, was thrown out of baseball by Judge Landis for reportedly trying to bribe Heinie Sand, shortstop of the Phillies, not to bear down in a game between that club and the Giants. O'Connell told the commissioner that the suggestion had been given him by Cozy Dolan, one of McGraw's coaches, and the latter was such an incoherent witness that he was expelled from baseball also.

But the series went on as scheduled, and this time the Giants faced not the Yankees but, of all people, the Washington Senators, a team that had never won a pennant in any league. But they were popular champions, principally because their victory made it possible for Walter Johnson, considered by many to be the greatest pitcher of all time, to appear in a World Series. Johnson, a humble and patient man, had toiled for Washington since 1907. His mates hardly ever scored runs for him, and he was resigned to defeat; but so well did he pitch, year after year, that upon his retirement in 1927 he left a record of 416 victories, more than any pitcher in the history of the American League.

Clark Griffith's Washington team was managed by Bucky Harris from his position at second base. In the infield with him were steady Joe Judge at first, Roger Peckinpaugh at short, and Ossie Bluege at third. Two of the outfielders, Goose Goslin in left and Sam Rice in right, were destined for Hall of Fame recognition, and between them

in center was Earl McNeely. Muddy Ruel was the catcher, and the usual pitchers, in addition to Johnson, included Tom Zachary, George Mogridge, Curly Ogden, and, importantly, a relief specialist, Fred Marberry.

For McGraw it was a year of change. He went in for platooning, using George Kelly in center against right-handers, with young Bill Terry assigned to first. When left-handers worked against him, Kelly went back to first, Hack Wilson moved from left to center, and Irish Meusel assumed the post in left. Hank Gowdy shared the catching with Snyder now; Travis Jackson, a rookie only the year before, replaced Bancroft, who had gone to the Boston Braves to serve as manager. Groh was injured late in the season, with the result that Freddy Lindstrom, a boy not yet nineteen, was stationed at third.

The city of Washington was agog with excitement. Before the first game, a group of fans presented Walter Johnson with a new Lincoln automobile, the Automobile Association of America threw in a lifetime membership in that organization, and Mutual Life insured the vehicle for all time. It bore the license plate DC 100 000.

President Calvin Coolidge, no fan, was unquestionably bored stiff, and when he threw out the first ball, he made a wild pitch. But his wife, Grace, a lifelong devotee of the game, faithfully recorded the proceedings on her scorecard.

Johnson pitched, of course, against the experienced and rested Nehf; and although he was batted freely, he was tight in the pinches, and the game carried into extra innings with the score tied, 2 to 2. Finally, in the twelfth, came heartbreak for Washington. Two walks and a scratch single filled the bases, and a solid hit by Youngs and a long fly by Kelly scored two Giant runs. The Senators came back with one but lost, 4 to 3.

The same score resulted in the second game, but Washington won that one behind Zachary, with Marberry emerging from the bullpen to get the final out and Bentley the loser. Goslin gave his team a two-run lead with a first-inning homer, and Harris also connected for a home run, which is managing at its finest.

The series continued to seesaw, with the Giants winning the third contest, 6 to 4, the Senators the fourth, 7 to 4, the Giants the fifth, 6 to 2, and the Senators the sixth, 2 to 1. The fifth game was a second defeat for Johnson, and his loyal fans were beginning to think that he would never taste victory. But when Zachary beat Nehf the next

day, forcing the series into the seventh and deciding game, the fans again took heart.

Virgil Barnes, younger brother of Jesse, started the final game for McGraw, and the Washington fans were amazed when Curly Ogden warmed up to oppose him. But this was an old gambit, probably cooked up by Griffith and Harris, to get as many left-handed batters in the New York lineup as possible. For when Ogden walked Frisch after striking out Lindstrom, Mogridge, a southpaw, came out of the bullpen to take over. This started a series of moves and counter-moves, and there were pinch hitters and pinch runners all over the place. And by the strangest of all coincidences, the game, like the first one of the series, went into the twelfth inning with the score tied, 3 to 3. Johnson had entered the game in the ninth, and all over the grandstand and bleachers there were crossed fingers and silent prayers.

The Senators came to bat in the twelfth against Bentley and, with one out, got a break when Gowdy tripped over his mask and failed to catch a high foul fly hit by Ruel. Given this unexpected reprieve, Muddy then doubled to left, and the Senators had the winning run in scoring position. Jackson then muffed a grounder hit by Johnson but was able to block the ball sufficiently to hold Ruel at second. McNeely then hit toward third, and suddenly the ball jumped over Lindstrom's shoulder, and Ruel crossed the plate with the run that won the game, 4 to 3, and the series.

Legend has it that the ball hit by McNeely struck a pebble. But there was no pebble; the ball simply took a bad hop.

So Walter Johnson had his victory at last.

And John McGraw, without knowing it, had appeared on the field in the World Series for the final time.

10. Alexander, the Great

Not so many summers ago, Sam Rice, by this time a man in his seventies, made his annual pilgrimage to Cooperstown, New York, to visit the Hall of Fame of which he is a proud member. After filling his plate at the buffet table of the swank Otesaga Hotel, he turned around, looking for a place to sit, when a waiter asked him, "Sam, did you really catch that ball?"

He smiled at the familiar question he had been asked for forty years and replied, "The umpire said I did."

It was the same answer he had given Judge Landis the morning after the controversial catch was made in the third game of the 1925 World Series between the Senators and Pirates. And Landis had said to him, "That's a good answer, Sam. It's the answer I want you to make as long as you live."

The play happened in the eighth inning of the game at Washington, with the Senators leading, 4 to 3. Marberry, pitching in relief of Alex Ferguson, struck out Glenn Wright and George Grantham to start the inning. Then Earl Smith lashed a drive headed for the seats in right center. Rice ran with the crack of the bat, turned, dived into the seats, and disappeared from view but came out clutching the ball. Charlie Rigler, umpiring at second base, signaled that he had made the catch, but there are still people around who have an agnostic attitude about it. In any event, the play saved the game, for there was

no more scoring. And the catch gave the series lead to the Senators, two games to one.

Washington, after winning its second flag in a row, entered the series with a greatly strengthened team. Stan Coveleski, pitching hero of the 1920 series for Cleveland, greatly bolstered the pitching staff; and Joe Harris, a slugging outfielder, was in right, with Rice moving over to center.

Pittsburgh, winning for the first time since 1909, was managed by Bill McKechnie, a canny Scot whose judgments, particularly those applying to pitchers, was shrewd. Strange to say, Babe Adams, whose pitching had featured the 1909 World Series, was still a member of the Pirates, though seldom called on anymore. The starters were Lee Meadows, the first pitcher in this century to wear spectacles on the field; Ray Kremer, who had won seventeen and lost eight; Johnny Morrison, whose explosive curve ball was a thing of beauty; Vic Aldridge, who had the courage to throw a change-up at critical moments; and Emil Yde (his Danish surname, pronounced *ee-dee*, with the accent on the first syllable, delighted the fans), the only south-paw around, except for Red Oldham, who was seldom employed. Earl Smith was there to catch them.

The left side of the infield was much more impressive than the right, with Pie Traynor, usually considered the greatest at his position in National League history, at third, and Glenn Wright, strong batter and brilliant fielder, at short. George Grantham, who could hit better than he could field, was at first, and Eddie Moore, a journeyman, played second. The outfield showed off the gifted Hazen Cuyler in right; Max Carey, fleetest base runner in the league since his debut in 1910, in center; and Clyde Barnhart in left. McKechnie, Traynor, Carey, and Cuyler were all headed for the Hall of Fame.

The series opened at Pittsburgh after entertainment by Danny Nirella's band, which had also performed before the games in 1909. In the press box, seated together, were Ty Cobb and Honus Wagner, the most celebrated opponents of the 1909 games, but now making observations for their ghost-writers.

Walter Johnson and Meadows then squared off, and the first Washington hit was a home run by Joe Harris in the second. This was symbolic of what was to come, as the two teams would make a dozen homers, surpassing the record of ten set by the Giants and Yankees in 1923.

The home run by Harris held up, Sam Rice spanked a single to center in the fifth that plated two more, and the Senators won, 4 to 1.

Before the next day's play, it was learned that Christy Mathewson had died of tuberculosis at Saranac Lake, New York, the evening before. So the flag was put at half-mast, and the players wore armbands of black in honor of his memory.

Aldridge had the best of Coveleski, 3 to 2, that day, evening the series. For the second game in a row the first hit was a home run, this one by Judge; but Wright tied the score for Pittsburgh with a homer of his own in the fourth. Then the Pirates won out in the eighth when Peckinpaugh fumbled Moore's easy roller and Cuyler hit the ball into the seats in right. Peckinpaugh, who had won the Most Valuable Player award in his league, would suffer through the agony of eight errors in the series, some of them at critical times, and if there must be a goat, he has to be it.

But the Senators took the lead in the game of Rice's great catch, and the Pirates were so badly rattled by the play they failed to note that Marberry batted out of turn in the latter half of the inning. Marberry was up to sacrifice and did so, but McNeely, after all sorts of juggling by Bucky Harris, should have been the hitter. This is an appeal play, and when the Pirates did not protest, the umpires let the matter go without notice. No damage was done, as there was no scoring in the inning.

Walter Johnson then experienced his most shining moment when he pitched a shutout in the fourth game, giving his team a lead of three games to one, a lead that no club in the series had ever before lost. The score was 4 to 0, and all runs came in a four-run volley in the third, highlighted by home runs by Goslin and Joe Harris. But the greatest ovation of the day was not for Johnson, who allowed six hits, but for old Babe Adams, who came on to pitch a scoreless eighth in relief of Morrison, who, earlier, had replaced the starter, Yde.

But the Pirates would not give up the struggle. In the last game at Washington, Aldridge defeated Coveleski for the second time, 6 to 3. President Coolidge departed in the third inning when the Pirates moved ahead, 2 to 1, leaving for his wife the grim task of marking on her scorecard two runs for Pittsburgh in the seventh and one each in the eighth and ninth.

Then, at Pittsburgh, Kremer, who had lost to Ferguson the first

time out, beat him, 3 to 2, and the Pirates kept their hopes alive, with everything to be decided by the seventh game. The unfortunate Peckinpaugh set up two Pirate runs in the third when he booted a double-play ball hit by Carey.

Then it began to rain. It rained hard all day when the seventh game should have been played, and Washington fans, hearing of the postponement, were deliciously happy with the news; for it meant that Walter Johnson, on whom all their hopes were now pinned, would have a third day of blessed rest.

It was still raining the next day when the game began, but Judge Landis instructed the umpires to finish things if possible. McKechnie started Aldridge, but the good right-hander who had already won twice was working after only two days off, and he was not equal to the task. He was batted out in the first when the Senators scored four times, and Morrison went in to join the parade of pitchers that would also include Kremer and Oldham. It appeared to be all over, and the gloom of the Forbes Field fans matched that provided by the weather.

Johnson, meanwhile, was having trouble with the wet ball and the insecure footing around the pitcher's box. Time after time Umpire Barry McCormick wiped mud off the ball with a towel or substituted a new one. Time after time the grounds keepers sauntered out to apply sawdust to the soggy turf.

Pittsburgh scored three times in the third, but in the fourth a double by Joe Harris scored two more for the Senators, and Johnson seemed safe again. But once more the Pirates battled back, scoring once in the fifth and twice in the seventh to tie the score, 6 to 6. Those last runs were set up when Peckinpaugh made a two-base muff of Moore's pop.

Sometimes it is difficult to determine what the gods of fortune have in mind. For in the eighth Peckinpaugh smashed the ball into the left-field stand off Kremer, giving the Senators the lead again, 7 to 6. Was he now to turn out to be the hero of the piece?

Not quite. Pittsburgh came up in the eighth, and, with two out, Earl Smith slashed a double. Johnson was pitching deliberately now, often stopping between pitches to knock mud from his spikes. Carson Bigbee then batted for Kremer and also doubled, tying the score. Moore walked, and when Carey smashed one to Peckinpaugh, the short-

stop dropped the wet ball again, and the bases were full. Cuyler then doubled past first, Pittsburgh won, 9 to 7, and it was all over.

Walter Johnson pitched his heart out in the rain that day, and as the umpires left the field, it was observed that one of them was in tears. Possibly Bucky Harris was wrong in sticking with Johnson so long. But you can't criticize a man for going with his best, and Johnson had been the best for nineteen years.

A new year . . . another World Series . . . more new faces . . . and drama that perhaps exceeded anything that had happened in the World Series before. It was the year that Grover Alexander went to the park not expecting to pitch at all, only to strike out Tony Lazzeri and earn for the St. Louis Cardinals the first in a long chain of world championships.

There are many axioms in baseball that are not necessarily truisms. One passed around for years held that a team from St. Louis had to be 25 percent better than its rivals in order to win because of the city's intense heat. Had not the Cardinals failed to win in all their National League years? Was the same not true of the Browns?

But then came Rogers Hornsby, a second baseman with such clear and steely blue batting eyes that he maintained his average above .400 for a five-year period, hitting a high of .424 in 1924. Made manager of the Cardinals during the 1925 season, replacing Branch Rickey, who moved to the front office to supervise the far-flung and then unique chain of farm clubs, Hornsby quickly inspired his team and drove it to the top.

It was a colorful gang, like so many of the Cardinal clubs that would follow. Sunny Jim Bottomley, a stylish, grinning left-hander, was at first base; on the other side of Hornsby, Tommy Thevenow played short, and Lester Bell was at third. Chick Hafey, blessed with the greatest throwing arm in the National League, was in left; Taylor Douthit, who seemed capable of covering the whole outfield, if necessary, was in center; and Billy Southworth, destined to manage some champion Cardinals of his own, was in right.

Bob O'Farrell appeared to catch almost every game, and his pitchers were Jesse Haines, Bill Sherdel, Flint Rhem, Herman Bell . . . and Alexander. Hornsby, always pragmatic and never a sentimentalist, had picked up Alex at the waiver bargain counter in midseason

when the Cubs, tiring of his careless habits, were willing to let him go. Hornsby figured there must be a few victories left in the ancient Alexander arm that had been bothering National League batters since 1911, and he was right. In the time that remained Alec had won nine games. But his greatest moment was yet to come.

The Yankees, meanwhile, provided the American League with a surprise almost as great as the victory of the Cardinals, climbing from seventh place, where they had fallen in 1925, the year of Ruth's massive stomachache. And no wonder they had climbed! For the Yankees now presented such magic old names as Ruth, Meusel, Dugan, Hoyt, Pennock, Shawkey, Bush, and Jones; they offered such new stars as Lou Gehrig, a first baseman who could hit the ball out of sight; Tony Lazzeri, a second baseman who knew every trick of the trade and a distance hitter as well; Mark Koenig, brilliant if erratic at shortstop; and Earle Combs, a lead-off man and center fielder of extraordinary talent. Also on hand were Urban Shocker, a veteran spitball pitcher; and Hank Severeid, a catcher who had been on the major league trail since 1911.

The first two games were at Yankee Stadium, and they were split. Pennock won a left-handed duel with Sherdel, 2 to 1, in the first. His control was so masterly that in the first seven innings only two Cardinals drew more than two called balls. Gehrig batted in the first Yankee run on a force play, and Ruth set up the other when he singled and went around by similar blows by Meusel and Gehrig.

Alexander showed a big New York crowd what he could do in the second game, beating Shocker, 6 to 2. When the Yankees scored twice in the second, they thought they might take his measure, but after Combs singled in the third, there were no New York base runners at all. In the fourth Alec struck out Gehrig, Lazzeri, and Dugan in order. Now all he needed was batting help by his mates. They had scored two to tie in the third, and Southworth broke the knot with a home run in the seventh that started a three-run rally.

When the teams moved to St. Louis for the third game, one of the spectators was Bill Gleason, shortstop of the 1885 Browns, the first St. Louis team to appear in a World Series. Now sixty-eight and a captain in the St. Louis fire department, he sat proudly in a box seat, a guest of the home club.

It was a happy crowd that saw Jesse Haines dazzle the Yankees

with his knuckleball and shut them out, 4 to 0. But on the next afternoon the enthusiasm of the spectators was dampened somewhat when Hoyt beat the Cardinals, 10 to 5, and Ruth began to show off. All the Bambino did that afternoon was hit three home runs. He drove the first one off Rhem in the first. In his next time up in the third he laced another off Rhem that carried over the grandstand in right. Art Reinhart walked him in the fifth, but in the sixth, facing Herman Bell, he blasted one into the seats in center. The Cardinal crowd then just gave up, sitting there in awe.

The last game in St. Louis, which paired Pennock and Sherdel once more, carried into extra innings before the Yankees won in the tenth, 3 to 2. A long fly by Lazzeri batted in the winning run.

So the Cardinals went back to New York, not knowing if there would be one or two games left. They would have to take them both to win. It was Alexander's turn to pitch, and he romped to a 10 to 2 victory. For the third straight year a seventh game became necessary.

The last game was played on a Sunday and, like the seventh game of the year before, in a drizzle. Hoyt and Haines were the starting pitchers, and Ruth broke the ice with a home run in the third. Then in the fourth Hoyt became the victim of misfortune when Koenig bobbled a double-play ball struck by Bell, Hafey dropped in a Texas leaguer that either Koenig or Meusel might have caught, and Meusel then simply muffed a fly hit by O'Farrell. The result was three runs for St. Louis.

A double by Severeid got back one of the runs for the Yankees in the sixth, but going into the seventh Haines held his 3 to 2 lead. By now he had worn a blister on his index finger from repeatedly throwing the knuckler, and he needed help. He walked Combs to begin the inning, an ominous sign always, and Koenig deftly sacrificed. Now, with first base open and Ruth at bat, the intentional pass became automatic, even though it put the potential winning run aboard. When Meusel then forced Ruth for the second out, Combs scurried to third, where he was ninety feet away from tying the score. Gehrig was the next hitter, Hornsby ordered him passed to fill the bases, and then removed Haines. But who would come in to pitch?

Alexander had worked the day before, and with his talent for finding liquid pleasure in the night, he was not apt to be at his best. Bell, Sherdel, and Reinhart were all in the bullpen, too, but when Hornsby

beckoned, it was Alexander who came in. Hornsby walked out to the shortstop's position to meet him, and it seemed as if it took Alec five minutes to get there. Their eyes met—Hornsby's were clear and blue, and Alec's were not—and the manager gave him the ball, patted him on the back, and trotted back to his position at second.

Alexander looked the situation over—three on, two out. He would be forty years old in February, but he was a pitching pro. He had worked often before under similar circumstances, but now the championship of the world was at stake.

He went to work as the crowd began a sustained roar, and it took him four pitches to get the job done. The first was a ball, then Lazzeri took a called strike. On the next pitch Tony connected, the ball shot toward the barrier in left but curved foul. Then Alec pitched again, Lazzeri swung and missed, and the pressure was off. It was all over, although the eighth and ninth innings remained to be played. Alexander breezed through the eighth and retired the first two in the ninth before Ruth walked. Then Babe, without any signal from the bench, decided to steal second. O'Farrell threw him out by a mile, and the series was over.

It took the New York Yankees seven games to lose the 1926 World Series, but it required only eight for them to win in 1927 and 1928. The 1927 team might very well have been the greatest of all time; at least a national poll of baseball writers made such a conclusion many years later. For it was in 1927 that Ruth reached his pinnacle of sixty home runs, personally hitting more homers than any other *team* in the American League.

Actually the 1927 Yankees differed only slightly from the team of the year before. Benny Bengough and Pat Collins divided the catching in place of Severeid, and there were two new pitchers of consequence: George Pipgras, who had been around since 1923 but never given a chance; and Wilcy Moore, a relief specialist of the Marberry type.

Pittsburgh was again the National League champion, winning out under a new manager, Donie Bush, the old Tiger shortstop. But many changes of personnel had occurred since 1925. The most exciting players were two young brothers, Paul and Lloyd Waner, the former assigned to right and the latter to center. Big and Little Poison they were called, and they splashed hits all over the place, but most

of them were singles. Cuyler was still on the squad, but at odds with his manager and never used in the series despite the daily chant from Forbes Field fans, "We want Cuyler!" So Barnhart went again to left.

Grantham had been moved from first to second, and the new first baseman was Joe Harris, who had tormented the Bucs so much while playing the outfield for Washington. The left side of the infield was undisturbed, with Traynor and Wright on hand, and the only notable additions to the pitching staff were Carmen Hill, a right-hander who joined Lee Meadows as a wearer of glasses; and John Miljus, a Serb who threw right-handed. Earl Smith was still around to catch.

Hoyt, with aid from Wilcy Moore in the eighth, beat Kremer in the opener, 5 to 4. Pipgras then disposed of Aldridge, 6 to 2. The teams then went back to New York, and on successive days Pennock beat Meadows, 8 to 1, and Moore, allowed to start a game of his own, downed Miljus, in relief of Hill, 4 to 3, the last Yankee run scoring on a Miljus wild pitch in the ninth, a symbol of Pirate futility shown in newsreels all over the nation.

So it was over, just like that!

The Waner brothers made more hits than Ruth and Gehrig, eleven to ten. But the Yankees were now developing a theory that one hit for four bases was better than four hits for one base. All of Gehrig's hits were doubles and triples, two of each. Ruth's six blows included two of his patented home runs.

Against the Cardinals in 1928 the Yankee show was even more fantastic, and the peculiar aspect of that was that Miller Huggins entered the series in a pessimistic mood because his club was in such bad shape. Combs was out with a broken finger, yielding his spot in center to a youngster named Cedric Durst; Pennock, victim of a lame arm, was unable to pitch at all; and Lazzeri was so severely troubled with arm soreness that a youngster with a fresh lip named Leo Durocher had to finish every game at second base.

The Cardinals were headed now by Bill McKechnie, as Hornsby, too quick to talk back to club owners, drifted first to the Giants and then the Braves. If anyone could beat the Yankees, St. Louis fans thought, McKechnie could, for he had won the world championship from the Senators in 1925, and appearing in games of such importance was nothing new for him.

Frankie Frisch, who had come from New York in the trade for

Hornsby, was the most notable addition to the St. Louis team since 1926, but there were four other new regulars. Thevenow had broken his ankle the year before, and the new shortstop was Rabbit Maranville, of the 1914 Braves, who seemed bent on appearing in a World Series every fourteen years. Andy High had replaced Bell at third, George Harper was in right instead of Southworth, and Jimmy Wilson, acquired from the Phillies, was the regular catcher, with the peripatetic Earl Smith also on hand.

The Yankees, who worried even their own followers, then proceeded to trim the Cardinals with greater ease than they had the Pirates. Waite Hoyt, now at the peak of his grand career, won the opening game from Sherdel, 4 to 1, and the closing one from the same pitcher, 7 to 3. Between those two games Pipgras, as if to signal the end of an era, trounced Alexander, 9 to 3, and Tom Zachary had it all over Haines, 7 to 3.

The batting of Ruth had to be seen to be believed! In the fourth game he smashed three home runs, duplicating his feat of 1926. In the first game he hit two doubles and a single; in the second, one double and a single; in the third, two singles. With ten hits in sixteen times up, his batting average was merely .625, a mark the boys are still shooting for more than forty years later. Gehrig's contribution was only four home runs and a batting mark of .545. The cry "Break up the Yankees!" was then heard for the first time.

Branch Rickey built and ran the Cardinals, but Sam Breadon owned them, and he was so angry with the result that he fired McKechnie on the spot. Years later he said it was the biggest mistake he had ever made in his life.

11. An Improbable Dream

Howard Ehmke had never feared a batter in his life, but now he was afraid—afraid he knew what was coming when his manager, Connie Mack, summoned him to the office on that late summer day in 1929.

He had been pitching professionally for sixteen years, at Los Angeles, Buffalo, and Syracuse, then with Detroit, Boston, and Philadelphia. Six seasons ago he had pitched a no-hit game for the Red Sox against the Athletics, the team for which he now performed. But he was thirty-five and seldom used on a staff that included Lefty Grove, George Earnshaw, Rube Walberg, Jack Quinn, and Ed Rommel.

"Howard," said Connie Mack, trying to speak softly and with kindness, "Howard, I don't think you can help us anymore."

The pitcher was silent for a few seconds and then replied, "Mr. Mack, I've been in this game since 1914. In all that time I've never been on a winning team. Now I'm on one, and I'd like to have the honor of pitching in a World Series."

"Well, Howard, do you think you have one good game left?"

"I know I do. Oh! Mr. Mack, I know I do."

"All right. Now you stay here in Philadelphia while we're in the West, and get ready for the Cubs. Scout them when they come to play the Phillies. Work out every day, make sure that your arm and

your legs are in shape, and you be ready to start the first game of the World Series."

That was the birth of what was probably the most daring and unexpected bit of strategy in World Series history. For when the Athletics took the field against the Cubs at Chicage in that first game, the starting pitcher was not Earnshaw, with twenty-four victories behind him; or Grove, with twenty; or even Walberg, with eighteen. Ehmke had worked in only fifty-five innings, won seven games, and hadn't pitched much since anyone could remember.

Only Mack and Eddie Collins, who was around now as a coach and very occasional player, shared the exciting secret. The newspaper boys assumed that either Grove or Earnshaw would start the big doings at Wrigley Field, and when they saw Ehmke warming up, they thought they had wandered into the wrong park.

The reaction on the players of the Athletics was similar. Al Simmons, the slugging left fielder, rushed over to Mack in the dugout and demanded, "Mr. Mack, are you going to start *him*?"

"Yes, Mr. Simmons," Connie replied, with merriment dancing in his watery eyes, "I'm going to start *him*. Is it all right with you?"

"Well, by God, Mr. Mack!" Simmons sputtered, "if it's all right with you, it's all right with me."

The Athletics, improved gradually in recent years but without a pennant since Mack broke up his great combination after the loss to the Braves in 1914, now had a superlative team that amazed everyone by finishing eighteen games ahead of the Yankees, who were second. Mickey Cochrane, sheer delight to watch, was as good a catcher as Schalk, the same type, and a better hitter; Jimmy Foxx, with his bulging biceps, a right-handed Ruth, some said, was at first; Max Bishop, as good a judge of pitched balls as anyone in the game's history, led off, drew walks, and played second; Joe Boley was a dependable shortstop; impish Jimmy Dykes sparkled at third. Simmons, in left, and a brute at the plate, had batted .365; Mule Haas took care of center in style; and steady Bing Miller was in right.

The Cubs felt they had nothing to apologize for either, with one of the hardest-hitting outfielders in the game, Riggs Stephenson in left, Hack Wilson in center, and Kiki Cuyler in right. Charley Grimm played first like a ballet dancer; Hornsby, frosty as ever, batted .380 while playing second; Woody English, the shortstop, had the best pair of hands in baseball; and Norman McMillan, the team's forgotten

man, was at third. Gabby Hartnett, the fiery catcher believed by National League fans to be the equal of Cochrane, had been out all year with a sore arm, and he was replaced by competent, colorless Zack Taylor. And there was nothing wrong with a pitching staff that included Charlie Root, Pat Malone, Guy Bush, Hal Carlson, Sheriff Blake, and waning Artie Nehf.

But Ehmke felt that he knew these Cubs. He had watched them carefully in their last series of the year at Baker Bowl in Philadelphia, where, unnoticed, he daily bought a ticket. He noted how they batted, charted every pitch, watched how they stood in the box, observed the sort of balls they hit, and more importantly, the sort they did not hit. He thought he understood these Bruins now.

The Chicago manager, Joe McCarthy, learned in his craft after a long apprenticeship in the minors, was entering his first team in a World Series. Like Frank Selee of the old Boston team, he had never reached the major leagues as a player, but he was destined to become one of the really great managers.

Ehmke faced Root, and for six innings the fans sat back and watched a scoreless game. The hitting background was not good at Wrigley Field in those days, and on sunny days the white shirts of the bleacher fans in center distracted the hitters. When the wind blew in off Lake Michigan, it was almost impossible to score.

But in the seventh Foxx blasted one into those bleachers, and Ehmke had a slim lead to protect. He knew that Mack, though sentimental, had not selected him to pitch because of sentiment. He knew that the Cubs were a fast-ball-hitting team, and his soft stuff, low sidearm and almost underhanded, though not nearly so radical a delivery as that of Carl Mays, was baffling to the opposition.

Soft stuff is not designed for strikeouts, but Ehmke was striking them out. He had the hitters so badly off stride that at one point five in a row struck out. Hartnett batted for Root in the seventh and struck out, and in the ninth the A's picked up two runs off Bush, errors by English on successive plays setting up runs plated by a Miller single.

When the Cubs came up, trailing, 3 to 0, in the ninth, Ehmke had fanned twelve men, tying the World Series record set by Ed Walsh in 1906. Hack Wilson, the first hitter, drilled a wicked liner that struck Ehmke in the side, but Howard threw him out. Then Dykes made a two-base wild throw on Cuyler, and Ehmke lost his shutout when Stephenson singled. Then Grimm also singled, and the infield-

ers gathered around the old pitcher. Was he all right? He was all right. Footsie Blair, pinch hitter, stepped to the plate and hit into a force play. Chick Tolson, another pinch hitter, tried to keep Cub hopes alive, but Ehmke slipped the third strike past him, setting a new strikeout record at thirteen, the game was over, and the Athletics had won, 3 to 1.

Earnshaw started against Malone the next day. Foxx hit another homer, this one with two on in the third, and the A's scored three more in the fourth. But a barrage of five singles scored three Chicago runs and drove out Earnshaw in the fifth, so Grove came on to stem the tide. The Cubs had no more luck with Grove's fast ball than they had had the day before with Ehmke's slow stuff, and the Athletics kept scoring at will and won, 9 to 3. Once more, thirteen Chicagoans were fanned, seven by Earnshaw, and the disgusted denizens of Wrigley Field were glad to see their pets leave town.

But in Philadelphia the third game followed a slightly different pattern. Guy Bush was superb in a duel with Earnshaw, beating the A's, 3 to 1. It was the first National League victory after ten straight defeats, or since Alexander struck out Lazzeri.

The turning point of the series came the next day in a game that has become part of the lore of baseball. Root started for Chicago against old Jack Quinn. Grimm hit a two-run homer to give the Cubs a lead in the fourth, and Quinn left the premises when Chicago exploded for five runs in the sixth. A single tally in the seventh made it 8 to 0.

Then all hell broke loose. Simmons, first up, blasted a homer to left, but what is one run when the opposition has eight? But then, when Foxx, Miller, Dykes, and Boley all singled, the A's figured they might have a chance. George Burns, the old Cleveland first baseman, popped up as a pinch hitter, but when Bishop singled, the Athletics were only four behind, and McCarthy tore out to jerk Root and replace him with Nehf. The percentage was with him, for the next batter, Haas, was left-handed. The Mule lined one to center that everyone assumed Wilson would catch, but Hack lost it in the sun, and the ball carried to the barrier for an inside-the-park home run. Now it was 8 to 7.

When Nehf then walked Cochrane, McCarthy had had enough and sent in Blake. Simmons, up for the second time, singled, and now the tying run was on second, or what might be, and what might be the

winning run was at first. Foxx then batted safely to center, tying the score, and Malone replaced Blake to become the fourth pitcher of the inning. He hit Miller with a pitch, filling the bases, and Dykes then doubled, making the score 10 to 8. Grove then went in to protect the lead and struck out four of the six men to face him.

There is no way to account for an inning like that, but baseball is a game of momentum, and, once started, a rally is difficult to stop. The inning finished the Cubs. For all practical purposes, the series was over.

One game remained to be played, and Connie Mack gave Ehmke another chance to pitch. But this was overdoing a good thing. The Cubs caught on to Howard in the fourth with a double, base on balls, and two singles, scoring twice, and Walberg went in to pitch.

The two-run lead held up until the ninth, but then the Athletics scored three times to win, 3 to 2, and wrap up the series. Malone had allowed only two hits in the first eight innings, but now Bishop singled and Haas hit the ball out of the park to tie the score. Simmons doubled, Malone issued an intentional pass to Foxx, and then Miller singled to score Simmons. It was all over.

In another month the stock market would collapse, ushering in a terrible depression and rudely interrupting the American dream of perpetual prosperity that the business community had promised the nation. But for Howard Ehmke life was a little different: for him an improbable dream had come true.

2

William Sullivan, of Philadelphia, was a persistent fellow who wanted to be first at everything, and when the Athletics won the flag again in 1930, he was the first in line at the bleacher ticket office, taking his place at Shibe Park on the evening before the first game. But there were others who wanted to be first in what would become a long line, because it was always good for publicity in the newspapers. So a group of fans set fire to a mass of trash in the street, hoping Sullivan would leave his place to extinguish it.

But he wouldn't budge, and the other fans vanished.

A cop came along, asked Sullivan to put out the fire, and the latter refuse.

"All right, you're under arrest," said the cop.

They went before a magistrate who was at least slightly more

intelligent than the cop. "You take this man, officer, and you put him right back there where he belongs, at the head of the line," spoke justice from the bench.

And that's exactly what the cop did with William Sullivan.

The Athletics repeated in 1930 with not a single change in the regular lineup, including the pitching staff. It had been a good year. Baseball was slow to react to the deepening depression, and fans poured out daily to watch what had become, with the extremely lively ball in use, a carnival of clouting. In the National League alone seventy-one players in ten or more games posted averages above .300. Good hitters were so common that George "Showboat" Fisher, an outfielder for the Cardinals, batted .373 and was sent back to the minors.

But the Cardinals kept enough good hitters to win the pennant under their new manager, Gabby Street, who had been Walter Johnson's old catcher. The farm chain sent up Charlie Gelbert, a brilliant young shortstop; Gus Mancuso, a catcher who could share the burden with Jimmy Wilson; and Bill Hallahan, a southpaw who was now a star after years of apprenticeship to curb his wildness. Burleigh Grimes, still spitting on the ball, had been acquired; and Sparky Adams, an experienced third baseman, had come from the Pirates. George Watkins, another product of the chain gang, was in right.

A crowd of 32,295 that included William Sullivan and President Herbert Hoover (the latter had a slightly better seat) watched Grove go the distance in the opener to beat Grimes, 5 to 2, with home runs by Cochrane and Simmons and triples by Foxx and Haas spicing the action. Then, when Earnshaw defeated Rhem, 6 to 1, it looked like a repeat of 1929. Cochrane hit another homer that day.

When the action shifted to St. Louis, Hallahan achieved a brilliance he had never known before, blanking the powerful Athletics, 5 to 0. He allowed seven hits and walked five more but was invincible in the clutch.

Before that game John McGraw visited Street on the Cardinal bench and said, "Don't give up, Gabby. In 1921 we didn't score a single run in the first two games and still beat the Yankees."

"I'm not giving up anything," Street insisted. "The fun is only starting."

Hallahan's effort made the remark seem prophetic. A surprising

home run by Douthit, who had hit only seven all season, started Hallahan on his way, as the Cardinals batted out Walberg.

Street's confidence seemed more justified than ever in the fourth game, when Haines beat Grove, 3 to 1. A double by Hafey, a bad throw on a roller by Dykes, and singles by Wilson and Gelbert accounted for the winning markers in the fourth.

But the key to the series was the fifth game. It was a tremendous battle between Grimes and Earnshaw, scoreless after seven rounds, as the crowd squirmed in nervousness. When Earnshaw yielded to a pinch hitter in the eighth, Grove took over again, although he had pitched the day before. Connie Mack was shooting the works, and the game was still scoreless when the ninth began.

One swing of the bat by Foxx ended it. Cochrane coaxed a pass from Grimes to start the round, and when Simmons popped up, the St. Louis fans breathed more easily. But then Jimmy found a pitch to his liking and with a flourish sent it screaming into the seats in left center. Philadelphia, 2; St. Louis, 0.

Earnshaw then wrapped it up, winning the sixth game handily, 7 to 1, aided by home runs from the bats of Dykes and Simmons. Hallahan, suffering a reversal of form, lasted only two innings.

National League fans began to wonder if the Cardinals were the answer to their prayers after all. They had now dropped two World Series in a row since 1926.

Both teams won again in 1931. The Athletics presented the same fine team, except that a rookie shortstop, Dibs Williams, won the regular job from Boley, and the still capable Waite Hoyt strengthened the pitching. The Cardinals had not changed radically either, although they offered a prize rookie pitcher, Paul Derringer; Watkins was now platooned in right with Wally Roettger; and Johnny "Pepper" Martin replaced the fading Douthit, who was heartbroken after being traded to the Reds.

Martin was a typical Cardinal product, a barrel-chested kid from the plains of Oklahoma. He rode the rods to his first training camp and showed up with a five-day growth of beard. On the field he was irrepressible, sliding on his belly and knocking down balls with his body that he couldn't stop with his hands. He was a typical depression hero, and in his filthy uniform he looked like a man who might be drinking soup from a tin can at a Bowery mission, greasing a car in a filling station, standing in a breadline, or robbing a bank. He had

once made his living by fishing golf balls out of a mudhole on an Oklahoma City golf course, repainting them, and selling them.

Not since Mathewson in 1905 did any player ever dominate a World Series as did Pepper Martin in 1931, enabling his team to defeat the Athletics in seven games. Here is exactly what he did, game by game:

1. Grove beat Derringer, 6 to 2, but Martin made two singles and a double and stole a base.

2. Hallahan shut out Earnshaw, 2 to 0, to square things, and Martin's contribution was to score both of the runs, make a single and a double, and steal two bases.

3. Grimes beat Grove, 5 to 2, with Pepper scoring two of the runs and hitting a single and a double.

4. Earnshaw came back to tie the series by beating Sylvester Johnson, 3 to 0, on two hits, both made by Martin. One was a double, and he stole another base.

5. Hallahan beat Hoyt, 5 to 1, as Pepper scored a run, made three hits, one a home run, and batted in four of his team's five runs.

6. Grove defeated Derringer for the second time, 8 to 1, and held Martin hitless, an accomplishment that made Connie Mack announce after the game that he considered Grove superior to Waddell and Plank, both of whom he had managed.

7. Grimes beat Earnshaw, 4 to 2, for the championship. Martin was hitless again but stole another base. Net result: a batting average of .500 with twelve hits in twenty-four times up, four doubles, one home run, and five stolen bases.

What made Martin run? Somehow the games seemed to reflect the economic situation in America. The affluent Athletics, pocketing their third consecutive series checks, had been beaten at last by the hungry, underprivileged Cardinals. Mickey Cochrane was reputed to have lost a small fortune in the stock market, and there are those who thought his mind was on that while Pepper was running wild. Bases are usually stolen on the pitcher, not the catcher, but Cochrane's unerring throwing was definitely off.

There was more to the series than Martin's play, of course, dominant though it was. Bill Klem umpired the event for the fifteenth time, and on the eve of the first game, he told a reporter, "I don't suppose the boys will show me a play I haven't seen before."

But they did. The second game produced one of the strangest

plays ever seen. Hallahan entered the ninth with a 2 to 0 lead, and that proved to be the final score. But there were some anxious moments. With two outs, Foxx was on second and Dykes on first, with Jim Moore, a substitute outfielder, batting for Earnshaw. Hallahan got two strikes on him, then bent off a big curve that broke down into the dirt. Moore swung and missed as Jimmy Wilson picked up the ball on the bounce. Now all he had to do was tag Moore or throw to first. Instead, he fired the ball to Jake Flowers, who was playing third that afternoon. Flowers could have tagged the base, retiring Foxx, but he tried to touch the runner with the ball and missed him. Moore stood at the plate, not knowing what to do, but Eddie Collins yelled from the coaching box for him to run to first, which he finally did. So the bases were loaded, and now poor Hallahan had to pitch to Bishop after the game should have been over. But Bottomley saved the day when he ran behind first near the field boxes and, over his shoulder, snatched Bishop's high foul fly. The press box contingent was stunned by the unparalleled play and finally decided to give an error to Wilson.

"I just made a dumb play," Jimmy said in the clubhouse later. "That's all there was to it."

It was a dumb play, but there were plenty of smart plays made throughout the series. The depression generation, like all generations, would produce its share of outstanding players.

Not everyone thought so, however. Or at least they pretended not to think so.

On the evening preceding the third game, Moe Berg, the intellectual catcher, who had spent that season with the Indians, walked into the lobby of the Ben Franklin in Philadelphia, expecting to run into some of his many friends on the Cardinals.

But they were nowhere to be seen, and he said aloud, to no one in particular, "Where are all the ballplayers?"

Casey Stengel, manager of the Toledo Mud Hens, was leaning against the bank of elevators and overheard him.

"That's what the club owners want to know," Stengel hollered back to Berg. "They've been asking the question for years."

12. Babe Never Called His Shot!

Let's tell it like it is.

Babe Ruth did not call his shot when he hit a home run off Charlie Root in the fifth inning of the third game of the 1932 World Series at Wrigley Field, Chicago. A lot of people think he did. A lot of good baseball writers, at the time and for years later, said in print that he did. Ruth himself gave out so many conflicting statements about the matter throughout the years that his testimony is without value.

Ruth was without question the most dramatic and captivating person who ever played baseball. There has never been another player even remotely like him. His feats on the diamond were incomparable, first as a pitcher, then as the greatest slugger of them all. He worked a revolution in the game, changing the face of baseball completely. The result is that more than two decades after his death ballplayers who are not Ruths are making more money than they otherwise would because they can hit the home runs he made fashionable.

Babe, in one way or another, made everybody rich, and is still doing so. Sick little boys in hospitals, those of us who still write about him, players born after his death, and grown men and women who thrilled to his accomplishments and will never forget his memory—all of us are better off because he lived and lives among us.

So he needs no phony legend to increase his fame.

Some background about the called shot is necessary. Mark Koenig, the shortstop discarded by the Yankees, was procured by the Cubs

on August 5, 1932, three days after Charlie Grimm replaced Rogers Hornsby as manager, with the team in second place, five games behind the Pirates. The Chicago players, who had not responded to Hornsby's lash, relaxed under the easy rein of Grimm and roared to the flag. Koenig's contribution was an inspiration, with an average of .353 in thirty-three games. When the players then voted on how to split their World Series loot, they awarded Mark only one-half share.

Old friends on the Yankees were infuriated. Ruth went over to the Cub dugout before the first game and shouted, "Heh, Mark! Who are those cheap skates you're sitting with?"

Stung, the Cubs replied with a volley of insults. Never have two World Series teams opposed each other with such bitter frenzy. Ruth was the principal target of the Chicago bench jockeys, who made the usual anthropological observations about him, with the usual witless references to his possible ancestry, remarks that rolled off Babe's broad back like coal going down a chute.

There were three important new faces on the Cubs since the team's last pennant in 1929. Lon Warneke, a rookie right-hander, added potency to the pitching; Billy Herman, another youngster, was a wizard around second and a great hit-and-run man; and Woody English moved to third, making room at short for Bill Jurgens, another fine recruit, and Koenig. Hack Wilson was gone, his place shared by Frank Demaree and Johnny Moore.

The Yankees had been greatly revamped since demolishing the Cardinals in 1928. Joe McCarthy was their manager now, and if ever a man sought revenge against a club that had fired him, it was McCarthy against the Cubs. Gehrig, Lazzeri, and Ruth were the only regulars left from the old champions. Bill Dickey, the new catcher, was headed for greatness; Frank Crosetti, who represented an expensive purchase from the Pacific Coast League, was at short; Joe Sewell, the old Cleveland shortstop, handled third nicely; and Ben Chapman, an aggressive batter and superb larcenist on the bases, had Meusel's old post in left. The pitching staff had been made over completely. Red Ruffing and Lefty Gomez were the aces now, with Johnny Allen also taking his turn. Pipgras and Wilcy Moore were still on hand, although the latter had spent two years with the Red Sox; and Pennock was around, too, but employed mostly in relief.

Ruffing made his first World Series start in the opener at New

York, opposed by Guy Bush. Rescued that year from the hopeless Red Sox, Ruffing would become a memorable World Series pitcher. The Cubs scored two to take an early lead, but then the big Yankee guns began firing, scoring three in the fourth, five in the sixth, and then went on to win, 12 to 6. Ruth and Gehrig each scored three runs, but they were just getting warmed up.

Gomez defeated Warneke, 5 to 2, in the second encounter, with Gehrig contributing three more hits.

The teams then moved to Chicago, and when Ruth and his wife tried to enter the Edgewater Beach Hotel, they had to race past a hostile throng, including many women, who cursed them and spit upon them.

It was on the next afternoon that the game of the called shot took place. The starting pitchers were Pipgras and Root, and Yankee thunder was heard immediately. In the first inning Combs singled, Sewell walked, and Ruth blasted one into the seats in center. Gehrig homered in the third, but the Cubs were also hitting Pipgras freely, and as the fifth began, the score was tied, 4 to 4.

With one out and the bases empty, Ruth came up to bat. Guy Bush, his foot on the concrete in front of the dugout, leaned over to lead the choir of abuse. The fans set up a din, and a few lemons thrown from the grandstand landed near home plate. The first pitch was a strike, and Ruth pointed to the Cub bench with his bat, simultaneously pointing toward the pitching mound with the index finger of his right hand. The second pitch was another strike, and again he pointed in the general direction of the center of the diamond. Root's next pitch was a high, inside change of pace, and Babe batted it into the pews in center. Then Gehrig hit another home run, and the Yankees eventually won, 7 to 5.

Did Ruth, then, by pantomime, indicate to the hostile fans what he was going to do? To answer that, one would have to know what it was he shouted. But if he had said that he was going to hit one where he actually then did, would Root have chosen to throw a change-up? Of course not.

One man who knew what Ruth shouted was Charlie Grimm, who was then at first base. Bush was the chief heckler, and he was to pitch the next day. It was to Bush that Ruth addressed his remarks, and what he shouted was, "You'll be out there tomorrow—so we'll see what you can do with me, you so-and-so tightwad!" And when he

shouted this, he pointed to the pitcher's box, where Bush was to be in less than twenty-four hours.

Bush was there the next day, too, but not for long. He retired one man in the first and was replaced by Warneke. The Cubs scored four times in their half of the inning, but the Yankees were unbothered. Led this time by Lazzeri, who hammered out two homers and a single, they galloped in, 13 to 6, and the series was over. The Yanks had won twelve consecutive World Series games against the Pirates, Cardinals, and Cubs.

The thing that is usually forgotten about Ruth's controversial home run is that, of the fifteen he hit in World Series competition, it was his last.

The exact truth about the circumstances had to await the publication in 1968 of Charlie Grimm's autobiography *Baseball, I Love You!*, which was written with the help of Ed Prell, of the Chicago *Tribune*.

2

There was a strange interlude in 1933, the year of the depression's pit. The Yankees, Pirates, Cubs, and Cardinals all faltered, and the pennants were won by New York in the National League and Washington in the American.

But it was not John McGraw's New York Giants who won. The Little Napoleon, his nerves frazzled by years of tension, had resigned during the 1932 season, turning the team over to Bill Terry, his first baseman. And Terry, rising to the challenge, won the championship in his first full year at the helm.

Stout pitching was the basis of Terry's success, with gaunt Carl Hubbell, a lean southpaw with a screwball, a pitch that breaks away from right-handed hitters, the leader of the staff; Hal Schumacher, a young right-hander, was the next best bet; then came Freddy Fitzsimmons, a knuckleballer with a windmill windup; Roy Parmelee, a right-hander who was apt to be wild; and two fine relievers, grizzled Dolf Luque and Herman Bell.

Terry, at first base, was the best hitter on the team. Hughie Critz was at second; Blondie Ryan, an inspiration that year, at short; and Travis Jackson, filling in for injured Johnny Vergez, at third. Mel Ott, who had become a Polo Grounds favorite while still in his teens, was

in right; George "Kiddo" Davis, a slick fielder, in center; and Joe Moore, lead-off man and talented first-ball hitter, in left. Gus Mancuso did the catching.

For Washington it was 1924 all over again with a young-playing manager, Joe Cronin, occupying the job once held by that earlier "boy wonder" Bucky Harris. He had built a team that appeared undistinguished on paper. But as someone once observed, "We don't play on paper," so the Senators finished seven games ahead of the Yankees, who were second.

Goose Goslin, perennial Washington favorite, played right, with Fred Schulte roaming in center and Heinie Manush in left. Joe Kuhel was at first, Buddy Myer at second, and Ossie Bluege at third. Luke Sewell daily caught the slants of Alvin Crowder, Earl Whitehill, Monte Weaver, Wally Stewart, and Jack Russell.

Hubbell lived up to advance billing at the Polo Grounds in the opener, beating his rival southpaw, Stewart, 4 to 2. It was the first victory for the National League in the first game of a World Series since 1924. Ott was the batting kingpin with four hits, including a first-inning home run that gave the Giants the lead they never lost.

When Alvin Crowder and Hal Schumacher were warming up for the second game, a photographer posed them together and instructed Crowder to smile.

"Why?" asked Crowder, and the entirely sensible question was never answered by the cameraman.

As it turned out, there was little for Crowder to smile about after the game, either. Schumacher had beaten him, 6 to 1, with all the Giant runs scoring in the sixth, overcoming a homer by Goslin.

The third contest, at Washington, followed a different pattern. Earl Whitehill, Cronin's left-handed hope, shut out the Giants, 4 to 0, on five hits, with four doubles keying the attack against Fitzsimmons. Out in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, business at the barbershop of Noah Whitehill was at an absolute standstill during the game. It would have been entirely too dangerous for the proprietor to try to shave a customer at such a time. After the game, he opened up again, but not before wiring his son, "KID, I'M THE HAPPIEST MAN IN IOWA."

Hubbell and Weaver were matched in the fourth game, and Carl earned his second victory, but it was not easy, 2 to 1 in eleven innings. Manush was evicted in the sixth after a run-in with umpire

Charley Moran about a play at first base, one of the few times in series history that an official found it necessary to eject a player. The Giants won when Jackson beat out a bunt, Mancuso sacrificed, and Ryan sliced a hit to center.

The fifth and last game also went into extra innings, or, more correctly, into an extra inning, New York winning the game appropriately, on a home run by Ott, in the tenth, 4 to 3. It started as a match between Schumacher and Crowder, but in the sixth Luque, who had reported to the Braves in 1913, when Schumacher was not yet three years old, went to that pitcher's relief. Russell also supplanted Crowder in the sixth, and both relievers were flawless until Ott rifled the ball over the head of Schulte in center. The outfielder almost made the catch, but it eluded his grasp and sailed into the crowd.

McGraw had seen his Giants win a World Series—under Terry—for the first time since 1922. By February he would be dead.

3

The scene in the lobby of the Book-Cadillac was hectic on the day before the World Series opened at Detroit in 1934. Will Rogers, in a suit of blue serge and a cowboy hat, was holding a laughing conversation with friends. Tris Speaker was there, and George Raft of the movies, Rogers Hornsby, and a hoodlum with patent-leather shoes, said to be the boss of the city's notorious Purple Gang. But the dominant figure was Dizzy Dean, who had just won thirty games for the Cardinals and who was looking forward to taking on the Tigers.

This St. Louis club would not be referred to as the Gashouse Gang for another year, but it was the same team; and it is doubtful if any other club in the history of the game was its equal for color. Five of the eight regulars had come from the vast farm chain: Rip Collins, the switch-hitting first baseman; Pepper Martin, who had moved in from center to play third; Joe Medwick, a slugging, swaggering left fielder up from Houston; Ernie Orsatti, a stunt man from the movie lots who had once doubled for Buster Keaton but who now played center for a living; and Bill Delancey, a brilliant young catcher.

But in order to elevate the club to championship class, Branch Rickey made Frankie Frisch, who still played second, his fiery playing manager; swung a deal with the Reds for Leo Durocher to play short-

stop; and picked up Jack Rothrock, once with the Red Sox, for right field.

Dean, with his thirty victories, was, of course, the foremost pitcher, and his brother, Paul, not so loquacious as Diz, had won nineteen as a rookie that year. Hallahan was still around, along with Bill Walker, Tex Carleton, Jesse Haines, and even Dazzy Vance, who had pitched professionally for twenty-three years before landing with his first pennant winner.

Detroit's success could be traced to the depression, which forced Connie Mack to break up his great Athletics. When Mack distributed his players, Mickey Cochrane was dispatched to Detroit, and such an inspiration was he that he won the flag in his first attempt. Aside from Cochrane, who was still a marvelous catcher, Detroit's leading stars were Hank Greenberg, a big first baseman who shared with Foxx the burden of replacing the declining Ruth as the game's greatest hitter of home runs, and Charlie Gehringer, the mechanical second baseman who did everything perfectly and said nothing about it. School-boy Rowe and Tommy Bridges, both right-handers, were the leading pitchers, but Eldon Auker, a submariner, Fred Marberry, Elon Hogsett, and Alvin Crowder saw plenty of work.

The Tiger outfield consisted of Goose Goslin in left, Jo Jo White in center, and Pete Fox in right. Bill Rogell played short, and Marv Owen, third.

Dean was then at the peak of his fame, and in the first game against Crowder he had an easy time of it because the Tiger infield collapsed, Greenberg, Gehringer, Rogell, and Owen all making errors, as the Cardinals won, 8 to 3. Medwick, with four hits, led the romp.

After his victory, Diz was asked to speak to Admiral Richard E. Byrd in Antarctica by shortwave radio.

"Howdy, Dick Byrd," was the pitcher's folksy greeting. And then he apologized for not pitching a shutout.

But the next day the Tigers played errorless ball and carried the Cardinals twelve innings, winning, 3 to 2, as Rowe went the route against Hallahan and Walker. Walks to Gehringer and Greenberg and a Goslin single ended it.

Paul Dean stepped out of his older's brother's shadow in the third game, played at St. Louis, and cheered the home folks with a 4 to 1 triumph over Bridges. But then, led by Greenberg, who made two

doubles and two singles, the Tigers bounced back, 10 to 4, with Auker the victor over Walker.

The nation at this time was excited about kidnaping. It was the era of Bonnie and Clyde, John Dillinger, Pretty Boy Floyd, and their ilk. So when Sam Breadon observed Dizzy getting into a car with New York plates after the third game, it occurred to him that it might be the work of bandits. But Diz had merely accepted the offer of a ride downtown from two friendly and harmless fans.

The silliest play of the series took place in the fourth contest. Effervescent Diz insisted on being used as a pinch runner. He got involved in a force play, failed to slide, and Rogell konked him in the head with a throw. When they carried him off the field on a stretcher, everyone feared the worst. As Diz told it later, "They X-rayed my head and found nothing. I saw stars, moons, and all sorts of animals, but no Tigers."

Dean insisted on taking his turn, despite the beaming, and on the following day, although showing no ill effects of his injury, he lost to Bridges, 3 to 1, and the Tigers led in the series, three games to two.

The clubs went back to Detroit, and the Cardinals faced the necessity of winning twice in succession. Diz, not needed, was late in reporting to the clubhouse for the sixth game, and when Frisch asked him where he had been, he replied, "Oh, I was just talkin' to Henry Ford, and we lost track of the time." Brother Paul then stepped out and beat Rowe, 4 to 3, winning his own game with a single in the seventh that scored Durocher.

It was taken for granted that Diz would pitch the concluding game, although Frisch needled him by threatening to start Hallahan. Auker was Cochrane's selection, and for two innings it was a ball game. But in the third the Cards erupted for seven runs, and the series was over. Diz bore down until the last man was out, pouring it on, 11 to 0.

That was the day of the fruit shower for Medwick and the unprecedented action of a commissioner removing a player for his own safety. The trouble began in the sixth when Medwick, running out a triple, slid into Owen at third. Angry anyway because of the score, the Detroit fans took it out on Medwick when he tried to take his position when the clubs changed sides, pelting him with fruits and vegetables. Three times he tried to man his post in left; three times a barrage of missiles descended upon him.

Harry Geisel, the plate umpire, asked Frisch to remove Medwick from the game. The manager of the Cardinals quite properly refused.

Geisel reported to Landis, and the commissioner summoned Medwick and Owen to his box. He listened to the opposing accounts of the incident at third, then pointed to Medwick and said, "You're out of the game."

Again the Cardinals had won four World Series games. So had the Deans.

The Gashouse Gang, despite the fury of its charge, did not repeat in 1935. The Cubs, riding a September streak of twenty-one consecutive victories, beat St. Louis out by four games.

Grimm was still the Chicago manager, although he yielded his spot at first base to Phil Cavarretta, a prodigy who was nineteen. Of the 1932 champions who had been humiliated by the Yankees, Gabby Hartnett, Billy Herman, Bill Jurgens, Frank Demaree, Lon Warneke, and Charlie Root still remained. But the job at third base went to Stan Hack, a smiling former bank clerk from Sacramento; Augie Galan manned left with great skill; and in right was Chuck Klein, a former terror with the Phillies who had never quite lived up to expectations at Chicago. With Warneke and Root on the pitching staff now were Larry French, Bill Lee, and Tex Carleton.

Cochrane's Tigers won again with the same personnel, but Mickey had to make changes in the series when Greenberg suffered a broken wrist in the second game, so Owen shifted to first from third, where Herman "Flea" Clifton took over.

At first it appeared that the Cubs, losers in four straight World Series since 1908, might win one. Warneke started them off right with a 3 to 0, four-hit job over Rowe. But in the second game the first four men to face Root batted safely, and the Tigers retaliated behind Bridges, 8 to 1.

The third and fourth games, both at Chicago, were not split. The Tigers took them both; Rowe beat French in relief, 6 to 5, in eleven innings, then Crowder finally won a World Series victory, a snappy, 2 to 1 effort over Carleton. Warneke, with the help of Lee, then boosted Chicago's chances with a 3 to 1 victory over Rowe.

So the Cubs moved into Detroit, just as the Cardinals had the year before, faced with the need of winning two straight. The two starting

pitchers, Bridges and French, lasted the distance, but at the end it was Detroit that won, 4 to 3, scoring in the ninth when old Goose Goslin singled to right, sending Cochrane over the plate.

The Cubs muffed a chance badly in the first half of that inning. Hack sliced a triple to start the round, but Bridges struck out Jurgens, and Grimm permitted French to bat for himself. He hit back to the box, as Hack again had to remain on third. Galan then flied to Goslin in left, and the threat was abated.

There are veteran Chicago fans who think that Stan Hack is still standing on third base at the Detroit park. But when the Cardinals went there to meet the Tigers in 1968, they could not find him.

13. The Ruthless Yankees

When the Yankees won the pennant again in 1936, they did so for the first time without Babe Ruth. That they were able to win without him was a tribute to Ed Barrow, who handled the business details of the club for Colonel Ruppert, and to such scouts as Paul Krichell, Joe Devine, Bill Essick, Johnny Nee, and Gene McCann, who were the best in the business. Though Ruthless, the Yanks were still ruthless, as the National League was about to find out. No team had ever before won four consecutive World Series: The Yankees would do just that.

So Ruth was gone. But in center field the Yankees had a sensational youngster named Joe DiMaggio, and only a single glance was necessary to recognize his class. Beside him in the outfield were Jake Powell in left and George Selkirk in right. Gehrig, Lazzeri, and Crosetti were infield holdovers from the 1932 champions, but there was a new third baseman, Red Rolfe. Dickey, behind the bat, was as good as ever, and Ruffing and Gomez were still the top pitchers. But the staff had been helped by the addition of Bump Hadley and Monte Pearson, as well as by Johnny Murphy, a relief artist.

Terry's Giants, with Hubbell at his peak, came back strong to win after a two-year lull. Hubbell was called the Meal Ticket now, after a sensational year in which he had won twenty-six while losing six, finishing the season with sixteen in a row. Schumacher and Fitzsimmons were still on hand from the 1933 champs, but there was

a new starter in Clydel Castleman. Terry and Jackson remained at their infield posts, but there was a new double-play combination in Burgess Whitehead at second and Dick Bartell at short. Joe Moore and Mel Ott were still in the outfield, but between them was a newcomer, Jimmy Ripple.

The first game started in a mist that turned into a drizzle and finally evolved into a steady rain. Conditions had not been worse for World Series play since 1925, when Walter Johnson had pitched his heart out in the soggy finale. Even Postmaster General James A. Farley, a prominent Wet in the recently successful fight to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment, found the moisture too much for him and had to retreat from his box to a more protected seat in the rear. But Hubbell was unaffected by the elements, and he beat Ruffing, 6 to 1. The one run he allowed was a homer by Selkirk, evidence perhaps that his screwball was more effective against right-handed hitters.

The second game was the most humiliating for National League fans that ever was. The Yankees, behind Gomez, scored seven times in the third and six times more in the ninth, winning, 18 to 4. Every member of the team hit safely. Lazzeri hit the first grand slam since that of Elmer Smith in 1920. No other team, in a World Series game, before or since, ever scored eighteen runs. No two teams in any single game ever scored twenty-two. Schumacher took the loss, but he was the first of the five pitchers used, and none escaped the carnage.

The next game was the best of the set, a 2 to 1 battle won by the Yankees, with Hadley nosing out Fitzsimmons. Through the first seven innings the only runs scored were opposing homers by Gehrig and Ripple. In the eighth Fat Freddy got into trouble and lost, ironically, when a tap by Crosetti squirted out of his glove, permitting Powell to score from third. The irony was that Fitzsimmons was considered the finest fielding pitcher in the game.

On the following day the Yankees finally managed to defeat Hubbell, 5 to 2, and the Giants were about ready to concede. A deep, two-run homer by Gehrig featured the action, and Monte Pearson had an easy time of it.

The Giants braced, however, when Schumacher gamely fought his way to a 5 to 4 win in ten innings. Ruffing went six against him, and Pat Malone, always a McCarthy favorite, took the loss when Joe Moore doubled and counted on Terry's long fly.

But that was a dying Giant gasp. Behind Gomez the Yankees

nailed down the last decision, 13 to 5, batting out Fitzsimmons in the process. Powell, who had tormented the Giants all through the series, made three hits and emerged as the leading batter in the games, with an average of .455.

The Yankees were as good as ever in 1937, and the only change in the regular lineup was that Myril Hoag replaced Powell in left. The Giants were not as good as ever but managed to win out in a close race with the Cubs. Terry, his legs bothering him, quit as a player, handing his job at first base to Johnny McCarthy, a slick fielder but not much of a hitter by Terry standards. Ott moved in from right to third base, with Ripple shifting from center to right, opening the former position for Hank Leiber. Hank Danning took over much of the catching work from Mancuso, and there was a new southpaw starter in Cliff Melton. Fitzsimmons had been traded to the Dodgers, with Travis Jackson leaving to manage the Giant farm at Jersey City.

So began the fifth subway series, a cocktail World Series between the Manhattan and the Bronx. Gomez and Hubbell faced each other at the start, but a big Yankee sixth, in which they scored seven times, turned the game into a rout, with the Yanks winning, 8 to 1. As a hint of the bad baseball to come, Gomez, one of the weakest hitters in the game, walked twice in the big inning. Harry Heilmann, the great Detroit batter who never had the good fortune to get into a World Series, charted Gomez' pitching and found that he threw seventy-three fast balls, twenty-four curves, and only four change-ups.

Through odd coincidence, the Yankees repeated the 8 to 1 dose in the second game, as Ruffing coasted while the Yankees promptly disposed of Melton.

Schumacher then tried to take the Yankees into camp, but they beat him, 5 to 1, with Pearson working. The margin of Yank superiority was so marked that Terry wearily dragged his feet to the clubhouse, sat at his desk, and idly ripped open a telegram that read: "GIANTS SEEM TO BE HAVING TROUBLE. TRY ETHIOPIAN PITCHERS. SATCHEL PAIGE."

Hubbell prevented a complete debacle by winning the next one, over Hadley, 7 to 3. But then the Yankees ended things when Gomez beat Melton, 4 to 2. It had been a series without one really dramatic moment.

The Yankees staged the usual champagne celebration in their clubhouse to toast a victory that was now becoming an annual event. To the rookies it was always a great occasion, but to the veterans the gaiety was somehow synthetic. One player, Lou Gehrig, did not even join in but sat quietly by his locker. He had tapped Hubbell for his tenth World Series home run, and, as things turned out, his last one, in the fourth game. But he had not felt good at all during the closing days of the season, and now he had a heavy cold.

"Why should we break up the Yankees?" asked Colonel Ruppert, not without reason, as the 1938 World Series began with his team facing the Chicago Cubs. "Why break up the Yankees? Let the other teams build up to our level."

The days of buying high-class players from the high minors were now declining, and Ruppert and Ed Barrow depended for talent on the Yankee farm system run so ably by George Weiss. They had a team at Newark, in the International League, that many felt could do well in the majors.

The flow seemed endless. Lazzeri had come to the end of the line, but Joe Gordon, a flashy farm product, replaced him at second base. The outfield was strengthened by the presence of Tommy Henrich, who took over in right, with Selkirk moving to left. Otherwise, the Yankee team was the same powerful unit that seemed unbeatable and was.

Grimm no longer managed the Cubs. He had been supplanted in July by Gabby Hartnett, who drove the team to the wire just ahead of the Pirates. Billy Herman, Bill Juries, Stan Hack, Larry French, Bill Lee, and Charlie Root still remained as holdovers from the 1935 team that had lost to the Tigers, but Phil Cavarretta had been moved from first to right field, making way for Rip Collins, and Carl Reynolds and Joe Marty had been added to the outfield brigade. There were two new pitchers: Clay Bryant and Dizzy Dean. Phil Wrigley had purchased Dean's contract with full knowledge that his arm was sore, and Diz, his spots carefully picked for him, won seven out of eight.

Some sort of record was set at the 1938 World Series for early arrival. When the park was thrown open at Wrigley Field prior to the first game, twenty-two stowaways were found hiding, four of them within the huge tin roller in which the canvas used to cover the infield

was stored. Three of the twenty-two admitted they had been in the park for three days and nights.

But one who could not at first get in was Judge Landis. He arrived early, rattled the gate, and was told by an attendant who did not recognize him to move on. He finally succeeded in making known his identity and then occupied a field box with George Ade, the humorist.

Joe McCarthy has since declared that the 1938 Yankee team was his greatest, and they certainly looked it against the Cubs, winning four straight engagements by scores of 3 to 1, 6 to 3, 5 to 2, and 8 to 3.

Ruffing took the first one from Lee with Earle Combs, coaching at first, calling Lee's pitches. He had caught the Chicago signs, and when a curve ball was coming up, he'd yell, "There it is!" to the Yankee batter. When a fast ball was due, his cry would be, "Get hold of it!"

The second game provided the baseball world with as great an exhibition of courage as it has ever seen. Dizzy Dean faced Gomez on a cold, raw day. His fast ball long gone and with only courage and cunning left, he carefully nursed a 3 to 2 lead from the third inning until the eighth. Then finally Selkirk singled and was forced by Gordon. Hoag then batted for Gomez and forced Gordon. Crosetti came up. Three times that afternoon he had flied to Reynolds in left, each drive a bit deeper than the one before, an ominous progression. Diz pitched, Crosetti smashed the ball to left again, and this time it carried far over Reynolds' head into the seats. The lead and the game were lost.

As Crosetti rounded second on his jaunt to the plate, Diz shouted at him, "I wish I could call back one year, Frank. You wouldn't get a loud foul off me."

"You're so right, Diz!" Crosetti answered over his shoulder. "You're so right!"

Everything after that exhibition was anticlimactic. The victory by Gomez over Dean was his sixth in World Series competition without defeat, a record still without parallel. Then McCarthy selected Monte Pearson, who often said he had a sore arm or something but who had never yet let his manager down in a World Series, to work against Bryant, and home runs by Dickey and Gordon enabled the Yanks to reach their 5 to 2 margin after four scoreless rounds at the start.

Then Ruffing had the better of Lee for the second time, 8 to 3, and that was the clincher. A three-run second that featured Crosetti's triple started the boys off, and they were never headed.

Gehrig had made only four hits, all singles, and had failed to connect for a home run. McCarthy sensed that there was something seriously wrong.

2

Colonel Ruppert, too ill to attend the 1938 World Series, died of phlebitis the following January, but he had lived to see the team he had constructed get to the top and stay there, and his empire would carry on without him. There were other personal tragedies, principally the disintegration and eventual death of Lou Gehrig. The Iron Horse, as his followers called him, was suffering from amyotrophic lateral sclerosis, a rare form of polio. He had not missed a game since replacing Wally Pipp in 1925, and he bravely tried to continue the string. But he benched himself after 8 games, and his consecutive game streak ended at 2,130 and constitutes one of the most unsailable marks in the record book. McCarthy replaced him at first base with Babe Dahlgren.

Even without Gehrig, the Yankees were unbeatable and sailed to their fourth consecutive pennant, an American League record. When they faced the Reds in October, they presented, aside from Dahlgren, only one important new figure, Charlie Keller, a left-handed-hitting outfielder with tremendous power.

It was a new experience for Cincinnati to win a pennant, but the Reds had built wisely after finishing in the basement in 1937. Warren Giles had taken over the club's affairs that year and had wisely selected Bill McKechnie to manage his team. The Reds rose to fourth in 1938, then won a close race with the Cardinals in 1939, bringing the city its first flag winner since 1919. McKechnie thus became the first man to win pennants in three National League cities: Pittsburgh, St. Louis, and Cincinnati.

Two outstanding pitchers provided the club's chief source of strength. Paul Derringer, secured in the 1933 deal with the Cardinals that sent Leo Durocher to St. Louis, had been joined in 1938 by Bucky Walters, a reformed infielder secured from the Phillies. But the team also exhibited batting strength in Ernie Lombardi, a gigantic catcher; Frank McCormick, homegrown first baseman; Ival Goodman, a right

fielder who could hit for distance; Bill Werber, lead-off man and third baseman; and Lonny Frey, who had settled down at second base. Harry Craft, in center, was a defensive marvel with an outstanding arm; Billy Myers was an underrated shortstop; and Wally Berger, though slowing down, played left and was always a home run threat. Behind Derringer and Walters on the pitching staff were Eugene "Junior" Thompson, Lee Grissom, and Whitey Moore.

The key to the series was the first game at Yankee Stadium, for the Reds never recovered from its finish and were easily swept aside thereafter, enabling McCarthy to accomplish the unprecedented feat of winning four consecutive world championships.

But that first game was not easy. Ruffing and Derringer were both in superb form. The Reds scored first in the fourth when McCormick's single scored Goodman, but the Yankees evened it in the fifth, scoring a rather tainted run when Berger threw to the wrong base. Gordon singled, and Dahlgren doubled to left. If Berger had thrown to the plate, Gordon would have held up at third. But when Berger threw to second, far too late to nip Dahlgren, Gordon easily scored.

The score was still 1 to 1 when the Yankees came up in the ninth. Keller started the inning with a triple to right center that just eluded the grasp of Goodman. So there was the winning run on third, none out, and DiMaggio, Dickey, and Selkirk coming up. Would McKechnie load the bases, walking DiMaggio and Dickey to try for a force at the plate? Not quite. He had DiMaggio passed, but then pitched to Dickey, with the infield playing halfway in. Dickey then punched a drive past Frey, Keller scored, and the Yankees won, 2 to 1.

Years afterward McKechnie explained his thinking on the play:

Look, if I had walked Dickey and pitched to Selkirk, the infield would have been drawn in to make the force at the plate, and I would have had to pitch low to Selkirk to make him hit the ball on the ground. But Selkirk is a low-ball hitter. That is his strength. It would have been murder to pitch to his strength. Now, Dickey, though a wonderful hitter, is a slow runner. With the infield halfway, I could get him to hit the ball on the ground, and the infielder would have the option of throwing to the plate or trying for the double play. Dickey hit the ball just as I wanted him to, but it was a few feet away from Frey, and there was nothing we could do.

After the game was over, Derringer raced down to the umpires' dressing room, pounded on the door, and demanded to see Bill McGowan, who had umpired at home plate. McGowan quite naturally had no reason at that moment to want to talk to the losing pitcher of a close game, but he finally poked his head out of the door and asked Derringer what he wanted.

"Bill," Derringer told him, "I just came down to tell you that was the finest job of calling balls and strikes I've ever seen. You didn't miss a single call."

Gomez had suffered from arm trouble much of the season, and McCarthy chose Pearson to face Walters in the second game. Monte said his side hurt him, but he would try. The poor fellow then pitched seven hitless innings before allowing a single to Lombardi in the eighth and another to Werber in the ninth, winning his two-hitter, 4 to 0. Dahlgren led the Yankee attack with a double and home run.

Gomez and Thompson were the pitchers when the show arrived at Cincinnati, but Lefty, trying for his seventh World Series victory without defeat, had to give up after one inning, yielding to Hadley. Keller, whose power was supposed to be to left center, started things off in the first by hitting a two-run homer into the right-field bleachers, but Gomez, who had a sore rib, then allowed three straight singles and a run after two were out and retired for the day. In the third DiMaggio hit the ball over the center-field fence with Keller aboard, increasing the lead to 4 to 1, and in the fifth Keller socked another homer good for two runs into the same bleachers, then Dickey came up and did the same thing. That made the score 7 to 3, and that was the way it stayed.

Derringer tried it again in the fourth game, while McCarthy held back Ruffing, his ace, and gambled on Oral Hildebrand. The game was scoreless after six, with Steve Sundra replacing Hildebrand after the fourth when the latter complained of a sore arm. In the seventh both Keller and Dickey hit into the bleachers again for a 2 to 0 lead, but the Reds came back with three on an error, double, walk, and two singles. Then the Reds picked up another run in the eighth and went into the ninth with a two-run lead. They should have won the game in nine, but Frey threw high to Myers on a tailor-made double-play ball, and the Yankees ended up tying the score, 4 to 4.

Then began the tenth inning, a historic moment that would again

produce a World Series goat, Ernie Lombardi. And the truth of the matter is he was no goat at all.

What happened was this. Walters had relieved Derringer, and the inning started when Crosetti walked and Rolfe sacrificed. Myers fumbled Keller's chop, and there were two runners on. DiMaggio then singled to right, for all practical purposes winning the game. Crosetti walked home, and when Goodman booted the ball in right, Keller also tried to score. The play at the plate was close, and Keller unintentionally kicked Lombardi in the groin. The big catcher lay there badly hurt and dazed, and while he lay there, DiMaggio also raced around to score.

The sportswriters called it the Act of the Dying Swan and poked fun at Lombardi all winter for what they called his swoon. But by being kicked, Lombardi merely made certain that the final score was 7 to 4 instead of 6 to 4. What is so goatish about that?

There was another event of that day that went entirely unnoticed. Lou Gehrig, the nonplaying field captain of the Yankees, hobbled out to home plate before the game to deliver the lineups to the umpires. It was the last time he ever wore the Yankee suit, in Cincinnati, of all places.

Another year, another chance.

The Reds won again in 1940, and, strange to say, the Yankees did not, losing out to the Tigers in a three-way race that also involved Cleveland.

The Detroit team bore hardly any resemblance to the 1935 squad that had defeated the Cubs. Only Charlie Gehringer occupied the same position, second base. Hank Greenberg was on hand, but he had shifted from first base, somewhat reluctantly, to left field, but then he mastered that position like the champion he was. Tommy Bridges and Schoolboy Rowe were still available to pitch, but the leader of the staff was the much kicked around Bobo Newsom, and he had help from Johnny Gorsica and Dizzy Trout. Slugging Rudy York was at first, Dick Bartell at short, Pinky Higgins at third, Barney McCosky in center, Bruce Campbell in right, and Billy Sullivan and Birdie Tebbets divided the catching.

Cincinnati entered the series in poor condition. A weird series of events began in August when Bill Hershberger, the second-string

catcher, committed suicide in his Boston hotel room with the Reds well out in front of the National League pack. Then, when Ernie Lombardi damaged his ankle, the only available catcher was the inexperienced Bill Baker. The problem was solved, however, when Jimmy Wilson, the ex-Cardinal flash, forgot his coaching duties and, at forty, went on the active list. Derringer and Walters were still the best pitchers, but the corps had been strengthened by the addition of Jim Turner, Johnny Vander Meer, and a fine reliever, Joe Beggs. Frey, like Lombardi, was crippled on the eve of the series, and his place at second was taken by a rookie, Eddie Joost. McCormick was still at first, Myers at short, Werber at third, and Goodman in right. But there were two new outfielders in Mike McCormick, unrelated to Frank, in center, and Jimmy Ripple, the old Giant, in left. Ripple, who never seemed to do much in the spring, joined the team in summer and was a bear cat in the final drive.

The fans of Cincinnati, who had suffered for so long and with only the tainted world championship of 1919 to show for years of rooting, sat back to watch the first game as Derringer took the mound against Newsom. But any expectation of happiness they may have had lasted for exactly one scoreless inning. Del Baker, who had replaced Cochrane as manager of the Tigers in 1938, always coached at third base, and he was a master of stealing signs. Just as Combs had tipped off the Yankees to what Bill Lee would throw for the Cubs in 1938, Baker soon caught on to the messages signaled to Derringer. Whenever a curve was on its way, Baker would indicate the fact to the batter by calling to him by his first name. Five singles and a walk knocked Derringer out of the box in the second, the Tigers scored five times, and Newsom showboated to a 7 to 2 triumph.

Bobo's father watched that performance, but the strain was too much for him, and at six o'clock on the following morning he died of a heart attack in his room at the Netherland Plaza.

Behind Walters the next day the Reds rallied to defeat Rowe, 5 to 3, ending a string of ten consecutive World Series victories by the American League. A two-run homer by Ripple featured the action.

The Tigers then took two out of the three games at Detroit. Bridges defeated Turner, 7 to 4, Derringer squared the series, 5 to 2, over Trout, but then a saddened Newsom shut out Thompson and the Reds, 8 to 0.

The Tigers now needed only one more victory to continue the

American League dominance that had featured baseball since 1923. But, peculiarly enough, McKechnie was never more confident. Running into a newsman in a hotel lobby on the morning of the sixth game, he exuded good cheer and said, "We've got 'em now!"

"What do you mean, you've got 'em now?"

"You just watch and see," Bill replied.

His prophecy looked good that afternoon at least. Walters, in masterful form, not only blanked Rowe, 4 to 0, but contributed to his own cause with a home run over the fence in left.

So everything rode on the seventh game, the first time the series had gone the limit since 1934. Derringer and Newsom both had their best stuff, but the Tigers eked out a run in the third. Billy Sullivan, whose father had caught for the White Sox against the Cubs in 1906, started with a single, moved up on a sacrifice, and scored when Werber made a low throw to McCormick after fielding Gehringer's grounder.

The run held up until the last of the seventh, and then the series was decided. Frank McCormick smashed a double off the wall in left and scored when Ripple hit the bleacher screen in right. But the fans feared that McCormick, a slow base runner, would never cross the plate. He hesitated between bases because there was a chance Ripple's drive might be caught by Campbell. There was actually a play on him at the plate, but Bartell, who handled the relay and who had turned his back to the infield, could not hear the cries of his mates over the roar of the crowd. Wilson then sacrificed Ripple to third, and Myers scored him with a long fly to Goslin, Cincinnati winning, 2 to 1.

All hands agreed that the hero was Jimmy Wilson. Each night he had soaked his weary, aching, aging legs in Epsom-salt baths to be able to catch again. He batted .353, put the winning run of the concluding game in a position to score, and stole the only base that was swiped by either team. He was so happy about that that he took the canvas base and made it a permanent fixture in the rumpus room of his Florida home.

Relaxing with friends over a bottle of beer when the battle was finally over, he enthused, "Isn't life wonderful? Here am I, a millworker from the Kensington section of Philadelphia. But I sent my son to Mercersburg and Princeton, and I've enjoyed every minute of my life, and I owe it all to baseball."

Poor Jimmy! For life has a strange way of parceling out its favors. The son he spoke of was killed in World War II, lost in a plane crash somewhere over India. Jimmy was never the same man after that, and he died of a heart attack in 1947.

14. A New Deck of Cards

The influence of Branch Rickey, with his vast farm chain, was so great that it not only provided numerous, colorful, fighting teams for the Cardinals but yielded exciting performers for many other clubs. During his years at St. Louis, Rickey did not depend upon his salary alone for income; he received a percentage of the sales price whenever one of his prize agricultural exhibits changed hands. Unlike the nation during the depression, he provided overproduction without underconsumption. His empire also served as a training school for managers and executives. Today, after his death, it is still impossible to survey the major league scene without seeing his hand at work.

Consider the Brooklyn Dodgers, who won the 1941 pennant in the National League. Larry MacPhail, the flamboyant boss of the club's front office, started in baseball by running Rickey's American Association farm at Columbus, Ohio. Leo Durocher, the manager, had been a key figure in the Gashouse Gang. Pete Reiser, the center fielder and league batting champion at the age of twenty-one, had been a Cardinal chattel declared a free agent by Judge Landis. Joe Medwick, the left fielder; Mickey Owen, the regular catcher; and Curt Davis, a starting pitcher, had all known stardom at St. Louis.

The Dodgers that year presented a dramatic team, artfully put together by MacPhail. Dolf Camilli, the first baseman, came from the Phillies; Billy Herman, the second baseman, from the Cubs; Harry

"Cookie" Lavagetto, the third baseman, from the Pirates; and Fred "Dixie" Walker, the right fielder and one of the most popular of all the Dodgers, from the Tigers. Harold "Pee Wee" Reese, a brilliant young shortstop, had belonged to the Red Sox. Whitlow Wyatt, leader of the pitching staff, had belonged to three American League teams. And the other pitchers were equally familiar: Freddy Fitzsimmons, from his days with the Giants; Hugh Casey, a battling reliever once with the Cubs; Kirby Higbe, who arrived at Ebbets Field after a deal with the Phillies; Johnny Allen, picked up from the Browns; and Larry French, another ex-Cub.

The Yankees, regaining the heights in 1941 after a lapse of only one season, entered the World Series with a record of winning nine straight series games, the last in 1937, four each in 1938 and 1939; Joe McCarthy, tied with Connie Mack at five, was seeking an unprecedented sixth world championship as a manager.

There were the usual changes in personnel since the last championship. The burgeoning farm system run by George Weiss had delivered Phil Rizzuto, a flashy young shortstop to spell the aging but still retained Crosetti; Johnny Sturm, another in a long series of players who tried to replace Gehrig at first; and four strong young pitchers, Tiny Bonham, Marius Russo, Spud Chandler, and Atley Donald.

Tommy Henrich was always in right now, with Charlie Keller shifting to left, a move which deposed George Selkirk to pinch-hit duty.

Anyone casually looking at the result in the record books might note that the Yankees took the Dodgers in five games and conclude that it was just another lopsided Yankee victory. But nothing could be further from the truth. It was a series that produced breathless excitement, closely contested games, and was decided by a strange succession of breaks.

In the first game Ruffing, honored by pitching the opener for the fifth time, shaded Davis, 3 to 2, for his sixth world series victory, tying the total of such games won by Bender, Hoyt, and Gomez. The turning point of the game was a missed bunt sign by Jimmy Wasdell, a Dodger pinch hitter who was a spare outfielder and first baseman. Wasdell was sent up to bat for Casey, who had relieved Davis, with Reese on second, Lew Riggs, who had singled for Owen, on first, and none out, with Brooklyn trailing, 3 to 2.

Wasdell's orders from the bench were to hit the first good ball, but after the count went to one and one, Chuck Dressen, coaching at third, flashed the bunt sign, and Jimmy missed it. Instead, he swung hard and missed, putting himself in the hole. On the next pitch he then hoisted a high foul near the Yankee dugout; Rolfe went over and made a nice catch. Reese took a desperate chance and raced for third after the grab, but Red threw to Crosetti in time to nab him.

The National League famine of ten straight losses ended in the second game when Wyatt edged Chandler, 3 to 2. Again the Yankees enjoyed an early margin, scoring single runs in the second and third. But Chandler, who retired the first dozen men to face him, wilted somewhat in the fifth after taking a bad spill on the bases. A walk to Camilli, a Medwick double, another walk, and a force-out tied the score, 2 to 2, and in the sixth the Dodgers won when Gordon's erring peg put Walker on first. Herman sent him to third with a hit-and-run single, and, after Murphy replaced Chandler, Camilli singled him in.

There had been five World Series connected by subway before this one, but all had involved the Giants. Now for the first time New York fans had to take the subway to Brooklyn and join the noisy rabble at Ebbets Field. And what they saw there in the third game was enough to break anyone's heart. Freddy Fitzsimmons, one of the unluckiest World Series pitchers of all time, was now forty, still fat and still trying. He had the heart of a lion, and for seven innings he struggled against Russo in a scoreless game.

With two out in the seventh, Russo smashed a liner that struck Fitzsimmons in the left knee, badly chipping the bone. The ball, which had never touched the ground, bounced high in the air, and Reese was able to catch it for the third out. Then they carried old Fitz off the field, as his wife and daughter, Helen, sat crying quietly in their seats.

Casey took over in the eighth, and the Yankees, like skilled engineers, immediately went to work. Rolfe, Henrich, DiMaggio, and Keller singled in succession for two runs. The Dodgers tried to come back but settled for one on Walker's double and Reese's single. Final score: New York, 2; Brooklyn, 1.

For the Flatbush Faithful it was agony, but even worse followed in the fourth game. It was the game of Mickey Owen's missed third strike, a prank of fate that, to the unknowing, put the catcher's name

alongside those of Fred Merkle, Fred Snodgrass, Heinie Zimmerman, and Ernie Lombardi.

The Dodgers entered the ninth inning, leading, 4 to 3. Casey, who always seemed to be involved in things of this sort, quickly retired the first two batters, and the count on Henrich went to three and two. Then the pitcher threw what may have been a spitter or may have been a curve. The pitch was low, Henrich swung and missed, and the game should have been over. But Owen failed to hold the ball, and Henrich raced to first. Then, systematically as ever, the Yankees did their job. DiMaggio singled, Keller doubled, Dickey walked, Gordon doubled, and the Yankees won, 7 to 4.

In the clubhouse afterward, Owen willingly took the blame.

"Sure, it was my fault," he said. "The ball was a low curve that broke down. It hit the edge of my glove and glanced off, but I should have got Tommy out, anyway."

By this time people had begun to talk about "Yankee luck." But luck, as Branch Rickey used to say, "is the residue of design." Other teams, presented with opportunities such as those offered by the shattering of the Fitzsimmons knee and the missed third strike by Owen, might never have followed by batting the ball with such vigor. If luck is the ability to take advantage of opportunity, then the Yankees were guilty of it.

The Owen episode really took the heart out of the Dodgers at last, although in the fifth and final game Wyatt pitched with spirit until Bonham finally beat him, 3 to 1. The issue was really decided in the second when Keller walked, Dickey singled, Wyatt let loose a wild pitch, and Gordon singled.

But the Dodgers had not been disgraced; the games were well played and fiercely fought.

2

The entry of America into World War II changed the face of baseball, but the metamorphosis was at first so gradual it could hardly be noticed. The Yankees, repeating again in 1942, did so with the loss of only two regulars to the military. Johnny Sturm, enlisting in the Army Air Force, missed the entire season and would never return to the majors. His place was taken by Buddy Hassett. Tommy Henrich, a month before the season closed, entered the Coast Guard,

and the Yankees, in anticipation of that, swung a deal for Roy Cullenbine of the Senators.

The Cardinals, bouncing back to the top of the National League under Billy Southworth's fine leadership, were untouched in a year that saw the maturing of Branch Rickey's finest farm crop yet.

It had been eight years since the Cardinals had defeated Detroit, and not a single player from that squad still wore the St. Louis uniform. But how the new names sparkled! There was a battery of brothers, Morton and Walker Cooper, to excite fans everywhere, and such other fine pitchers as Ernie White, Johnny Beazley, and Max Lanier. The outfield was a spectacular trio that showed Stan Musial in left, Terry Moore in center, and Enos Slaughter in right. The infield featured Johnny Hopp at first, Jimmy Brown at second, Marty Marion at short, and Whitey Kurowski at third. The team was so good that when the Dodgers, bent on victory again, won 104 games, St. Louis simply won 106.

But if the personnel was largely undisturbed by the war, the World Series was conducted in a military atmosphere. Judge Landis decreed that the USO, an organization devoted to providing recreational facilities for servicemen, be given a generous share of the receipts. Mel Ott, who managed the Giants for the first time, was bumped off his plane at Dayton, Ohio, en route to the World Series, and then could not even secure train transportation to St. Louis. And the traditional march to the flagpole for the playing of the national anthem was led by two squads of Marines.

But it appeared to be business as usual when Ruffing and Dickey formed the Yankee battery in the first game. Ten years ago the same pair had opened things against the Cubs. And it appeared to be business as usual when Ruffing gained the lead and did not even allow the Cardinals a hit until Moore singled with two out in the eighth. The Yankees, meanwhile, disposed of Mort Cooper and led, 7 to 0, when the Cardinals came up for the last time in the ninth.

Then, to the surprise of all, Southworth's team broke loose and scored four runs before Musial, batting for the second time in the inning, grounded out with the potential tying tallies on base. The Yankees won, 7 to 4, but there was something prophetic about that last-ditch Cardinal flurry, and the feeling spread that perhaps the Yankees were not invincible after all.

The second game began with Beazley, who had won twenty-one games as a rookie, facing Bonham. Six years before, when he had been a high-school boy in Nashville, he had promised a group of his fellow students that if he ever appeared in a World Series, they would be there as his guests. The promise had been kept, and there they were in the grandstand at Sportsman's Park, where Beazley had not lost a game since May 24.

Nor did Beazley lose now. He went the distance and took care of Bonham, 4 to 3. A double by Walker Cooper scored two runs in the first, and a triple by Kurowski added another in the seventh. But in the eighth the Yankees rallied to tie the score, the last two counting on a long home run by Keller. However, the Cardinals came right back and won in their half when Slaughter doubled and scored on a single by Musial.

Then Ernie White, a southpaw whose arm had troubled him at times that season, shut the Yankees out, 2 to 0, over Chandler. Kurowski walked and eventually scored on an infield out for the first run; Slaughter batted in Brown with the second in the ninth. For the first time since anyone could remember the Yankees were now complaining about decisions by the umpires. It was an unusual role for the club which for years had gone about its work with businesslike hauteur.

In 1922 the Yankees had lost four times to the Giants, with only an intervening tie. Now, twenty years later, after an opening victory, they lost four straight to the Cardinals. That was as many games as they had lost in five previous World Series.

The fourth contest was a wild one, with Lanier winning out over Donald, 9 to 6, both working in relief. Six runs in the fourth spelled the Yankee doom. Then Beazley came back to beat Ruffing, 4 to 2, and end the play. It was Ruffing's last World Series appearance and only his second defeat to go with seven victories, more than any pitcher before him had ever won. But as the players dressed to scatter and go home, there were few promises about baseball in the coming spring. The air was full of talk about the war; baseball would retire, in all appropriateness, to the rear.

A month after the 1942 World Series, the baseball public was surprised to read that Branch Rickey had left the Cardinals to succeed Larry MacPhail, who had become a lieutenant colonel in the Army, as head of the Brooklyn Dodgers. But the team that Rickey had left

in St. Louis was still good enough to win in 1943, even with the loss of key players to the armed forces. Terry Moore, Enos Slaughter, Jimmy Brown, Johnny Beazley, and Ernie White all departed for service. To replace them, Southworth shifted Musial from left to fill Slaughter's place in right, with Danny Litwhiler, acquired from the Phillies, going to left. Harry Walker, Dixie's younger brother who had been around since 1940, took over Moore's old place in center. Ray Sanders played first, though Hopp was still available, and Lou Klein, up from the farm chain, took over for Brown at second. To replace Beazley and White were Harry Brecheen and Alpha Brazle, both left-handers.

Selective service also riddled the ranks of the Yanks. Although Red Rolfe, persistently bothered by colitis, had become a college coach, Joe DiMaggio, Red Ruffing, Phil Rizzuto, Buddy Hassett, and George Selkirk had all joined the armed forces. That the team was able to win again was partially explained by the shrewdness of Joe McCarthy, but there were cynics who thought it was also partially due to the general decline in baseball skill necessitated by the war.

Surely a prewar Yankee team would not have shown Johnny Lindell, a reformed pitcher, in center in place of DiMaggio; or Cossetti back at his old shortstop post instead of Rizzuto; or Tuck Stainback in right, where Henrich once romped. In addition, Nick Etten was now at first, Billy Johnson at third, and Spud Chandler headed the pitching staff that included Russo, Bonham, and Hank Borowy, with Johnny Murphy still around to finish what the others started.

If the 1942 World Series had been a surprise, the one in 1943 provided a surprise in reverse. Both went five games. But this time the Yankees won, much to the consternation of the National League people, who felt that a confident Cardinal club, that new deck of Cards which had dealt such misery to a good New York team, would easily take an inferior Yankee band. But baseball history is fat with such surprises.

It was the tenth world championship for the Yankees in fourteen tries, and the seventh and last for McCarthy, who would yield the reins before the team could win another for Bucky Harris. But it was perhaps his least satisfactory, for it came at a time when the minds of all Americans were devoted to events in Europe and Asia. That the game proceeded at all was not the result of lobbying but because President Franklin D. Roosevelt, in responding to a written inquiry

by Judge Landis as to how baseball could best serve the nation in wartime, replied that in his judgment the game should go on with under-age and overage players, as well as those unfit for service, to provide recreation for war workers.

So Chandler faced Lanier as the series started and defeated him, 4 to 2. Lanier contributed to his own defeat. He dropped a toss from Klein that led to one Yankee run and emitted a wild pitch that caused another.

It is probable that followers of the Cardinals felt that history might repeat and that the Redbirds, after losing the opener, would again take four in a row. But on the morning of the second game Mort Cooper, much like Bobo Newsom in 1940, received word that his father had died during the night. Again like Newsom, he decided that his father would prefer that he stay with his team, so he pitched against Bonham and won out, 4 to 3. Home runs by Marion and Sanders, not necessarily known for hits of that distance, were features of the attack.

So now the rosy St. Louis dream was revived. But Yankee bats soon demolished it in a rude awakening. Borowy defeated Brazle, 6 to 2, Russo got by Brecheen, in relief of Lanier, 2 to 1, and Chandler whitewashed Mort Cooper, 2 to 0.

Every series has a turning point, and in that one it probably came in the eighth inning of the third game. An early single by Litwhiler gave Brazle a 2 to 0 edge, and he still held a 2 to 1 advantage until the horrible eighth. Lindell banged a single to center and advanced to second when Walker bobbled the ball. Snuffy Stirnweiss was sent up for Borowy with orders to bunt, and he did so neatly. Sanders picked up the ball, thought he had a chance to head off Lindell at third, and made the heave to Kurowski. But Lindell crashed into the third baseman with such force that he dropped the ball. Crosetti was purposely passed, and with the bases loaded, Billy Johnson tripled.

Billy Southworth was usually gracious in defeat, but that was a game that riled him. When the parade of writers arrived in the Cardinal clubhouse, Southworth snapped, "All right, boys. Ask your questions, and then get out of here."

The *coup d'état* was delivered by Dickey to provide Chandler with his margin of victory in the finale, a two-run homer in the sixth that hit the roof in right.

After the game Dickey was standing in front of the Chase Hotel

when Joe Gantenbein, an infielder with the Philadelphia Athletics in 1939 and 1940, approached him.

"Hey, Bill," he said. "Do you remember me?"

Dickey looked him over carefully and replied, "I'm sorry, I can't remember your name. But I know we used to pitch you high and outside."

Red Smith, the syndicated columnist, heard about the incident, thought it was a hilarious example of how catchers think, and used it. Other writers immediately picked it up without credit, and soon it appeared in publications all over the planet and was being read in *Yank* and *Stars and Stripes* by American boys in places like New Caledonia. For now it was in places like New Caledonia that millions of baseball fans were.

Dickey himself was in uniform—and not in a baseball uniform—before the 1944 season rolled around, and so were Billy Johnson, Marius Russo, and Spud Chandler. For the Yankees to win without them, after earlier, more serious losses, was impossible, and the team slid to third. The surprise winners of the American League flag, for the first time in their history, were the St. Louis Browns, inspired for that one year by their manager, Luke Sewell. The Browns had been on the scene without winning since 1902, and they would never win again before departing for Baltimore in 1954.

It was a strange team that Sewell had put together. The only regulars who had not appeared for some other major league club were Vern Stephens, the shortstop; Myron Hayworth, the catcher; and three pitchers, Jack Kramer, Bob Muncief, and Sig Jakucki. George McQuinn played first; Don Gutteridge was at second; Mark Christman at third; Chet Laabs in left; Mike Kreevich in center; and Gene Moore in right. Denny Galehouse, Nels Potter, and Al Hollingsworth filled out the pitching staff.

The Cardinals, their fine team virtually intact, won their third pennant in a row, the first team to do so since since McGraw's Giants had taken four. Only Brazle and Klein were lost to the military, but the farm system produced Emil Verban to fill in for Klein, and two pitchers, Blix Donnelly and Ted Wilks, more than made up for the departure of Brazle.

So began the streetcar series (St. Louis lacked a subway), and in the first game Mort Cooper, in opposition to Galehouse, allowed the

Browns only two hits. The trouble was that one of them, a home run by McQuinn in the fourth with Moore aboard, was enough for Galehouse to win, 2 to 1. The Cardinals did not score until the ninth when Ken O'Dea, pinch-hitting, batted a long fly that plated Marion. By a strange coincidence, McQuinn's belt landed in almost exactly the same spot as the drive by Dickey in the final game of the 1943 set.

The Cardinals bounced back to win the second game, 3 to 2, in eleven innings, thanks to sensational relief pitching by Donnelly, who went to the aid of Lanier in the eighth and struck out seven in the four innings that remained, while Muncrief lost in the relief of Potter. Again O'Dea was used as a pinch batsman, and his single scored Sanders.

But the Browns again went ahead when Kramer had the best of Wilks, 6 to 2. It was the high point of Brown fortune in club history and was not without some accompanying curiosities. For the third straight day Gene Moore made the first hit of the game, and every run scored by the Browns in the first three contests came after two were out.

But that was the end of the line. Brecheen squared matters in the fourth game, beating Jakucki, 5 to 1; Mort Cooper shut out the Browns in the fifth, 2 to 0; and Lanier, with the help of Wilks, shaded Potter, 3 to 1, in the sixth and concluding game.

It was pitching that made the difference, and the surprise was Donnelly, a discovery of Rickey's, who used an explosive curve to fan nine in six innings of work. Mort Cooper also had his strikeout ball in good working order. He ended the fifth game with a flourish in the ninth, facing three pinch hitters—Milt Byrnes, Chet Laabs, and Mike Chartak—and struck out all.

15. Slaughter's Mad Dash

There are certain questions that baseball fans delight in asking again and again, although the correct answers have often been printed. Who played third base for the Cubs when Tinker, Evers, and Chance formed the rest of the infield? (Harry Steinfeldt.) Has a fair ball ever been knocked completely out of Yankee Stadium? (No.) Did any of the sixty home runs hit by Babe Ruth in 1927 bounce into the stands? (No.)

So here is another. When the Chicago Cubs met the Detroit Tigers in the World Series of 1945, who were the opposing shortstops?

Roy Hughes played the position for the Cubs; James "Skeeter" Webb for the Tigers.

They were both established major league players, but not shortstops to be recalled along with the Wagners and Bancrofts, and somehow their names seem to symbolize the manpower drain that baseball suffered during the closing days of World War II.

Detroit won the pennant that year under Steve O'Neill when Hank Greenberg, who had returned in midseason from the Army Air Force, hit a grand-slam home run. Chicago won under Charlie Grimm, enjoying his second of three terms as leader of the team, largely because of a peculiar midseason transaction in which the team obtained the services of pitcher Hank Borowy from the Yankees. Borowy had won ten games for the Yanks that year and added eleven more as a Cub, earning the rare distinction of being a twenty-game

winner while pitching in both majors. How the Cubs were able to acquire him when all American League teams had to waive claim to his services has never been satisfactorily explained.

After the nation's victories in Europe and Japan, there was a sprinkling of returnees to baseball from the service, but the leagues were still largely stocked with 4F's and players over the military age.

With Greenberg back and stationed in left field, Detroit presented an experienced club including such well-known players as Rudy York at first base, Doc Cramer in center, Roy Cullenbine in right, and such highly regarded pitchers as Hal Newhouser, Dizzy Trout, Virgil Trucks (back from the Navy only a week when the World Series began), Stubby Overmire, and Tommy Bridges. The ranks were filled by catcher Paul Richards, second baseman Eddie Mayo, and third baseman Jimmy Outlaw.

Grimm could call on some memorable players also. Phil Cavarretta was at first, Stan Hack at third, Andy Pafko in center, and Bill Nicholson in right. The pitching staff, aside from Borowy, included such well-known names as Claude Passeau, Hank Wyse, Paul Derringer, Ray Prim, and Hy Vandenberg. Mickey Livingston caught, and Don Johnson was at second.

Judge Landis had died since the last World Series, so the games were played for the first time under the aegis of Commissioner Albert B. "Happy" Chandler, United States Senator from Kentucky. He decreed that the wartime restrictions on travel would be adhered to, so the first three contests were scheduled for Detroit, with the series to be finished, however long it took, in Chicago.

Some cynics referred to it as the World's Worst Series, and when Warren Brown, a Chicago sports editor, was asked what team he thought would win, he quipped, "I don't think either team is capable of winning."

But it was really not that bad. Borowy pitched a fine, 9 to 0 shut-out in the opener, the Cubs batting out Newhouser, who had won twenty-five games that season, with four runs in the first and three more in the third. It was the most lopsided opening game in World Series annals, the closest thing to it having been Cicotte's 9 to 1 loss in the peculiar event of 1919. Hank thus became the second pitcher to win World Series games for each league, Jack Coombs having preceded him with victories for the Athletics and Dodgers.

Then Detroit bounced back, riding to victory appropriately on

the bat of Greenberg, who hit a three-run homer off Wyse in the fifth to give Trucks the victory, 4 to 1. It was Virgil's first complete game since one he had pitched for the Navy in August.

Chicago again took the lead in the third game when the veteran Passeau, previously humiliated by the American League when he lost the 1941 All-Star game on a ninth-inning home run by Ted Williams, gained a measure of revenge by holding the Tigers to a single hit, a clean but harmless single to left by York with two out in the second, and won, 3 to 0. It was only the second one-hitter in World Series history, Ed Reulbach having pitched the first for the Cubs in 1906.

So Chicago went home with two victories out of three and was favored to carry on and win. But Trout beat Prim, 4 to 1, and Newhouser, pounded so brutally his first time out, defeated Borowy, 8 to 4, in a contest featured by an amusing but macabre coincidence. When Grimm walked slowly out to remove Borowy from the box in the sixth, the voice on the Wrigley Field public address system suddenly boomed, "Will Coroner Al Brodie call his office at once!"

The Cubs, however, were not through and tied the series by taking the sixth game, 8 to 7, in twelve innings. Each side used nineteen men, and the contest produced some of the best and some of the worst plays of the series. Passeau and Trucks faced each other at the start, and the former, confident after his one-hit outing, apparently was breezing to victory. But in the seventh he knocked down a drive by Outlaw, smashing his finger in the process, and thereafter was unable to grip the ball. He left with a 5 to 3 lead, and when the Cubs scored twice more in their half, they appeared to have the game in hand. But Wyse, who succeeded Passeau, could not do the job, and the Tigers rallied for four to square things. Then Borowy and Trout pitched beautifully until the twelfth, when the issue was decided.

Frank Secory, a pinch hitter who had singled, was on first with two outs when Hack lined the ball to left. Greenberg raced in to catch it on the bounce, but the ball hopped over his head and rolled to the fence as Bill Schuster, running for Secory, crossed the plate with the winning run. The troika of official scorers gave Hack a single and Greenberg, who had not even touched the ball, an error. It was such an outrageous decision that when Greenberg and Steve O'Neill bitterly assailed the scorers, they met again that evening

and properly gave Hack his double and removed Greenberg's "error."

Grimm, up against it for pitchers, went with Borowy, who had started the first and fifth games and pitched four innings of the sixth, in the seventh one. O'Neill was in a better position and called on Newhouser, who had had two days of rest. Everything was settled in the first when the Tigers scored five times and roared to a 9 to 3 romp. Derringer rushed to the aid of the tired Borowy in the big explosion, and though celebrated throughout his career for needle-point control, he walked Outlaw with the bases loaded and permitted Paul Richards to slash a base-clearing double. Everything that happened after that was anticlimactic.

The Cubs, most unfortunate of all contenders in the big games, had now dropped seven World Series in a row, starting in 1910.

Baseball returned to normal in 1946, with the end of World War II. The Cardinals, their roster bulging with talent, managed to win the National League pennant after beating the Brooklyn Dodgers in the first play-off in major league history, whipping that team twice in a row. There was irony here, for both of those fine clubs were built by Branch Rickey. During the war, when unimaginative rivals stood pat, Rickey was furiously signing players for Brooklyn, exploring new sources of talent.

But the team that Rickey left at St. Louis was still capable enough to win. There was such a strong outfield available, with Harry Walker in left, Terry Moore in center, and Enos Slaughter in right, that Stan Musial was shifted to first base by Eddie Dyer, an old Rickey pitcher who had become manager after Billy Southworth had decided the pastures were greener with the Boston Braves. Red Schoendienst was a new sensation at second, and the left side of the old infield was still the same stone wall of Marion at short and Kurowski at third.

Harry Brecheen, Murry Dickson, Howie Pollet, George Munger, and Alpha Brazle were the most reliable of the pitchers, and their catcher was young Joe Garagiola, a St. Louis boy who was a joy to watch. Now that he is a national figure in broadcasting and telecasting, Joe likes to spoof his former ability as a player, but all that is pleasant sham. He was a good one.

American League rosters were also fat in the first days of the post-

war world; the Boston Red Sox, reeking with skill, won by a wide margin under Joe Cronin, who had finally retired as a shortstop but who had led the team for a dozen years.

The Red Sox star of stars was Ted Williams, who had batted .406 in 1941 and who had now returned from the war, in which he served valiantly as a flier for the Marines. Ready to murder pitchers again, he was considered by many the greatest hitter of all time. Williams played in left, with Dom DiMaggio, Joe's brilliant young brother, in center, and Tom McBride and Wally Moses platooning in right, with the former appearing against left-handers.

Rudy York played at first, Bobby Doerr at second, Johnny Pesky at short, and Pinky Higgins at third, forming a fine infield. If the team had a weakness, it was in the battery. Hal Wagner did most of the catching, and the regular pitchers were Tex Hughson, Boo Ferriss, Joe Dobson, Mickey Harris, Earl Johnson, and Jim Bagby, Jr., son of the Cleveland pitcher.

The flashy Cardinals, already recognized as a reliable World Series bet, had won five of eight previous series, but the Red Sox had never lost one, having won five, in 1903, 1912, 1915, 1916, and 1918.

Strange to say, however, the Cardinals had only once been able to win the first game of a World Series, and now they dropped the first one again, 3 to 2, when a booming homer from the bat of York defeated Pollet, the graceful southpaw, in the tenth. Hughson pitched eight innings, but the victory went to Earl Johnson, who finished.

Then Brecheen, who had lost in relief to the Yankees in 1943 but who had won his only start against the Browns in 1944, shut the Red Sox out, 3 to 0, on four hits and kept Williams from hitting the ball out of the infield in four tries. Mickey Harris drew the loss.

When the clubs moved to Boston for the third contest, the white-washing was reversed, with Ferriss blanking Dickson and St. Louis, 4 to 0, on six hits. Williams, who had been taking more called strikes than usual, managed to beat out a bunt, but the batting star again was York, whose first-inning home run was good for three runs.

The fourth game was a horror for the Boston fans when the Cardinals batted out Hughson in the third and laughed all the way to the ninth behind Munger, winning, 12 to 3. Slaughter had a home run, double, and two singles, and Kurowski two doubles and a pair of singles. Garagiola weighed in with three singles and a double. The

Cardinals connected for twenty hits, one more than they had made in the first three games.

Joe Dobson then made his only start a winning one, 6 to 3, forcing the series back to St. Louis, where the Cardinals faced the necessity of winning both games. Dobson allowed only one hit from the second through the ninth, as the Red Sox blasted out Pollet in the first.

Brecheen evened things for the third time in the sixth game, 4 to 1, over Harris. Then came the sudden-death final with Dickson facing a well-rested Ferriss. The teams exchanged single runs in the early going, but in the fifth the Cardinals disposed of Ferriss when Harry Walker singled, Dickson unexpectedly doubled, and Schoendienst singled for a 3 to 1 lead. The score stood that way entering the eighth, when once more the Red Sox battled back. Two pinch hitters, Glen Russell and George Metkovich, came cold off the bench to start the trouble, the former singling and taking third on the latter's double. Brecheen then came in, got two quick outs, then yielded a double to Dom DiMaggio that tied the score. Williams, a disappointment all through the series, then popped up to end the inning.

So the Cardinals came up in the home eighth needing a run to win the series. Dobson had retired for a pinch hitter, and now it was Bob Klinger, a former Pirate, who faced the Redbirds. Slaughter started with a single, and Dyer, properly going by the book, ordered Kurowski to sacrifice. But Whitey's attempt went high enough in the air for Klinger to catch it. Del Rice, subbing for Garagiola, then hit a short fly to Williams, and Klinger appeared to be working his way out of trouble. But one play then decided the game and series. Harry Walker drilled a safe one to left center, and Pesky ran out from short to handle the relay. No one expected Slaughter to try to score, and when Pesky hesitated slightly, Enos just kept running and beat the throw to the plate. Brecheen, suffering from fever and a cold, then pitched out of trouble in the ninth to win, 4 to 3, his third victory of the series, a feat never before accomplished by a left-hander.

Ted Williams, who had batted .200 in the games, stared at the floor of the Boston clubhouse for a full half-hour, then cried all during his shower. He gave his loser's share of \$2,140, lowest since 1918, to the Red Sox bat boy, Johnny Orlando.

By 1947 the team that Branch Rickey built at Brooklyn was able to defeat the one he had left at St. Louis by a margin of five games. But what a hectic campaign for the Dodgers! It was the year that Jackie Robinson made his major league debut, and Leo Durocher sat out the season by order of Commissioner Chandler after a series of unpleasant incidents culminating in a spring feud with Larry MacPhail, who now headed the Yankees. Burt Shotton, who had been with Rickey in one capacity or another since both were joined on the Browns in 1914, filled in for Durocher, and the Yankees were managed by Bucky Harris, McCarthy having quit in 1946.

The only 1941 champions remaining with the Dodgers were Pee Wee Reese, Dixie Walker, and Hugh Casey as regulars, although Pete Reiser and Cookie Lavagetto were still available. But the starting pitchers were all newcomers—Joe Hatten, Hal Gregg, Rex Barney, Ralph Branca, and Vic Lombardi. Bruce Edwards was the catcher, Robinson mastered a position strange for him at first, Eddie Stanky was at second, and Spider Jorgensen at third. Gene Herman-ski was in left, Carl Furillo in center, and Al Gionfriddo also saw service.

Few holdovers remained either on the Yankee squad that had last won in 1943; only Bill Johnson, who played third, Johnny Lindell, shifted from center to left, and Spud Chandler, closing out his career as a pitcher. But Joe DiMaggio was back from service to play center, as were Tommy Henrich, who went back to right, and Phil Rizzuto, who was at short. Newcomers included Yogi Berra, a catcher, George McQuinn, who played first, and Snuffy Stirnweiss, a regular at second. Gordon had been traded to the Indians for Allie Reynolds, who headed the pitching staff that included Frank Shea, Bill Bevens, Vic Raschi, and a fine reliever, Joe Page. Berra also caught, sharing the work with Aaron Robinson and Sherm Lollar.

The series went the limit, seven games, and produced every imaginable thrill before the Yankees won. Included on the menu was some of the best and some of the worst baseball ever seen.

For the first time in World Series history a crowd of more than 70,000 was in attendance when the action began at Yankee Stadium, the actual count being 73,365. MacPhail, always a plunger, replaced

the usual brass band with Guy Lombardo and his orchestra and borrowed Helen Jepson, Metropolitan Opera soprano, to sing the national anthem.

Frank Shea and Ralph Branca, both comparatively inexperienced, were the starting pitchers, and for four innings it was a battle, but Branca blew up in the fifth, and when the Yankees scored five times, they ran out the contest, 5 to 3. Shea had his difficulties, but Page finished up and held the Dodgers on a leash.

Shotton tried his little southpaw Lombardi in the second game, and he was less effective than Branca, while Reynolds, in his first World Series start for the Yankees, had an easy time of it, 10 to 3.

But when the scene shifted to Ebbets Field, Brooklyn began to make a fight of it and turned what appeared to be a rout into a real battle. Old Bobo Newson, secured that year from Washington, started for the Yankees, but the Dodgers pulverized him in the second in a six-run bombardment. DiMaggio and Berra connected for homers as the Yankees tried to fight back, but the Dodgers picked up some more runs also and hung on to win, 9 to 8, with the victory going to Casey, the third and final pitcher used.

Up to this point the series had presented ragged baseball, but then came the fourth game, and there are many who feel it was the greatest game played in any World Series. Certainly it was the most dramatic, a cardiac contest that stretched credulity.

The Dodgers started Harry Taylor, a rookie right-hander, and he pitched to only four men. Stirnweiss and Henrich singled, and the bases were loaded when Reese fumbled Berra's roller. DiMaggio then walked to force in a run, and Gregg went to Taylor's aid. He induced McQuinn to pop up and got out of the inning when he forced Johnson to bang into a doubleplay. A double by Lindell scored another Yankee run in the fourth, and they led, 2 to 0.

Bevens, meanwhile, had a problem with his control, but his Yankee mates saw him safely through one jam after another until the fifth when Brooklyn scored once on a pair of walks, sacrifice, and an infield out. Bevens continued walking batters, but it suddenly dawned on the Brooklyn rooters that he had not allowed a single hit.

The Yankees led, 2 to 1, as Brooklyn came up for the final time. Bevens had walked eight men and still had pitched hitless ball. What followed became a baseball legend, and the names of the players involved now provide the answers to quiz questions.

A moan went up when Edwards flied deep to Lindell in left. Furillo then drew the ninth walk and a clapping of hands started in the grandstand. But Jorgensen fouled to McQuinn, and the clapping stopped. At this point Shotton, suddenly seized with inspiration, sent Gionfriddo out to run for Furillo. The little outfielder, who represented the tying run, then promptly stole second. A crippled Reiser went up to hit for Casey, and Bucky Harris, ignoring percentage and the book, ordered him passed, the tenth walk, and the winning run was on base. Eddie Miksis went out to run for Reiser, and Lavagetto went up to bat for Stanky. Bevins studied him, pitched, and Cookie slashed the ball hard to right. It bounded off the wall for a double, the only hit off Bevins, as Gionfriddo and Miksis scurried around with the runs that won for Brooklyn, 3 to 2.

Out in Oakland, California, the wife of Cookie Lavagetto had been dozing with the radio on. Her son, Harry, Jr., had been born less than three weeks before. She awoke to hear the announcement that her husband was the batter, and when he won the game with his hit, she had a good cry. Then the phone rang. It was Cookie, of course.

"Did ya hear what happened, honey?" he asked. "Mr. Shotton told me to talk as long as I wanted; he said the phone bill would be on the club."

But the Yankees drew ahead again when Shea came back and won, 2 to 1, over a wild Rex Barney, who walked nine and made a wild pitch in less than five innings. But although Barney kept filling up the bases, he had the knack of getting the third out before damage was done until the fifth, when a DiMaggio home run gave the Yankees their second tally and the game.

The sixth game, back at the stadium, was another wild one which Brooklyn managed to win, Branca over Page and both in relief. But the contest was notable for a reason that had nothing to do with the score. Little Al Gionfriddo in the sixth inning made a catch that many feel was the greatest in World Series history. In earlier series there were three memorable outfield catches: Bill Cunningham, of the Giants, made one in center off Ruth in 1921 at the Polo Grounds; Sam Rice achieved another in 1925; and DiMaggio made still another off Hank Leiber, of the Giants, in 1936.

Gionfriddo was in left, a replacement for Hermanski, when the Yankees came up in the sixth, trailing, 8 to 5. There were two runners on when DiMaggio hit a tremendous fly to left that appeared to

be a home run that would tie the score. But let Gionfriddo explain what happened:

When Joe hit the ball, I started running for the fence. As I got close, I took a look over my right shoulder. And I saw the ball coming down 'way over on the other side of me. So I twisted around and stuck out my gloved hand—I'm left-handed, you know—and I got the ball in it. Then I banged into the fence.

As so often happens, the seventh game was an anticlimax, a 5 to 2 triumph for the Yankees in an undistinguished game. Shea and Gregg were the starting pitchers, and both had to be removed early. The latter drew the loss, and victory went to Page, who worked for the fourth time and held the Dodgers scoreless for the final five rounds. There were no particular batting heroes, but Henrich hit safely in all seven games for the Yankees, and Bobby Brown, now a Dallas surgeon but then a pinchhitter, batted four times for his fellow Yankees and connected for two doubles, a single, and a walk.

When the Cleveland Indians defeated the Boston Braves in the six-game 1948 World Series, it meant that in four years eight different teams had participated in the games, the first time this had ever happened. In the postwar adjustment of baseball no empire had yet been built, although two were in the works—the Yankees and the Dodgers.

Cleveland's rise was a triumph of ownership. The imaginative Bill Veeck, taking over the franchise, finished sixth in 1946, fourth in 1947, and then won the flag. He was a dazzling promoter who made it possible for fans to enjoy themselves at games, and at Cleveland he kept the big park on Lake Erie filled night after night, smashing all previous attendance records to smithereens.

Veeck's chief drawing card at Cleveland was Bob Feller, a right-hander who struck out batters at a faster clip than anyone since Walter Johnson. Lou Boudreau, his manager, was still a great short-stop, and he drove his forces to a pennant not decided until after a one-game play-off with the Red Sox. It was a veteran team that showed Eddie Robinson at first, Joe Gordon at second, Ken Keltner at third, Dale Mitchell in left, Larry Doby in center, and Walt Judnich in right. Jim Hegan was a steady catcher who daily did the re-

ceiving for Bob Lemon, Gene Bearden, and Steve Gromek, in addition to Feller. Bearden, a southpaw rookie and Navy veteran, had won the play-off game with Boston.

The Braves, under Billy Southworth, offered two superb pitchers in Warren Spahn and Johnny Sain. The motto of the club was: Spahn, Sain, then pray for rain, as Southworth tried to use the left-handed Spahn and right-handed Sain as often as possible. They were backed up by Bill Voiselle, Nels Potter, Vern Bickford, and Red Barrett. Phil Masi and Bill Salkeld divided the catching, and the infield, counterclockwise, included Earl Torgeson, Eddie Stanky, Alvin Dark, and Bob Elliott. Marv Rickert was in left, Mike McCormick in center, and Tommy Holmes in right.

Feller lost a heartbreaker in the opener, 1 to 0, to Sain, although allowing only two hits. Sain permitted four. The only run scored in the eighth when Holmes singled to score Masi, a pinch runner for Salkeld, who had walked. Cleveland, operating an intricate pick-off play, thought Masi had been trapped off second prior to the winning hit by Holmes. But umpire Bill Stewart ruled Masi safe, and Boudreau's protestations were to no avail.

The Tribe then came back to win three games in a row, Lemon beating Spahn, 4 to 1, Bearden shutting out Bickford, 2 to 0, and Gromek just getting by Sain, 2 to 1.

The fifth game, a Sunday affair at Cleveland, produced the greatest World Series crowd ever seen, 86,288. And it was a disappointed throng that watched the only bad pitching of the series, with Boston winning, 11 to 5. Potter started for the Braves and was batted out in the fourth, with the win going to Spahn, his successor. Feller, who began for the Indians, allowed three runs in the first but hung on until the seventh when the Braves scored six times to settle things. Bob Elliott hit two home runs for Boston, and just about the only fun the great crowd had was to see Satchel Paige, the venerable Negro pitcher signed by Veeck, retire the side finally in the seventh.

Cleveland, however, wrapped it up the next day at Boston, 4 to 3. Lemon and Voiselle were the starters and were tied, 1 to 1, until the sixth when Joe Gordon smashed a home run, giving the Indians a lead they never lost. When Lemon ran into trouble in the eighth, Bearden went in and saved the day after a close squeak.

When the Indians returned to Cleveland, a mob of 200,000 lined

Euclid Avenue for miles, and every one of the thirty convertibles in which the players and their families rode was strewn with roses and confetti. Bob Feller had waited a dozen years for his World Series chance, and this should have been his day. But all the fans wanted a peek at Gene Bearden.

16. Five Flags for Casey

There are many Casey Stengels. There was Casey, the left-handed dental student from Kansas City. There was Casey, the outfielder with the Dodgers, Pirates, Phillies, Giants, and Braves. There was Casey, the manager in the majors and the minors. Finally, there was Casey, the celebrity. When Stengel managed the Dodgers and Braves, he was just another unsuccessful leader of a team, anonymous enough to ride unmolested on streetcars from the ball park to his hotel whenever his club was on the road. He was known to the public as something of a clown, and he was droll. But there were a few persons who knew him well and respected him as a knowledgeable manager.

Casey, the celebrity, was born when he became manager of the Yankees in 1949. He came along at the same time that television became a national mania, and the impact of that medium was in itself enough to make him celebrated. MacPhail had left the Yankees after the 1947 victory, and it was George Weiss who picked Stengel for the top managing job in baseball after another year.

In his first five years at New York Casey merely won five pennants and World Series, a feat without parallel. None of the great managers before him—McGraw, Mack, Hanlon, Chance, Jennings, Huggins, or McCarthy—had ever done that. He disposed of the Dodgers in five games in 1949, the Phillies in four in 1950, the Giants in six in 1951, and the Dodgers again in seven in 1952 and six in 1953.

He had great teams in those years, of course; but the best team does not always win the pennant, and the better team does not always win the World Series. The test of a manager comes when he tries to keep a successful team charged up; that Casey was able to do it for five straight years is almost unbelievable.

Not one of those five teams won 100 games. And the flags were not easy. His margin over the second-place club was only one game in 1949, three in 1950, five in 1951, two in 1952, and eight and one-half in 1953.

It was almost the same team that won those five pennants. In 1949 the Yankees reached the top despite a horrendous list of injuries that hobbled the club all season long. But when the time came to face the Dodgers, Stengel was ready.

His fine pitching staff included Allie Reynolds, Vic Raschi, Ed Lopat, Joe Page, and Tommy Byrne. Yogi Berra caught them. Tommy Henrich that year was moved from the outfield to first base, with Jerry Coleman at second, Phil Rizzuto at short, and Bobby Brown at third. Joe DiMaggio still played gloriously in center, but at the other outfield spots Casey went in for platooning, with Gene Woodling and Johnny Lindell alternating in left, Cliff Mapes and Hank Bauer in right.

The Dodger club was much better than the team that had faced the Yankees in 1947. Robinson, with Stanky traded away, settled down at second, and the first baseman was Gil Hodges, who had come up as a catcher. The other side of the infield remained the same, with Reese at short and Jorgensen at third. But perhaps the greatest improvement was behind the bat, where young Roy Campanella had developed into perhaps the best National League catcher since Gabby Hartnett.

Duke Snider, in center, bolstered the outfield greatly. Carl Furillo played right and Luis Olmo left, but Gene Hermanski was often seen at either position. The pitching was vastly improved by Don Newcombe, Preacher Roe, Jack Banta and Carl Erskine to go along with the familiar Branca and Hatten. Shotton once again handled the team after the surprising shift of Durocher to the Giants in midseason, 1948.

The series began brilliantly with an exchange of 1 to 0 games. The first one matched Newcombe and Reynolds and was not decided until the last of the ninth when Henrich, first up, hit a drive into the right-

field stand. Newcombe, who would never enjoy good fortune against the Yankees, was a disconsolate figure as he trudged off the field. For Henrich, known as the Old Reliable of the Yankees, it was only poetic justice. A similar blow from his bat had won the opening game of the 1949 season; another had won the game that clinched the pennant. Reynolds gave the Dodgers only two hits, a single by Reese and a double by Jorgensen; the Yankees had only five off Newcombe.

On the following day the situation was reversed when Roe let the Bombers down with six safeties and no runs. The only Dodger score off Raschi came in the second when a single by Hodges scored Robinson, who had doubled.

The action then shifted to Ebbets Field, but if the home park was an advantage, it did not show. The Yankees ripped off three quick victories, 4 to 3, 6 to 4, and, with cruel emphasis, 10 to 6.

The first of that trio of games was thrilling as the shutouts that had preceded it. After eight innings the score was 1 to 1, although Page had replaced Byrne in the fourth. Then the Yankees drove Branca out with two gone in the ninth, a pinch hit by Johnny Mize with the bases loaded settling the issue. Home runs by Olmo and Campanella in the last half kept Dodger hopes alive until Page fanned Edwards for the last out.

Newcombe tried to come back in the fourth game but was knocked out during a three-run rally in the fourth. The Yankees then scored three more in the fifth off Hatten, and when Lopat ran into trouble in the sixth, scoring four times, Reynolds rushed in and killed Dodger hopes with his fastball.

Raschi earned the final victory over Barney, although Page again had to finish. DiMaggio, his system full of 600,000 units of penicillin to suppress a virus, contributed a home run to the Yankee attack, hardly a sign of weakness.

The Phillies, who had not won a flag since 1915, were a team of destiny in 1950. Playing inspired ball under Eddie Sawyer, a manager who, like Joe McCarthy, had never made the majors as a player, the Whiz Kids, as they were called, beat out Brooklyn on the season's final day when Dick Sisler, their left fielder, slugged a three-run homer in the tenth.

It was a young team of fresh faces, but no match for the Yankees in a dull series. The scores were close, but the Yankees were in a

slump, making only eleven runs in the four games. But that was enough to win all four.

Robin Roberts was the best of the starting pitchers that Sawyer could call on, but the team got a tremendous lift from Jim Konstanty, a bullpen specialist who worked in seventy-four games without starting one. Ken Heintzelman, Monk Meyer, and Bob Miller also saw frequent service. Andy Seminick caught them, and the infield was made up of Eddie Waitkus at first, Mike Goliat at second, Granny Hamner at short, and Willie Jones at third. Richie Ashburn was a wide-ranging ball hawk in center, flanked by Sisler and Del Ennis, the right fielder who was a distance hitter.

For the Yankees the most exciting newcomer was Whitey Ford, a rookie southpaw whose presence on the staff with Reynolds, Raschi, and Lopat assured the team of a well-pitched game almost every day. Henrich's career had come to an end, and Stengel used a boy named Joe Collins at first and in the outfield, although he selected Mize to play the base against the Phils.

With Roberts dead-tired from the pennant race, Sawyer gambled in the first game and started Konstanty. Although not ranking with Connie Mack's completely unexpected unveiling of Howard Ehmke in 1929, it did provide a surprise. Konstanty pitched beautifully, too, allowing only four hits in eight innings, but as they had in the opening tussle the year before, the Yankees won, 1 to 0, as Raschi allowed the Phils only two hits. The only run came off Konstanty in the fourth when Bobby Brown doubled past third and scored after long flies by Bauer and Coleman.

Roberts felt strong enough to work the second game and did well also, going ten innings before bowing to Reynolds, 2 to 1. A home run in the tenth by DiMaggio into the upper deck in left accounted for the victory. Earlier in the game Joe had prevented possible Philadelphia runs by sparkling catches on drives by Ennis and Hamner.

The third game was also close, and the Yankees typically waited until there were two out in the ninth, then beat a tattoo of three singles by Woodling, Rizzuto, and Coleman to win, 3 to 2. Coleman had had a hand in every run, singling to drive in the first and scoring the second. Heintzelman and Lopat were the starters, but the victory went to Tom Ferrick and the defeat to Meyer. Hamner booted an easy grounder from the bat of Brown to enable the Yankees to tie in

the eighth, and as he walked to the clubhouse after the game, his head was bowed.

He felt a big arm around his shoulder and looked up to see Joe DiMaggio.

"Don't feel too bad, kid," DiMag told him. "You're too good a ballplayer to let it get you down."

Three games to the good, Casey let Ford, his twenty-one-year-old rookie, wrap it up, and Whitey pitched eight scoreless innings before needing the help of Reynolds to grab the game, 5 to 2. Sawyer had to start Bob Miller but rushed Konstanty in when the Yankees scored twice in the first. A home run by Berra and a triple by Brown nailed down the victory in the sixth.

That evening a Yankee scout explained how Stengel had sized up the Phillies:

A free-swinging club like the Phils, where every member, except Ashburn, grabs his bat at the end and starts cutting, is usually a low-ball-hitting team but can't hit the high ones too well. We had our pitchers throw high and keep going higher if they chased the high pitches. Sisler was an outstanding example. We pitched him chest-high. When he swung at that one, we went up a few inches. Finally we had him swinging at pitches around his neck.

Sisler made one hit in the four games, a single.

The World Series was designed to provide the climax of the season, but occasionally there have been years in which it was preceded by events far more dramatic. Such a year was 1951 when the Giants, thirteen and one-half games behind the Dodgers in mid-August, incredibly caught their rivals at the wire, then came from behind again to win a three-game play-off with one swipe of Bobby Thomson's bat.

This was the Miracle of Coogan's Bluff, a much more impressive feat than that performed by the Braves in 1914, who rose from last place on July 19 to win the flag. The 1914 clubs were so tightly bunched that on August 10 the Braves were second and only six and one-half behind. Durocher, throughout the pennant drive, was greatly subdued and sat in the dugout daily with crossed fingers, trying not to rock the boat. Red Smith called him the Little Shepherd.

The Giant drive for the pennant really began in May when Durocher called up Willie Mays, a sensational young outfielder, from Minneapolis. When he started to click after a slow start, the Giants not only had a Negro star to rival Robinson, Campanella, and Newcombe, but Durocher was able to shift Bobby Thomson, who had been playing center, to third base and have Whitey Lockman shift from the outfield to first. That made the team.

The Giants also had a neat double-play combination with Alvin Dark at short and Eddie Stanky at second, a stout catcher in Wes Westrum, and a pitching corps that included Larry Jansen, Dave Koslo, Jim Hearn, Sal Maglie, and Sheldon Jones. And in the World Series the fans in the parks and the viewers of television got their first look at an all-Negro outfield in the majors, with Mays flanked by Monte Irvin in left and Hank Thompson in right.

The Yankees were ready for them. Joe DiMaggio was about to retire, and the games against the Giants would mark his last appearance on the field. But to replace him was a young switch-hitter from Oklahoma, Mickey Mantle, a boy who could hit with power and run like the wind. He had the stamp of greatness, and everyone said that in time he would replace DiMaggio, just as fifteen years earlier DiMaggio had replaced Ruth. That the Yankees could maintain this constant flow of superior talent could be explained only by the shrewd judgment of George Weiss and his staff of scouts.

Mantle played in right that year, sharing the post with Bauer as he learned his trade, with Woodling on the other side of DiMag in left. Joe Collins was the regular first baseman, and a rookie, Gil McDougald, played both second and third, although Coleman and Brown were still on hand. Whitey Ford had entered the Army, and to replace him the Yankees picked up Johnny Sain from the Braves.

Durocher called on Koslo, his only left-handed starter, when the series opened at the stadium, and when he beat Reynolds, 5 to 1, the Giant fans thought the miracle of the season was continuing. Reynolds had pitched two no-hitters that year, but his control was off, as his record of seven walks showed, and the Giants tapped him for eight hits and all five runs in the six innings he worked. Monte Irvin came through with four hits, and his steal of home in the first inning, the first in World Series play since 1928, was the tip-off that the Giants would win, and they did, as Koslo carefully spaced seven hits.

Ford C. Frick, who had replaced Happy Chandler to become the game's third commissioner, threw out the first ball as his first official act in that office.

The Yankees turned the tables in the second game as Lopat beat Jansen, 3 to 1. The crafty southpaw allowed only five hits, but three of them were by the torrid Irvin. The longest blow for the Yankees was a home run in the second by Collins.

There was one disturbing event of the afternoon, and its importance as an omen was not recognized. Mickey Mantle's right knee crumpled when he caught his foot in the wooden cover of a drain-pipe outlet while chasing Thompson's fly in the sixth. Bauer replaced him, and the knee was put in splints and packed with ice. This was the first of a series of injuries that would plague Mantle throughout his long career, but his ability would be so great that he would soar, despite nearly constant pain, to heights that are reached by only a few.

The Giants had one miracle left. In the third game Jim Hearn defeated Raschi, 6 to 2. Willie Mays got his first World Series RBI in the second when his single scored Thomson, who had doubled, and in the fifth the Giants fired a five-run salvo that drove Raschi from the box. The inning was set up when Stanky, a sure out at second on a hit-and-run play that misfired, kicked the ball out of Rizzuto's hand, and before the round was over, Lockman hit a three-run homer.

But that was all. The miracle was dead. The Yankees, trailing by a game, inexorably applied the pressure they were so accustomed to applying and won three in a row by scores of 6 to 2, 13 to 1, and 4 to 3.

Reynolds, his control more polished, accounted for the first of the three triumphs by beating Maglie, with the Yankees taking the lead for keeps in the fifth on a two-run homer by DiMaggio, his eighth and last in World Series competition.

Lopat, pitching effortlessly after an early lead, won the second as the Yankees routed a tired Jansen in a game that featured home runs by McDougald and Rizzuto. Gil's clout came with the bases loaded.

The clincher was closer, but a bases-loaded triple by Bauer won the series in the sixth off Koslo, and when Sain, who had relieved Raschi, ran into trouble when the Giants scored twice in the ninth, Stengel summoned Bob Kuzava, a seldom employed southpaw,

from the shadows, and he forced Sal Yvars, a pinch hitter, to line to Bauer for the final out with the tying run on base. Hank almost lost track of the ball but slid along the ground to make the catch.

"I didn't know I had it," Bauer said, "until I looked in my glove."

2

Branch Rickey had departed from the Dodgers for the Pirates, but the team he left in Brooklyn was good enough to win for Walter O'Malley, the new boss, and his field manager, Chuck Dressen, in 1952.

Notable additions to the Dodger troupe were third baseman Billy Cox, left fielder Andy Pafko, and pitchers Joe Black and Billy Loes. Brooklyn waged a gallant fight and carried the series to the seventh game and might have won had not Hodges undergone the heart-break of going hitless over the entire distance.

Stengel's victory during the season had not been easy. Although he presented only one new regular, Billy Martin, at second base, he had to juggle the lineup frequently because of the loss of Jerry Coleman and Bobby Brown to the military and the usual run of injuries. Mantle shifted to DiMaggio's old spot in center gracefully, with Bauer replacing him in right, and immediately established himself as a superior performer.

Joe Black got the Dodgers off in front with a neat, 4 to 2 triumph over Reynolds in the opener, scoring all their runs on homers by Robinson, Snider, and Reese, the Duke's coming with one on. But then Raschi reversed the result against Erksine, 7 to 1, allowing only three hits, all of them, oddly enough, in the third inning, when Brooklyn scored its only run. Before the game, Erskine had climbed a ladder in the trainers' room to see if it was raining and fell off, bumping his knee, but it was the rain of Yankee bats that pounded him out in the five-run sixth.

Preacher Roe, with his left-handed spot control, revived Flatbush hopes in the third battle by outlasting Lopat, 5 to 3. Three singles by Reese featured the Dodger attack, and Berra and Mize delivered homers in the losing Yankee cause.

Then Reynolds shut out Black, 2 to 0, to even matters again. Mize played the entire game at first for the Yankees and crashed another home run to account for one of the needed runs. Reynolds struck

out ten, getting Jackie Robinson three times, and allowed only four hits.

The fifth contest was not decided until the eleventh inning when a double by Snider, his third hit of the game, scored Cox and handed the 6 to 5 defeat to Sain, who worked in relief of Ewell Blackwell. All the Yankee runs were scored in the fifth, but Erskine, who had fallen off no ladders that day, went all the way, despite a third home run in as many days by Mize. After that clout, Erskine retired nineteen batters in a row until Snider won it for him.

But once more the Yankees pulled even at Ebbets Field, where everything was supposed to have happened. This game was no exception because it presented the strange spectacle of a pitcher blinded by the sun while fielding a ground ball. Billy Loes had started against Raschi and held a 1 to 0 lead after six, but in the seventh Berra homered to tie it, Woodling shot a single to center, Loes balked, and then, with two out, Raschi slapped the ball back at the pitcher, and it struck him on the knee and rolled into center, as Woodling scored.

"I never saw the ball at all," Billy explained. "I lost it in the sun and threw my glove out, hoping to stop it, but then it hit me on the left knee."

The Yankees added a third run in the eighth when Mantle drove a home run to left center, and when Raschi showed signs of faltering, the untiring Reynolds came on again and put out the fire, preserving the 3 to 2 score.

Casey delayed his selection of a starting pitcher in the payoff seventh game until the last possible moment, then picked Lopat. "There were fifty-five reasons why I shouldn't have pitched him," he explained later, "but fifty-six why I should."

Apparently one of the fifty-five prevailed, for Eddie was removed for Reynolds when the Dodgers scored a single run in the fourth. Black started for Brooklyn, a selection that was no mystery, and departed in the sixth, yielding to Roe when the Yankees forged ahead, 3 to 2. It was another Mantle homer, followed by a Mize single, that kayoed Black. Reynolds for once was ineffective, and Raschi replaced him, but at the end it was Bob Kuzava who got the final Brooklyn out for the second year in a row, as the Yankees won, 4 to 2, the last run scoring when Mantle singled to send McDougald across.

There was no longer much talk about Yankee luck. Three times in the series they had come from behind to win.

Pie Traynor, the Hall of Fame third baseman, left the park raving over Mantle. "I never saw a player with so much power who could run so fast," he said. And Jackie Robinson added, "They don't miss DiMaggio."

In the Yankee clubhouse someone asked Casey how it felt to win a fourth straight world championship. He replied with his famous wink and said, "It's a short record. You gotta win eight or nine before they pay any attention."

He would not do that, but he would make it five.

The same teams faced each other in 1953, and again the Yankees won, this time in six games. It was the year of the golden jubilee for the World Series, and six survivors of the first one in this century played between Boston and Pittsburgh were guests of honor. Old Cy Young threw out the first ball at the opener, and with him in box seats were Bill Dinneen, Freddy Parent, Fred Clarke, Tommy Leach, and Otto Krueger.

The Yankees and Dodgers presented most of the same faces. Whitey Ford was back from the Army, and Stengel could count on another pitcher, Jim McDonald. Otherwise it was the same fine team.

On the Dodger side there was one important change. Jackie Robinson moved to left field to make room for Jim Gilliam, a fine recruit from the Montreal farm, at second base. Clem Labine, Jim Hughes and Johnny Podres, a young southpaw, swelled the pitching staff.

The games followed an odd pattern. Instead of the usual zig-zagging, the Yankees won the first two, the Dodgers the next two, and the Yankees the last two. Mantle provided his team with two victories by clouting homers.

Reynolds did not enjoy his usual picnic in the opener, and the 9 to 5 decision went to Sain, who relieved him in the sixth. But Erskine, who started for Brooklyn, fared even worse, batted out in a four-run first after a base-clearing triple by Martin. Brooklyn, however, kept pecking away and actually tied the score in the seventh, 5 to 5. But Collins homered off Labine in the Yankee half, and the Bombers went on to win.

The second game was a much better exhibition of baseball, with

Lopat defeating Roe, 4 to 2. The score was tied when the Yanks came up in the eighth, but a two-run homer by Mantle ended it.

Happily at home at Ebbets in the third battle, Carl Erskine made history for the Dodgers, eclipsing Ehmke's strikeout record by fanning fourteen as the Dodgers shaded Raschi, 3 to 2. Mantle and Collins each struck out four times, mostly on overhanded curves. Eleven of the strikeouts were registered against left-handed hitters.

An enterprising newsman in Philadelphia was imaginative enough to call Ehmke at his home in that city.

"Well," the old pitcher, then fifty-eight, said, "records are made to be broken. My wife has taken it a little to heart. She's not crying, understand, but just sort of downhearted."

The fourth game was easier for Booklyn, 7 to 3. Billy Loes got the win, and the loss was tagged on Ford, who pitched only the first, in which he was tagged for three quick runs. When Snider connected for a home run into Bedford Avenue in the sixth, he became the first National League player to have hit five of them in World Series competition.

The fifth struggle turned into a carnival of homers, the teams accounting for six of them before the Yankees walked off with the game, 11 to 7. Woodling, Mantle, Martin, and McDougald all connected for the Yankees, Cox and Gilliam for the Dodgers. Mantle's was by far the most impressive, a grand slam in the third. Podres, the young left-hander for the Dodgers, was the starter, and when Mantle faced him in the first, he batted right-handed. But in the third Meyer was substituted, Mantle swung left-handed, and blasted the ball out of sight.

Jim McDonald, Casey's surprise starter, was the winner. The year before, he had been the team's batting practice pitcher before each World Series game. But Casey gambled on him, and, blessed with that early lead, he lasted until the eighth, with Kuzava and Reynolds saving the day for him.

Then came the wrap-up, and the Yankees won it in typical fashion in the last of the ninth, 4 to 3, off Labine. Bauer walked, and when Berra lined to Furillo, it was the last Brooklyn out. Mantle scratched an infield hit, and Martin, who had twelve hits to show for his work in the games, slashed a single to center. Snider didn't even bother to make a throw. Erskine had started the game against Ford, but Reynolds picked up the victory in relief.

So there it was—five straight world championships. The Dodgers had been in seven World Series and had lost all seven.

“Wait ’til next year!” had been the annual cry in Brooklyn. But when indeed would “next year” ever come?

17. The Perfect One

In the twelve years that Casey Stengel managed the New York Yankees, his team won 100 or more games only once, in 1954, when the total of victories was 103. Through the oddest of ironies, Stengel did not win the pennant, for that was the year that Cleveland won 111, the greatest collection in American League history.

Bill Veeck, by this time, had left Cleveland, and the general manager was the old Tiger star Hank Greenberg. Al Lopez, a canny old catcher, had replaced Lou Boudreau as manager in 1951, and between them, Greenberg and Lopez put together a team that finally toppled the Yankees.

Only Jim Hegan, the catcher, Larry Doby, the center fielder, and Bob Lemon, bulwark of the pitching staff, remained as regulars from the 1948 club that had flattened the Braves. Vic Wertz was now at first base, Bobby Avila at second, Bo Strickland at short, Al Rosen at third, and Al Smith in left. Dave Philley and Wally Westlake platooned in right, the latter facing southpaws. But the greatest strength of the Indians was pitching. Early Wynn, so aptly named, and Mike Garcia joined Lemon as starters, and for relief, in the event that it was needed, were the extraordinarily successful Ray Narleski, a right-hander, and Don Mossi, a southpaw.

It was also a year of dethronement in the National League, with Leo Durocher's Giants finishing five lengths in front of Brooklyn. Except for pitching, the Giants maintained most of the flavor of their

1951 club. Westrum still caught, with Lockman at first, Dark at short, Irvin in left, and Mays in center. Hank Thompson had been moved from right to third, making room for Don Mueller, kept out of the 1951 series after injuring himself in the play-off with the Dodgers that year. But of the pitching staff, only Maglie remained. Johnny Antonelli and Don Liddle supplied the left-handed strength, and Ruben Gomez joined Maglie as a starting right-hander. But the Giants also had a secret weapon, an occasional outfielder who could pinch-hit, James "Dusty" Rhodes.

The Indians, their vast total of victories in league play behind them, entered the World Series heavily favored. Hardly anyone gave the Giants the slightest chance. The American League, victorious in seven consecutive World Series, was generally regarded as superior, and a club that could win so many games in that league as the Indians did were considered unbeatable.

But baseball, as several million people have observed with great originality, is a peculiar game. The gambling gentry, often shrewdly right, are sometimes fallible, too. A baseball sometimes *does* take funny bounces, and the pastime *is* a game of inches, an observation that does not require a knowledge of geometry.

But seldom has the form been more off-base than in the World Series of 1954, for the darlings of Durocher rose up and struck down the Indians four times in a row. They did so largely because of the totally unexpected performance of Dusty Rhodes, who dominated a World Series even more than had Pepper Martin for the Cardinals in 1931.

The first two games were played at the Polo Grounds, the last World Series battles ever staged at that historic park, although there was no way to know that at the time. In advance of the first game it was announced that 37 of 54 writers polled by the Associated Press favored Cleveland, and 110 of 154 solicited by the United Press chose the same team.

The first game was the best of the lot, carrying into the tenth before the Giants won, 5 to 2, beating Lemon in the process. Maglie started for New York and lasted until the eighth, when Liddle came on, but Marv Grissom then replaced Liddle and picked up the win. The game was won when Rhodes batted for Irvin with two mates aboard and dropped the cheapest possible home run into the lower right-field stand in a park notorious for such drives.

Willie Mays had earlier made possible the eventual victory by a catch off the bat of Vic Wertz so remarkable that writers and fans compared it with little Al Gionfriddo's magical catch off DiMaggio in 1947. The score was tied, 2 to 2, in the eighth, and Doby and Rosen were on base with none out when Wertz drove the ball with hurricane force to the deepest part of the park in center. It seemed as if there were no chance at all for the ball to be caught, but Mays turned, somehow caught up with the ball, and grabbed it just as it sailed by his left shoulder. He then crashed into the wall 460 feet from home plate.

Antonelli and Wynn faced each other in the second game, but before the action started, Moses Yellowhorse, an Indian who had been a pitcher for Pittsburgh and who is still affectionately recalled there because of his strange name, made Al Lopez an honorary member of the Pawnee tribe, an ethnic curiosity when you realize that the Cleveland manager was born at Tampa, Florida, of pure Castilian descent.

Wynn was coasting along with a 1 to 0 lead in the fifth, when, with one out, Mays walked and Hank Thompson propelled him to third with a stinging single. Durocher knew what to do then. Almost with extrasensory perception he called on Rhodes again to bat for Irvin, and this time Dusty scratched a Texas-league single to center that dropped in front of Doby, with Mays scoring and Thompson racing to third. When there was a play on Thompson, Rhodes went on to second. With two out, Westrum was passed, filling the bases, and Antonelli surprised by beating out a hit to Avila that put the Giants ahead, 2 to 1.

Durocher knew a good thing when he saw it, and this time he let Dusty remain in the game, taking over in left. So when Rhodes came up again in the seventh, he lashed into one of Wynn's pitches for another homer, this a decent one that carried over the roof in right. That made the score 3 to 1, and that is where it remained.

The luck of the Indians was still sour when the games moved on to Cleveland. Rosen was unable to assume his position at third because of an injury to his thigh, and Hank Majeski had to be substituted. The game began with Ruben Gomez facing Mike Garcia, and this time Durocher found it expedient to call on Dusty as early as the third inning. With the Giants leading, 1 to 0, and having the bases full, Rhodes batted for Irvin for the third time and promptly singled in

two runs on the first pitch. Again he remained in the game, and although there seems to be no explanation for it, he failed to connect in two subsequent trips to the plate. But the Giants ground out the win, 6 to 2, and in three games Dusty had made four hits in six trips, batting in seven runs and practically accounting for every victory.

But he was not even needed in the fourth game when the Giants took command, 7 to 0, and finally won, 7 to 4, with Liddle beating Lemon. Durocher might have used Rhodes in that game, but Leo's thinking is just a little bit ahead of that of the writers and fans. There was a spot for Dusty in the third when Irvin came up again with the bases loaded. Newhouser, a left-hander, was warming up for Cleveland, and Leo knew that if he sent up Rhodes, Lemon would have been taken out. When Newhouser finally was brought in two innings later, Irvin tapped him for a single that scored two runs.

Not one of the writers polled by the wire services before play began had picked the Giants in four. The reason for that was not hard to find; no National League team had swept the series since the Miracle Braves of 1914. But the Giants now had, because of the colossus of Rhodes.

It was a freakish series, but Dusty is somewhat of a freak himself. Most players cannot wait to tear into a strip sirloin, but Dusty didn't even enjoy eating, and he particularly despised steak.

Bob Hope, the celebrated comedian and a stockholder in the Cleveland club, was asked after the final game to comment on the outcome. It was one of the few times in his life he was unable to ad-lib an appropriate quip. The best he could do was, "I spent plane fare and everything to see this. I could have gotten a bad stomach by just staying in Los Angeles."

Things returned to normal in 1955 when Stengel regained the top with his Yankees and the Dodgers bounced back under Walter Alston, who had replaced Chuck Dressen as field boss in 1954. The sufferers at Ebbets Field looked with horror at the unavoidable confrontation with the Yankees, but the games had to be played, and that was that. In Flatbush it was like visiting the dentist, but as usual the people stood in line for tickets.

The Yankee team presented the same old names, but there were new ones, too, such as Elston Howard, who could catch and play the outfield, Bill Skowron, a first baseman, and such pitchers as Bob

Turley, Don Larsen, Tom Sturdivant, Johnny Kucks, and Bob Grim. Mantle, so prone to injury, broke into only three of the seven games because of a bad leg, his place in center going to Irv Noren, and when Bauer suffered a pulled leg muscle, Bob Cerv saw outfield action.

Alston's Dodgers were also a veteran team, but Jackie Robinson had been shifted to third base to become the first World Series performer to appear at four positions. There was also a new outfielder, Sandy Amoros, and two new infielders, Don Zimmer and Don Hoak, as well as a right-handed pitcher, Roger Craig.

It looked like the same old package when the Yankees won the first two, Ford staggering to a 6 to 5 victory over Newcombe in the opener and Byrne beating Loes, 4 to 2, in the second game, with Mantle not even making an appearance. Collins, not the most highly regarded clubber in the Yank attack, swatted two home runs off Newcombe, offsetting similar blows by Furillo and Snider. Howard, the first Negro ever to wear the famed Yankee pinstripes, also blasted a homer in the first game, the first World Series battle, of course, in which he appeared.

There were no home runs at all in the second game, but the Yankees scored all four runs in one inning, the fourth, and Byrne aided his own cause with a timely, sharp single that plated two. It was a remarkable comeback for Byrne, a once erratic southpaw who had been tried by three other American League clubs before returning to the Yankees. His victory was even more impressive because he faced a tough Brooklyn lineup of accomplished batters, eight of whom hit right-handed.

Up to this time no team had ever won a World Series in which seven games were scheduled after dropping the first two. So Dodger hopes were desolate when Podres and Turley faced each other in the third game. But the young southpaw, pitching on his twenty-third birthday, went the distance and won, 8 to 3. Mantle got back into action and connected for a long homer his first time up, but Podres was unperturbed and kept going as Campanella and Robinson sparked the Dodger attack, the former with three hits, including a home run and double, and the latter with two, one good for two bases.

Fired up by that victory, the Dodgers then unleashed another blistering attack in the fourth game, drawing even with the 8 to 5 triumph. Three resounding belts by Hodges and a three-run homer by Snider led the barrage, and Clem Labine, in relief, earned his third

victory over the Yankees. The starters, Carl Erskine and Don Larsen, hardly knew what hit them, and the Ebbets Field organist, Gladys Goodding, striving for tunes to fit each occasion, spent most of the afternoon playing "The Walls Came Tumbling Down."

Alston gambled in the fifth contest by starting Roger Craig, a boy who only a year before had been pitching for Newport News, Virginia, in the Piedmont League. Snider, who enjoyed a tremendous series, went to the young pitcher's assistance with a pair of home runs. Bob Grim, the Yankee starter, had pitched only three complete games during the regular season, and Snider's big bat made him a loser. Although the tireless Labine had to relieve Craig in the seventh, Brooklyn won, 5 to 3.

But the Yankees crawled even by winning the sixth one behind the stylish pitching of Whitey Ford, 5 to 1. Brooklyn started Karl Spooner, a young southpaw, but he was buried in the debris of a five-run assault in the first in which Skowron blasted a three-run homer. The Dodger rooters who traveled to the Bronx for the game could hardly believe their ears in the fourth, when it was announced that Don Zimmer was batting for Snider, but in the previous inning the Duke had stepped into a hole in the outfield, wrenching his knee.

When the seventh game began, all of Brooklyn was aware that the Dodgers had lost seven World Series in a row, and the Yankee fans were confident as ever when Byrne and Podres began to match pitches. Jackie Robinson was unable to play because of a pain in the Achilles tendon of his right heel, and a worried Alston moved Gilliam to left and sent Zimmer to second.

For three innings play was scoreless, but the Dodgers broke through in the fourth when Campanella doubled, moved to third on an infield out and scored on a single by Hodges. In the sixth they scored a second time when Hodges hit a long fly to center with the bases loaded, just after Grim had replaced Byrne.

The turning point then came in the Yankee sixth. George Shuba had batted for Zimmer, so Alston moved Gilliam to second and inserted Sandy Amoros in left. Martin walked to start the round, and when McDougald beat out a bunt, Dodger hopes began to sink. Now the Yankees had the tying runs aboard, and Yogi Berra, a terror in the games, with ten hits, came to bat. The defense shifted over to the right for the left-handed Berra, and Podres studied the batter and went to work. Berra, swinging late, looped a long fly down the left

field line. Amoros was swung so far over toward center he appeared unable to reach the ball, but he kept racing and finally caught it in his gloved right hand. McDougald, by this time, was on the far side of second base, Amoros whipped the ball to Reese, who relayed it to Hodges, and McDougald was doubled. Podres was out of trouble. From the Yankee point of view the play was full of irony, as Gilliam, a right-handed thrower, would probably not have been able to make the catch.

That was all Podres needed, and he spaced eight Yankee hits with precision in running out his victory, 2 to 0. For season after season the cry in Brooklyn had been "Wait 'till next year." And now, at last, in 1955 "next year" had arrived.

The Yankees, exhibiting the class of the champions they always are, were gracious in defeat. When asked for comment, they did not mention the injuries to Mantle or Bauer. "Podres showed us plenty," one of them said. "He was fast, cute with the change-ups and not afraid."

When the same clubs met again in 1956, fans around the country began to wonder if the plot would ever change. To the nation the October faces of Mantle and Berra and Ford, Snider, Robinson, and Campanella were becoming as familiar as the picture of George Washington in a schoolroom.

But if the teams did not change, at least in name, there were subtle shifts of personnel. George Weiss, who ran the Yankees, was never less than frank, and as he left the park on the day that Podres put the crush on the hopes of his team, he said, "We have to build. The series showed me some definite weaknesses. We need another starting pitcher, a shortstop, and a left fielder."

The shortstop turned out to be McDougald, shifted from third, with Andy Carey, who had been around since 1952, replacing him there. The starting pitcher was Johnny Kucks, already on the staff, who blossomed in his second season. The left fielder, to the surprise of everyone, was Enos Slaughter, the old war-horse of the Cardinals. Slaughter was forty years old, but Weiss played the years one at a time, and when he saw a chance to pick up the old St. Louis hero from the Athletics, now resident in Kansas City, he grabbed him for the short haul.

Alston saw no need for similar changes on the Dodgers, although

he did pull one surprise in adding Sal Maglie, the old enemy from the Giants, to his pitching crew. He also called more frequently on two young hurlers, Don Bessent and Ed Roebuck.

Sal Maglie, ominous, unshaved, and with the guts of a burglar, opened the series at Ebbets Field before a crowd that included President Eisenhower. Picked up from Cleveland, Sal had won thirteen for the Dodgers while losing only five, and his poise and experience made him a natural choice. Predictably, the Yankees opposed him with Ford, and once again the danger of using left-handers against the Dodgers at cozy Ebbets was demonstrated. After Mantle hit a two-run homer in the first, the Dodgers tied the score in the second when Robinson crashed a home run and Hodges singled and Furillo doubled. In the third, after Reese and Snider singled, Hodges clouted a home run, and Ford was finished. So were the Yankees as Maglie coasted thereafter to a 6 to 3 win.

The second game was postponed a day by rain, and the Dodger rooters considered it a good omen, for it gave Don Newcombe, who had won twenty-seven games in his greatest year, an extra day to rest up for the Yankees. But it made no difference. Big Newk, a chronic disappointment against the Yanks, was blasted out in the second when Casey's boys roared to a 6 to 0 lead. A grand slam by Berra was the blow that finished him.

But the Dodgers, to the wonder of all, immediately tied the score in a furious barrage against Larsen. Curiously, however, not one of the runs was earned, as Joe Collins, who had not made an error at first base all year long, fumbled an easy roller by Amoros. With one run in and the bases filled, Kucks replaced Larsen and was greeted by a two-run single by Reese. Byrne came on to pitch to Snider, a percentage move, but the Duke slapped the ball over the wall in right, tying the score. Bessent then took over and pitched carefully the rest of the way, while the Dodgers kept scoring and won 13 to 8.

The day of rain, which had helped Newcombe not at all, was a blessing to Ford. Enabled to pitch the third game in the more spacious Yankee Stadium, he beat Craig, 5 to 3. The hero was Slaughter, who cracked a three-run homer in the sixth at a time when the Yankees were trailing, 2 to 1. Then the Yankees squared the series when Sturdivant, in his first start, had the edge, 6 to 2, on Erskine. Mantle scored two of the runs, one on a smash into the bleachers in right

center. It was his seventh in World Series competition, and Mickey thought it was the hardest he had hit.

There was no way for Don Larsen to know, when he got up on the morning of the fifth game, what the day would hold for him. Defeated by the Dodgers in 1955 and knocked out in the second in his first start, he now faced the task of meeting Maglie in the fifth game. Often erratic and a failure with the old St. Louis Browns, who once considered converting him into an outfielder, Larsen's future was problematical on a team where the players produce . . . or else.

But that, of course, was the day that Larsen committed the impossible, pitching a perfect game. No hits, no walks, no errors. No runners. Nothing!

Every Dodger who stepped to the plate was retired. He used ninety-seven pitches, and they resulted in one line drive to the infield, seven strikeouts, three infield flies, seven infield grounders, and nine outfield flies.

Maglie was not bad, either. He retired the first eleven Yankees before Mantle reached him for a home run in the fourth, and New York scored again in the sixth when Bauer's line single scored Carey. It was more than Larsen needed to win, 2 to 0.

The pressure in the ninth was tremendous. The crowd was hushed, the official scorers nervous, and the radio and TV announcers subdued but not out of words. Furillo, first up, hit four fouls before flying to Bauer. Campanella hit an easy grounder to Martin on the second pitch. Then Dale Mitchell came up to bat for Maglie, and some fans remembered that Tommy Bridges had once lost a no-hitter when Dave Harris, a pinch hitter, delivered with two out in the ninth. But Alston did the right thing, and Mitchell was trying his best. The first pitch was outside for a ball. Then a called strike and another strike swinging. More suspense was added when Dale fouled one off. But Larsen's fifth pitch ended it. Mitchell thought it was outside and laid off, but umpire Babe Pinelli raised his right arm and called the third strike. Mitchell was angry at the call and voiced his displeasure to Pinelli. But almost everyone else was pleased.

Larsen's great game obscured a fine performance by Clem Labine, who shut out the Yankees, 1 to 0, at Ebbets Field the next day, evening the series at three games each. The game went into the tenth before Labine was returned the winner against Turley when Jackie

Robinson lined a ball to left that Slaughter, battling the sun, misjudged. The ball soared over his head as Gilliam, who had walked and been sacrificed to second, crossed the plate.

Casey was undecided about his pitcher for the seventh game, but he finally gave the ball to Kucks, and he could hardly have made a happier selection. Alston chose Newcombe again, and it was soon all over. It was Newcombe's fifth series start and his fourth knockout. He had never come close to his first performance in 1949 when Henrich beat him, 1 to 0, with a homer.

Berra hit a two-run homer in the first and another in the third, and when Howard smashed still another in the fourth, it was all over for Newcombe. A grand slam by Skowron off Craig in the seventh made the final score 9 to 0, as Kucks let the Dodgers have only three futile singles.

Where was Podres, who had made the Dodgers champions the year before? In the Navy stationed at Norfolk, Virginia, and when he sought leave to watch the games, it was denied.

When it was all over, Stengel revealed that after Larsen's game, a newsman had asked him the silliest question of all time. Casey had been quietly undressing in his office when the man approached and timidly inquired, "Mr. Stengel, tell me, was that the best game Don Larsen ever pitched?" Stengel for once was speechless and merely glared at him in astonishment.

18. That Horrible Chinese Wall

For a half-century starting in 1903 baseball in the major leagues was totally static, with the same sixteen teams representing the same cities in the National and American leagues. But all this time the population of the nation was shifting, and large cities, particularly those on the Pacific Coast, which were big-league in every other respect, wanted to be part of the scene.

The first breakthrough came in 1953 when the Boston Braves moved to Milwaukee, where they were received with extraordinary enthusiasm reflected in record attendance. The following year the St. Louis Browns, after years of dreariness, moved to Baltimore. The year after that the Philadelphia Athletics took refuge in Kansas City. And the most radical change of all came in 1958 when the Brooklyn Dodgers packed up and left for Los Angeles and the New York Giants took root in San Francisco.

The Braves, who finished seventh their last year in Boston, immediately stepped up in class and became a first-division team, finally winning the pennant under Fred Haney in 1957. The frenzied Milwaukee fans, who had been screaming after every foul ball for five seasons, reacted with understandable excitement. It was electrifying, and the town went wild.

The only survivor of the Braves' last Boston pennant in 1948 was the gifted southpaw Warren Spahn. But the team had two super stars, Hank Aaron in center and Eddie Mathews at third, stout

catching provided by Del Crandall, and a good combination around second, where Red Schoendienst teamed up with the young short-stop, Johnny Logan. Haney platooned at two positions, using Joe Adcock and Frank Torre at first, and Andy Pafko and Bob Hazle in right. Wes Covington was in left, and the pitchers, aside from Spahn, were Lou Burdette, Bob Buhl, Ernie Johnson, and, in relief, Don McMahon.

Stengel in the series—the Yankees had won again, of course—did all sorts of juggling, and his greatest feat of legerdemain was to employ Tony Kubek at three positions: third base, center, and left. Since Tony was a Milwaukee boy who would not reach his twenty-first birthday until two days after the series was over, the Wisconsin fans had ambivalent emotions whenever he came to bat, but they ended up cheering him. Casey now called on Harry Simpson to share first base duty with Collins, Slaughter still played left when Kubek was not there, and there were a couple of new pitchers, Art Ditmar and Bobby Shantz.

It would be difficult to visualize two more distinguished left-handers than Whitey Ford and Warren Spahn, and when they clashed in the first game at Yankee Stadium, the fans settled back to look for a low-scoring game. They were not disappointed. Over the first four innings there were no runs on either side, but in the fifth Bauer splashed a double between Pafko and Aaron that chased Coleman across the plate. In the sixth singles by Howard and Carey around a walk to Berra ended Spahn. Ernie Johnson came in, and Coleman's bunt scored a second run. The Braves spoiled Ford's shutout in the seventh when Covington doubled and Schoendienst singled, but the Yankees won, 3 to 1.

After the game a sidewalk vendor selling "crying towels" so enraged Milwaukee fans that they grabbed him and threw his merchandise into the street.

The Braves came back the next day when Lou Burdette stopped Bobby Shantz, who proved to be not quite the southpaw that Ford had been. There was considerable interest in Burdette, who had been accused all season long of throwing the illegal spitball.

The pitcher always met these complaints with a smile.

"I'd love to use it if I knew how," he invariably said. "Burleigh Grimes told me five years ago not to monkey around with it, but to let them think that I threw it. That's what I do."

Whatever he threw, it was enough to stop the Yankees. With the score tied, 2 to 2, the Braves disposed of Bobby in the fourth, but rather luckily. Adcock and Pafko started with singles, then Covington tried twice to bunt without success, and next dropped a single into left center, and when Kubek failed to capture the throw from Slaughter for the relay, two runs were in. There was no further scoring.

As the games moved to Milwaukee, the fans were not only excited about seeing the Braves, they wanted a look at Kubek, the hometown boy who had made good in New York. And what a show he put on for them! Stationed in left, he hit a home run off Bob Buhl in the first inning and another in the seventh off Bob Trowbridge, and when Mantle also delivered a homer, the Yankees made a joke of the game, 12 to 3. Oddly enough, Larsen, the perfect pitcher, picked up the win in relief of Turley in the second. He retired the first seven Braves he faced, giving him a run of eleven and one-third innings of perfect pitching, but Logan ended the skein with a single to start the fifth.

The fourth game, which Spahn hung on to win, 7 to 5, in ten innings, will always be known as the shoeshine game. Spahn had a 4 to 1 lead going into the ninth and seemed to be a certain winner, but disaster struck when Elston Howard, stationed at first base by the master juggler, hit a home run on a three-and-two count with two runners on. As if that were not enough, Spahn dropped behind, 5 to 4, in the tenth when, again with two out, Kubek scratched an infield hit and Bauer exploded a triple that scored him. The fans were almost resigned to defeat when the Braves came up in the tenth, but they did not know about the "shoeshine" that was to come.

Vernal "Nippy" Jones was a substitute first baseman who had put in six years with the Cardinals and one with the Phillies. Now Haney sent him up to bat for Spahn in the tenth. A pitch by Byrne, the fourth hurler to occupy that spot in the game, struck him in the foot. Umpire Augie Donatelli, his vision obscured by Berra, called a ball. But two clubhouse boys for the Braves, Charley Blossfield and Paul Wick, had done such a good job of cleaning Nippy's shoes that the polish got on the baseball, an infallible sign that Nippy had been hit. He retrieved the ball, showed it to Berra and Donatelli, the latter reversed his decision, and Jones was on first. Felix Mantilla went in to run for him, Logan promptly followed with a double that tied the

score, and Mathews then hit the ball out of the park to win for the Braves, 7 to 5.

So far the Braves had never led in the series, but they did after the fifth game, in which Burdette, possibly spitting and possibly not, spaced seven Yankee hits so well that he beat Ford, 1 to 0. Whitey allowed only six safeties, but three of them came in a row in the sixth from the bats of Mathews, Aaron, and Adcock, and that was the ball game. Mantle did not play because of an injured right shoulder, and there was not an extra-base hit in the game.

There was a day off for traveling, and it was fortunate for the Braves because Warren Spahn came down with the flu and could not be used again. The break in the schedule thus made it possible for Burdette to pitch the seventh game after Turley beat Johnson, who relieved Buhl, 3 to 2, in the sixth contest. Berra, playing in his fifty-third World Series game, a record, touched Buhl for a two-run homer in the third. The Braves struck back with single runs in the fifth and seventh to tie, but in the last portion of the seventh the Yankees won when Bauer hit the foul pole in left for a homer.

Burdette had two days of rest and simply had to pitch the final game for Haney in opposition to Larsen, who proved to be imperfect, although, like Turley, he still worked without a windup, the baffling style that both had used for two years. Larsen worked two scoreless innings but ran into trouble in the third when Hazle singled to left and Kubek, confronted with a double-play situation, threw high to second. Mathews doubled to right to score two runs, and when Shantz came in, he was touched for singles by Aaron and Covington, and soon the Braves had a four-run lead. Crandall homered in the eighth, and Milwaukee won, 5 to 0.

Throughout the game the Yankees accused Burdette of throwing a spitter and stopped play to have the umpire examine the ball. The umpire was Bill McKinley, an American leaguer, but he could find nothing wrong.

One might say that the series belonged to Lou Burdette. No other pitcher from the National League had ever defeated the Yankees three times. But possibly those shoeshine boys should be mentioned also.

Before the first of the big games in 1958, Warren Spahn went over to Casey Stengel on the field. "Case," he said, "somebody quoted

me as saying you were a clown. I want you to know I didn't say that. I said that when I pitched for you at Boston in 1942, you did some clowning around."

"Thanks, Warren," Stengel said in reply. "I thought you must have been misquoted. You're a fine gentleman and one of the best pitchers I've ever seen."

Spahn then went out to warm up, for he was scheduled to hook up with Ford again. So here they were, the same teams with the same managers, meeting again to decide it all in 1958.

For the fourth straight year the series went the limit, but this time the Yankees had revenge.

The Braves offered the same team, except that Bill Bruton, the speedy center fielder who missed the 1957 action because of a knee injury, was back at his post, with Aaron moving to right, and Bob Rush, a right-handed pitcher, had been added to the staff.

Stengel did his usual job of tinkering. The only new men to see any degree of regular service were Jerry Lumpe, who could play anywhere in the infield, Norm Siebern, an outfielder, and Ryne Duren, a flame-throwing pitcher. The annual pickup from the National League, via Kansas City, was Murry Dickson.

After their little conversation about clowning, neither Spahn nor Stengel was in a humorous mood. Warren went ten innings to decision Duren, who had relieved Ford in the eighth, 4 to 3, and Casey sat on the Yankee bench in stony silence watching him do it. Duren entered the game in the eighth and began throwing with blinding speed, but the Braves caught up with him in the tenth when Aaron struck out in the gathering darkness, Adcock choked up on the bat and plunked a single to center, Crandall bounced another single over second, and Bruton stroked one into right. Skowron and Bauer accounted for the Yankee runs on homers.

Burdette started the second game, and the Braves made his task easy by scoring seven runs in the first inning, batting out Turley. It was the most productive first inning in World Series history, and Burdette ended the barrage with a three-run homer. Although Mantle hit two home runs and Bauer one, the Yankees could not catch up, and Burdette sailed through the nine innings to win, 13 to 5.

Stengel had had a hunch to pitch Larsen in that second game, but he felt he had to go with Turley, who had won twenty-one games that season. But when the teams moved to New York in the third

game, he sent Larsen out and was rewarded with a 4 to 0 triumph against Rush. As a protective measure, Duren fired the last two innings, as Larsen's elbow bothered him. Bauer batted in all four Yankee runs, two with a single and two with a homer.

When the Braves took a three games to one lead in the fourth game, a brilliant 3 to 0 shutout by Spahn over Ford, it did not appear that they could be headed. Spahn yielded only two hits, a single by Skowron and a triple by Mantle. There were no homers.

Norm Siebern, stationed in left, had a terrible time with the sun, losing a long fly by Schoendienst in the sixth that set up the first Milwaukee run. He felt terrible about it, and after the game, he said to the writers, "Rip me up, boys. Rip me up!" No one ripped him up, but one of his Yankee mates, knowing the date of Siebern's forthcoming marriage, tried to cheer him up by saying, "Norm, you won't know what trouble is until October twenty-fourth."

The situation did seem desperate for the Yankees, but Turley, in an astonishing reversal of form, whitewashed the Braves, 7 to 0, in the fifth battle, enabling the Yanks to take the measure of Burdette. McDougald provided an early lead with a bases-empty homer, then the Yankees finished Lew with a six-run volley in the sixth.

The sixth game was almost a duplicate of the first. Again it was Spahn and Ford, again it went ten innings, and again the score was 4 to 3. But this time it was the Yankees who won. McDougald cracked a homer to lead off the tenth, and three singles scored another. The Braves still fought back when Logan walked, took second unmolested, and scored on a single by Aaron. But Casey called Turley in to get the third out. Ford had been batted out in the second, after trying to pitch with only two days of rest, and the win went to Duren.

Burdette and Larsen pitched the grand finale. But as the Yankees grabbed an early 2 to 1 lead, Larsen made Casey nervous, and he replaced him with Turley in the third. The Braves caught up in the sixth when Crandall crashed a homer, and the eighth began with the teams deadlocked. Then Berra doubled, Howard broke the ice with a single to center, and before the inning was over, Skowron produced a three-run homer that gave New York the 6 to 2 lead that became the final score.

Berra, who contributed so much, was no orator, but he summed up the Yankee feelings with good sense. "I guess the National League

won't be so smart now. They had us down, three to one. Our comeback makes this my greatest series," Yogi said.

Any idea that the World Series had developed into a stereotype was destroyed in 1959 when the opponents turned out to be the Chicago White Sox and the Los Angeles Dodgers. The Yankees had slipped to third, and the Braves, as good as ever, lost out only after a play-off with the Dodgers, the third such sudden-death arrangement in National League history.

It was an almost unbelievable achievement for the Dodgers, who had finished seventh in their first try at Los Angeles in 1958. But when, still playing under Walt Alston, they went on to defeat the White Sox in six games, they had gained a world championship in two years at Los Angeles, a feat that it took them sixty-five years to accomplish in Brooklyn.

For the White Sox it was the first pennant since the best-forgotten set of games against the Reds in 1919. It was an amazing triumph for Bill Veeck in his first year of ownership, another reminder that although he is most often remembered for his stunts, his objective, wherever he operated, was to win. He won because of his hard work and good judgment of players, and because he had, in Al Lopez, one of the shrewdest field leaders in the business.

The Chicago team was an unusual combination of bulk and speed. Massive Sherm Lollar was behind the plate, and bulging Ted Kluszewski, the old slugger of the Reds, was a fortunate midseason pickup from the Pirates to play first. Little Nellie Fox, with his pest of a bat, was at second, the flashy Luis Aparicio at short, and Billy Goodman, once an American League batting champion for the Red Sox, at third. Jim Landis, a defensive marvel, played center, flanked by Al Smith in left and acrobatic Jim Rivera in right. The pitching corps was led by the distinguished Early Wynn and included Bob Shaw, Billy Pierce, Dick Donovan, Gerry Staley, and Turk Lown.

The Dodger roster provided a sad example of the cruelty of time. Roy Campanella, the victim of a tragic, winter auto accident, was crippled for life. Jackie Robinson and Pee Wee Reese were retired. Don Newcombe had gone to the Reds, Carl Erskine was finished, Sal Maglie no longer pitched, and Don Bessent was gone. Gil Hodges still played first, Duke Snider split the work in center with Don Demeter, and Carl Furillo was stationed in right, but they were all de-

clining. Still, Alston could call on a promising young shortstop, Maury Wills, a dependable catcher, John Roseboro, and an upcoming second baseman, Charlie Neal. Craig, Labine, and Podres could still pitch, along with Don Drysdale, Larry Sherry, and a wild bonus left-hander, Sandy Koufax.

Bill Veeck put on a typical show when the series opened at Chicago. For the writers at the La Salle Hotel he had lobster flown in from Maine, along with French champagne, and kept the dining room open until three in the morning. Strolling bands wandered through the grandstand, and ushers handed out 20,000 roses to the ladies. Special buses, accompanied by a police escort, got the VIP's from the La Salle to the park in seven minutes.

The White Sox were not known for their power, but in the first game they made things easy for Wynn by pulverizing the ball and winning, 11 to 0. Kluszewski, acting as though he were still in his prime, knocked two home runs and a single, batting in five, Smith had two doubles and Landis three singles, as the White Sox disposed of Craig in a seven-run third. When the Dodgers were hopelessly out of it, Alston threw in Koufax, who had been trying to master control for five years.

But Podres, aided by Larry Sherry, turned things around in the second game, beating Shaw, 4 to 3. Three homers accounted for the win. Charlie Neal hit one in the fifth, and Chuck Essegian, batting for Podres, hit another in the seventh to tie the score; then Gilliam walked, and Neal won the contest with his second home run. Sherry then preserved the lead.

When Walter O'Malley moved his Dodgers to Los Angeles, he immediately made plans for the "dream park" that would become Dodger Stadium. But meanwhile he had to operate at the Memorial Coliseum, converting it from a football field. As a baseball park it was grotesque, with a horror of a Chinese wall in left only 251 feet away from home plate, although there was a screen 42 feet high. Pitchers hated to work in the park, conscious always of the presence of the monstrosity in left field, but it affected batters also, as hitting over the screen became a mental obsession. But Wally Moon, the new Dodger left fielder, who had never hit home runs in quantity as a member of the Cardinals, found playing conditions to his liking and tormented opponents by his ability to hit the ball into or over the screen.

The coliseum also had no roof, and in the heat of California the fans simply sweltered in their seats. But its capacity for attendance was tremendous. The Dodgers and White Sox met there on successive afternoons before crowds of 92,394, 92,650, and 92,706, making it the richest World Series up to that time. Each winning Dodger received \$11,231; each losing Chicagoean collected \$7,275. There have been richer pots to be split since then because of an increase in ticket prices, but the attendance of 420,784 has never been surpassed.

On the first of those sunbaked afternoons Don Drysdale beat Donovan, 3 to 1, but again Sherry had to be called in to put out the fire in the eighth, and he struck out three in getting the six final outs. Donovan allowed only one hit over the first six innings, but Los Angeles touched him up in the seventh when Neal lashed a single against the hideous screen; then Norm Larker, who had replaced Moon in left, and Hodges walked, filling the bases. Lopez strolled out and signaled for Staley, and Alston countered by sending Furillo up to bat for Demeter. Carl's bouncer to short took a bad hop to elude Aparicio, and two runs crossed the plate.

As if the screen and the heat were not enough, the fourth game was played in the eye-stinging smog for which Los Angeles is noted. The Dodgers scored four off Wynn for Craig in the third, but the White Sox bounced back with the same number of runs off Craig for Pierce, who was then pitching, in the seventh, three scoring on a home run by Lollar. Once again Sherry rushed in, and this time he became the winning pitcher when Hodges tagged Staley for a home run in the eighth that won, 5 to 4.

The fifth game was the best of the lot, Chicago winning, 1 to 0. Shaw was the winner, though Pierce and Donovan finished for him. Alston gambled and started Koufax, who had looked so good in the first game. Sandy walked only one man and struck out six in the seven innings he worked but lost in the fourth when the only run of the game came home on a double play. Fox singled to right and took third when Landis followed suit. Lollar hit the ball hard to Neal, who chose the double play instead of throwing home to head off Fox, and that was it.

Podres started the final game at Chicago, and the Dodgers gave him a lead of eight runs, but when he allowed three himself in the fourth, Sherry once more rushed in and blanked the Sox the rest of the way,

Los Angeles winning, 9 to 3. For the first time in history the championship of baseball went west of St. Louis. The game was featured by a second pinch-hit home run by Essegian, and the loss went to Wynn.

Sherry, tossed up from nowhere to celebrity status, worked in four of the games and in twelve and two-thirds innings allowed one run. Asked how he felt about being a hero, he gave a reply that would have pleased Calvin Coolidge: "I'm tired," he said.

19. The Yankees Reach the End

Casey Stengel managed the Yankees for the last time in 1960, and he won his tenth pennant in a dozen seasons; but an eighth world championship eluded him when the Pittsburgh Pirates won what surely must be the most bizarre World Series of them all.

Consider that in three of the games the Yankees won by scores of 16 to 3, 10 to 0, and 12 to 0. Consider that they outscored the Pirates, 55 to 27, and outhit them, 91 to 60. And then consider that Pittsburgh won the series.

The Pirates were managed by Danny Murtaugh, an old second baseman, and they rose from fourth place to reach the top that year with a club that featured Harvey Haddix, left-handed author of a game in which he pitched twelve perfect innings only to lose in the thirteenth, and Bob Clemente, a future four-time league batting champion, who played right. Other sources of strength were Bill Mazeroski, an extremely accomplished second baseman, and his shortstop pal, Dick Groat; Vern Law, the most reliable of the pitchers; Don Hoak, a battling third baseman; and Bill Virdon, a skilled center fielder. Dick Stuart and Rocky Nelson, neither of whom was noted for defensive class, divided first-base duty; Smoky Burgess, a chunky, torrid hitter, and Hal Smith, split the catching; Gino Cimoli usually played left; and among the other pitchers were Roy Face, a marvel in relief, Clem Labine, Bob Friend, Vinegar Bend Mizell, and Fred Green. Not one Pittsburgh pitcher finished a game he started

against the Yankees, and Murtaugh averaged four of them per game.

Casey's last team offered a new right fielder, Roger Maris, obtained from Kansas City, and the usual new pitchers, Ralph Terry, Jim Coates, and Bill Stafford. The other positions were set except left field, and there in the World Series Stengel, at various times and almost by whim, called on Hector Lopez, Bob Cerv, Kubek, and even Berra.

From the very start it was a strange series. Stengel pulled a surprise by starting Art Ditmar against Law and had to replace him with Coates in the first inning after Maris had given the Yankees a 1 to 0 lead with a home run. A Virdon single, Groat double, and singles by Bob Skinner and Clemente ended Ditmar's tenure, and the Pirates had three runs. In the second inning Casey made another weird maneuver when he replaced a disgusted Clete Boyer with a futile pinch hitter, Dale Long. The Pirates picked up three more runs for Law, who lasted until the eighth, when the masterful Face shut the door in the faces of the Yankees, and Pittsburgh won, 6 to 4.

Turley worked the second game against Friend, who retired in the fourth with a three-run deficit, and the next two pitchers to appear, Labine and Green, managed to allow the Yankees nine runs in less than two innings. By this time the game was a joke. Mantle hit two home runs, Richardson and Kubek each made three hits, and the Yankees finished on top, 16 to 3.

It was almost as bad for the Pirates in the third game. Ford, at home in Yankee Stadium, blanked his enemy on Murtaugh's birthday, 10 to 0. Richardson, always at his best in World Series play, smashed a grand slam in the first off Labine, after Vinegar Bend Mizell had already departed from the scene. Four more runs in the fourth, in which Mantle hit another homer, made a farce of the game.

But after those two routs, Pittsburgh tied things up by winning over Terry, 3 to 2, again with the assistance of the untiring Face. A double by Law and a single by Virdon accounted for the runs. Then Pittsburgh added another victory in the fifth game, 5 to 2, by Haddix over Ditmar, with Face once more bringing his fork ball to the rescue.

Ford then became the beneficiary of another scoring burst when the Yankees rolled to a 12 to 0 triumph in the sixth exhibition. It was Whitey's seventh World Series victory, tying him in that department

with Red Ruffing and Allie Reynolds. The Yankees accounted for seventeen hits, but not one of them was a homer.

The payoff game was the wildest of them all. Turley and Law started, but before it was over, nine pitchers had seen action. The Pirates trailed, 7 to 4, when they came to bat in the eighth, and the champagne in the Yankee clubhouse was ready to be uncorked. But then Cimoli batted for Face and singled, and Virdon hit what appeared to be a tailor-made double play to Kubek. But the ball jumped up and hit Tony in the Adam's apple, and two runners were on. Tony was really hurt, and Joe DeMaestri replaced him. Groat singled in one run, and Skinner bunted Virdon and Groat, who represented the tying runs, into scoring position. After a second out, Virdon scored on an infield hit by Clemente, and Hal Smith, in the game only because Burgess had retired for a pinch runner, hit a tremendous home run that put Pittsburgh in the lead, 9 to 7. But the Yankees tied it in the ninth with two, and Pittsburgh came up for the final time against Ralph Terry.

The first batter was Mazeroski, and when Terry threw him a fast ball on the second pitch, he knocked it over the wall in left, winning the game and the series, 10 to 9.

On his nationally seen telecast that night, Chet Huntley of NBC, in mentioning the Pittsburgh victory, mispronounced Mazeroski's name, making it sound as if it were Mazorski. Naturally, the nation was indignant, and Huntley returned to his program the following night, apologized, and pronounced the name correctly not once but three times . . . Mazeroski . . . Mazeroski . . . Mazeroski.

The American League expanded to ten teams in 1961, switching the Senators from Washington to Minnesota-St. Paul to become the Twins, putting a new team in Washington and adding one in Los Angeles to provide competition for the Dodgers. Ralph Houk, replacing Stengel as manager of the Yankees, won the pennant easily, brought a measure of calm to the team after all the years of juggling, and prepared for a World Series against an unexpected opponent, the Cincinnati Reds.

McDougald had retired now, and the job at third belonged to Boyer. Houk got unexpected pitching help from Luis Arroyo, a Puerto Rican southpaw, and also called frequently on Buddy Daley,

another addition from Kansas City. Berra was stationed in left with Howard catching regularly.

The Reds, managed by Fred Hutchinson, had a powerful outfield with Frank Robinson in left, Vada Pinson in center, and Wally Post in right; a rather ordinary infield with Gordy Coleman at first, Elio Chacon at second, Eddie Kasko at short, and Gene Freese at third; and an inexperienced catcher in John Edwards. The three most reliable pitchers were Bob Purkey, Jim O'Toole, and Joey Jay, and when they needed relief, they could get it from right-hander Jim Brosnan and southpaw Bill Henry.

As it turned out, the Yankees won it in five, but when the Reds returned from New York after splitting the first two, they really thought they had a chance.

The series was memorable chiefly for the raw courage exhibited by Mickey Mantle. It was the year that Maris had hit sixty-one home runs and Mantle fifty-four, but late in the season Mickey, so prone to injury, developed an abscess in his right hip. He missed the first two games entirely but insisted on playing when the teams moved to Cincinnati. He went hitless in the third game, playing despite excruciating pain, and the next day he hit a single and limped to first with blood squirting out of the hole in his hip and soaking his uniform crimson. Houk mercifully removed him, and the fans agreed they had never seen such an example of gameness.

When Whitey Ford shut out O'Toole and the Reds, 2 to 0, in the opener, he increased his streak of scoreless World Series pitching to twenty-seven innings, just three innings short of eclipsing Babe Ruth's proud old record. Home runs by Howard and Skowron did the job that day.

But then the Reds took hope when Jay beat Terry, 6 to 2. Gordy Coleman provided them with a 2 to 0 lead with a two-run homer in the fourth, but Berra tied the score with a similar blow in the Yankee half. A rare passed ball by Howard gave the Reds the lead again, and they never gave it up as Jay hung on to the finish.

The turning point came in the third game when Maris delivered a ninth-inning homer off Bob Purkey to win, 3 to 2. Stafford was the starter against Purkey and lasted until the seventh, but the victory went to Arroyo, who retired six of the seven men who faced him.

Now the Yankees were ready to pour it on. Ford pitched the fourth game and broke Ruth's record, extending his scoreless streak to thirty-

two before retiring after five innings because of an injured ankle. Coates then stepped in for him, with the score 4 to 0, and blanked the Reds the rest of the route, as the Yanks added three more and won, 7 to 0.

The fifth and last game was the worst, New York taking it, 13 to 5. Terry started, but the winner was Daley, who entered in the third. The Reds established a new record by using eight pitchers, but none seemed to be the right one. Jay started, got two men out while four runs were scoring, and was the loser. Johnny Blanchard, a catcher, played in right for the Yankees and made three hits, including a home run.

Houk wanted to be modest when it was all over, but when asked what he thought about prospects for 1962, he had to say, "I'm afraid we will have to be recognized as top favorites for another pennant."

He was right, of course. In a year that saw the National League also expand to ten clubs by adding Houston and the lovable Mets in New York, Houk's Yankees won by five games and readied themselves for battle with Horace Stoneham's San Francisco Giants, managed by Alvin Dark.

Houk again kept it cool and avoided moving his players around. He solved the troublesome left-field problem by using a splendid rookie, Tom Tresh, at that position and added a relief pitcher, Marshall Bridges. Otherwise, things were about as usual, although Yogi Berra had come to the end of the line and Howard now did most of the catching.

Dark's team was a game one and carried the series to the limit before bowing, and losing then only because a vicious swat from the bat of Willie McCovey went into the glove of Bobby Richardson.

Willie Mays was still the king of the Giants, but there were other exciting players new to World Series competition. Mays was flanked by the Alou brothers, Felipe in right and Matty in left. McCovey also saw outfield service when Orlando Cepeda was used at first, and Harvey Kuenn, a shortstop throughout most of his career, could also be used in the outfield. Tom Haller and Ed Bailey alternated as catchers, Frank Hiller was at second, Jose Pagan at short, and Jim Davenport at third. The pitching staff was deep and included Jack Sanford, Billy Pierce, Billy O'Dell, Juan Marichal, Don Larsen, and Bob Bolin.

Ford, of course, was Houk's choice to open the series at San Francisco, and he pitched a scoreless first inning to run his string of runless frames to thirty-three before the Giants reached him in the second when Mays and Davenport singled and Whitey could not pick up Pagan's squeeze bunt. For six innings Ford and Billy O'Dell were locked in a 2 to 2 tie, but then the Yankees rallied, scoring in each of the last three innings to win, 6 to 2. It was Ford's tenth World Series victory, more than any pitcher in history, and, it would develop later, his last.

The Giants had entered the play somewhat tired after the National League's fourth play-off, in which they warded off the Dodgers, but there was nothing tired about Jack Sanford in the second game when he blanked the Yankees, 2 to 0, on three hits, defeating Terry in the process. San Francisco scored on an infield out in the first, and the second run was accounted for by McCovey, who smashed a long homer over the right-field fence in the seventh.

Bill Stafford pitched the best World Series game of his life in the third contest, winning over Pierce, 3 to 2. Maris singled in two runs in the seventh and scored the third on an infield out. Mays doubled in the ninth and scored on a homer by Bailey, but Stafford made Davenport fly out.

The Giants evened it again, 7 to 3, in the fourth game when Chuck Hiller became the first National League player in World Series history to hit a grand slam. The blast was struck in the seventh off Marshall Bridges, dissolving a 2 to 2 tie. Larsen was the winner and Coates the loser, both in relief. Marichal, making his first World Series start, might have been the victor, but he injured himself in the fifth and had to retire while leading, 2 to 0. In a sacrifice attempt, he let the ball jam his index finger, causing it to hemorrhage.

It rained the next day, enabling the managers to revise pitching plans, and the turning point of the series came in the fifth game when Terry beat Sanford, 5 to 3. Tom Tresh, absorbing early in his career the Yankee tradition of grace under pressure, provided the difference with a three-run homer in the eighth.

The teams moved on to San Francisco, and there it really rained, washing out games scheduled for three different days in the most rain-plagued series since that of 1911, when there had been six consecutive days of idleness.

When action finally did resume, Pierce southpawed the Giants

back into contention, 5 to 2, over Ford. Early spectators that day witnessed an innovation as helicopters swept over the field, their whirling blades eliminating the moisture. Playing at Candlestick Park is perilous even in dry weather; the wind once blew Stu Miller, the Giant reliever, off the mound.

Terry picked up all the marbles when he defeated Sanford, 1 to 0, in the game for the title. He also picked up a compliment from a rare source when Joe DiMaggio described it as the best-pitched World Series game he had ever seen. Terry allowed only four hits, Sanford, seven. The difference came in the fifth when Skowron and Boyer singled, Terry walked, and Kubek bounced into a double play while the run scored.

From then on Terry nursed his lead, and if he was haunted by the home run Mazerowski had smashed off his delivery two years before, he did not show it. The Giants fought but could not quite get there in the ninth. Matty Alou beat out a bunt, but Felipe Alou and Hiller both struck out. Mays doubled to right, sending Matty to third, and Houk went to the mound. After a long conference it was decided to pitch to McCovey, with first base open, and the strategy proved sound, although the line drive that McCovey hit almost tore Richardson's hand off.

That was the last World Series won by the New York Yankees.

2

Ralph Houk won his third pennant in as many years of managing the Yankees in 1963 and did it with the addition of only one new regular, Joe Pepitone at first base, and the usual new pitchers, Jim Bouton, Al Downing, and Stan Williams. He entered the World Series with his usual optimism, for in all the historic competition that the event provided, the Yankees had always been regarded as the standout team. They had won twenty of these grand spectacles, six times sweeping the opposition aside in four straight games, and that was a dose that had never been given them. But it was about to.

Walt Alston, in his tenth year of managing the Dodgers, had lifted them to the pinnacle again. He had a solid team now, with the toughest pitching staff to fathom that the National League had seen in many years. Koufax and Drysdale, a superlative pair, had come into their own at last. Dodger Stadium was built now and filled almost daily, for those who did not come out to see Koufax or Drysdale pitch

did so to watch Maury Wills steal bases. He had swiped 104 in 1962, and though he would never match that total again, he was a threat every time he reached base.

There were many other new names since the Dodgers had last won in 1959. Tommy Davis was in left field now, Willie Davis (no kin) in center, and big Frank Howard in right. Gilliam was still useful at third, as was Roseboro behind the bat, a kid named Dick Tracewski played second, and who should the Yankees see at first for the Dodgers but their old mate, Bill Skowron. Podres was still there to pitch along with Koufax and Drysdale, and for relief there was Ron Perranoski, as difficult to decipher as the starters.

The story of no other World Series can be told as quickly or as neatly as that of 1963. The first two games were in New York, and Koufax beat Ford, 5 to 2, and Podres beat Downing, 4 to 1. The last two were in Los Angeles, and Drysdale defeated Bouton, 1 to 0, and Koufax topped Ford again, 2 to 1. It was a new experience for the Yankees.

The first game was all Koufax. Ten years to the day after Carl Erskine had struck out fourteen Yankees, Sandy made it fifteen, twelve of them swinging and three called out. Skowron took particular delight in hitting two singles against his old mates, each of which batted in a run. The Yankees scored their two in the eighth on a homer by Tresh. Roseboro also homered for the Dodgers.

Podres struck out only four in the second game, but that made little difference in the result. Maris injured his arm banging into the fence in the third and was replaced by Hector Lopez, who hit two doubles, the only extra-base blows by the Yanks. Wills singled to open the game; Downing then threw over to first and discovered that Maury had gone to second. Gilliam also singled, and Willie Davis then doubled them in. Skowron added insult to injury with a home run in the fourth. When Lopez hit his second double in the ninth, Perranoski came on, let Howard single to score Lopez, and then retired the side.

Drysdale was superb in the third one, striking out nine and allowing three hits. The only run of the game scored in the first when Gilliam walked, took second on a Bouton wild pitch, and scored on a single by Tommy Davis.

The one run scored by the Yankees off Koufax in the fourth and final game was a homer by Mantle, his fifteenth, which tied him with

Babe Ruth and indicated something of his stature. But that was all the Yankees could salvage from the wreckage of their hopes. Howard had homered in the fifth for the first run of the battle, and Mantle's blow tied the score. But in the Dodger seventh, they then snatched the victory when Gilliam, first up, bounded to Boyer and went around all the way to third when the third baseman threw wildly past Pepitone. Willie Davis then delivered a long fly to Mantle, and Gilliam trotted home after the catch.

It all took eight hours and seventeen minutes.

Ralph Houk, winner of three flags in as many tries, moved into the Yankee front office after the World Series of 1963, turning the team over to Yogi Berra. For a while it appeared that the Yanks would not win again, and the club's top brass, in anticipation of that, decided to fire Yogi. It was the same team that Houk had won with except for a strong, new pitcher, Mel Stottlemyre. Eventually, however, the Yankees won, beating out the White Sox by a single game.

In the National League the Cardinals finished on top, but not before experiencing front-office troubles of their own. When it appeared that St. Louis might not win, August A. Busch, Jr., who owned the club, canned his general manager, Bing Devine. This so angered the Cardinal field manager, Johnny Keane, an organization man who had long managed in the farm chain, that he wrote out his own resignation and put it in his pocket, awaiting developments.

Keane's Cardinals were a colorful array of players, a handsomely mixed combination of experience and youth. The infield was a strong one, with Bill White at first, Julian Javier at second, Dick Groat at short, and Ken Boyer, older brother of the Yankee's Clete, at third. Javier, however, was injured, and Dal Maxvill filled in for him in the World Series, just as Phil Linz, on the Yankee side, replaced Kubek at short. The fleet St. Louis outfield showed Lou Brock in left, Curt Flood in center, and Mike Shannon in right. Tim McCarver provided strong catching, and the pitchers were Bob Gibson, Curt Simmons, Ray Sadecki, Ron Taylor, Roger Craig, and Barney Schultz.

The series opened at St. Louis as a duel of southpaws, with Ford taking the familiar mound against Sadecki. Whitey had now been in eleven World Series, more than any pitcher in history. It was his twenty-second World Series start, another record, and the eighth time

he had pitched the first game. It was also his last, and when the Cardinals blasted him out in the sixth, an era had come to an end. The big blow of that four-run inning was a two-run homer by Mike Shannon, and the Cardinals rolled on to win, 9 to 5, with Schultz, a knuckleballer, preserving the win for Sadecki.

Then Stottlemire, in his first World Series appearance, evened the score, 8 to 3, over Gibson. The Yankees, however, were impressed with Gibson. "He's as fast as anybody in our league," said Bobby Richardson, "and I think his fast ball moves around as much as that of Dean Chance."

One swing of Mantle's war club in the ninth made the difference in the third contest, enabling Bouton to triumph over Schultz, in relief of Simmons, 2 to 1. It was a historic home run for Mickey, for it was his sixteenth in World Series competition and put him ahead of Ruth, whose records, once believed impervious to time, were now dropping one by one. Mantle would add two more in later games, leaving a mark of eighteen for sluggers of the future to shoot at.

But the home run was not necessarily a Yankee monopoly, as Ken Boyer demonstrated the next day. His shot with the bases loaded off Downing gave Roger Craig all the runs he needed to win, 4 to 3. As Ken passed third, he looked at his brother, Clete, but the latter had a puzzled expression on his face and did not utter a word.

The barrage of game-deciding home runs extended into the fifth tilt, and this time it was Tim McCarver who delivered a three-run blast in the tenth to make a winner of Bob Gibson, 5 to 2. Stottlemire had started, but Tim's wallop came off Pete Mikkelsen.

The Yankees, however, kept alive in the sixth game, 8 to 3, with Bouton beating Simmons as Maris, Mantle, and Pepitone homered in that order. Maris and Mantle, those home run twins, each connected in the sixth to give the Yankees the lead they never lost, and Pepitone's merely served to rub things in in a five-run eighth.

The chips were down, and it was Gibson and Stottlemire in the final. Both pitchers were weary, but both were strong, and the fans wondered how the breaks would go. In the fourth the pattern of the game emerged when, with Ken Boyer on second and Groat on first, Linz overthrew first and Boyer scored. A single by Shannon, a double steal, and another hit by Maxvill gave the Cards a 3 to 0 lead. Then in the fifth the Cardinals scored three more on homers by Brock and Boyer.

Gibson hung on and, despite allowing home runs to Mantle, Clete Boyer, and Linz, won it, 7 to 5. He struck out nine, establishing a World Series record with thirty-one in all.

Then strange things began to happen. Johnny Keane, after winning the world championship, handed in his resignation as manager of the Cardinals. The Yankees announced that Yogi Berra was fired. But the biggest shocker came four days later when Keane signed to manage the Yankees.

That was the last World Series in which the Yankees have ever engaged. But how they had dominated baseball for a period of forty-four years! In twenty-nine of those years they had won the American League pennant, and in twenty they had added the World Series title as well. But the Yankee dynasty had come to an end.

20. It Wasn't in the Cards

Sam Mele's Minnesota Twins were the surprising successors to the Yankees as champions of the American League in 1965, a tribute to the club's owner, Calvin Griffith, one of the few magnates left who devoted his sole attention to baseball. The Twins, so called because they represented both Minneapolis and St. Paul, actually played their games at Metropolitan Stadium in Bloomington, Minnesota, a park in which it was possible to hit home runs without too much effort.

Led by Harmon Killebrew, who found the seats regularly when not playing third, the Twins that year also presented a young sensation, Tony Oliva, in right field; an exceptionally hot shortstop, Zoilo Versalles; and two first-rate pitchers, Jim "Mudcat" Grant and the left-handed Jim Kaat. Earl Battey was a sturdy catcher; Don Mincher played first, Frank Quilici second, and Joe Nosssek center. Bob Allison, who also produced homers in quantity, shared left with Sandy Valdespino, and other valuable pitchers were Camilo Pascual, Jim Perry, and Al Worthington.

Walt Alston's Dodgers, usually a contender, had not appeared likely to win the flag in May after Tommy Davis, the slugging outfielder, broke his leg; but Lou Johnson, a veteran minor leaguer who had had numerous previous trials on the main line, came through surprisingly in his place. The Dodgers presented most of their stars who had flattened the Yankees four straight in 1963. Jim Gilliam,

slated for retirement each winter, was always back at third base, and here he was again at that position. Ron Fairly now claimed Frank Howard's job in right, Wes Parker had replaced Skowron at first, and a new southpaw, Claude Osteen, had been added to the starting rotation.

The series opened on a Jewish holiday, and that meant that Sandy Koufax could not work. But with Drysdale substituting, few Dodger fans were worried. They then received the shock of their lives when Don was batted out in the third, and the Twins went on to victory, 8 to 2, behind Grant. Mincher and Versalles reached Drysdale for homers before his departure, and the Dodgers were never in it after that.

Koufax did pitch on the second day, but to the astonishment of all but die-hard Twins fans, Kaat beat him, 5 to 1. The sky was dark and the ground soggy, and the game was scoreless until the sixth when Gilliam erred, Oliva whacked a double, and Killebrew's single made it 2 to 0. Koufax was lifted for a hitter in the seventh when the Dodgers scored their solitary run, but Perranoski was a disappointment in relief and allowed Minnesota three more runs.

When the games moved back to Los Angeles, the home fans were glum. With Drysdale and Koufax already disposed of, Alston selected Osteen to work against the cagey Pascual; and the Dodger lefty surprised all when he blanked Minnesota on five hits, 4 to 0. A bases-loaded single by Roseboro in the fourth was the key hit. Wills, Parker, and Roseboro all stole bases, and for the first time, Alston said afterward, the Dodgers looked like themselves.

Drysdale came back with a flourish in the fourth contest, and when Los Angeles disposed of Grant in the sixth, they won, 7 to 2. Killebrew and Oliva tapped Drysdale for home runs, but the Dodgers also got a pair from Parker and Johnson, besides playing their usual running game.

Then Koufax became the Koufax of old, striking out ten and allowing four hits, as the Dodgers won the fifth game, their third triumph in a row, 7 to 0, and it was a more confident team that Alston took back to Minnesota. But Osteen, who had done so well his first time out, bowed to Grant, 5 to 1. Allison contributed a two-run homer, and Grant socked one with two aboard. After the game, reporters asked him when he had hit his last one, and he said that he could not remember.

Koufax, with only two days of rest, had to pitch the big one, with Kaat in opposition. The two southpaws sailed through three scoreless innings each, but in the fourth the Dodgers scored the only two runs necessary to win the championship, and they accomplished the victory because of two men who had not even been on the roster at the season's start. Lou Johnson broke the ice with a homer that struck the foul pole in left, Fairly drilled a double into the corner in right, and Parker chopped a single that scored Fairly. Then Gilliam, the reactivated coach, saved the day in the fifth. With two runners on, he made a dazzling stop of a smash by Versalles and beat the runner to third, ending the only threat against Koufax, who pitched scorelessly the rest of the way to win, 2 to 0.

Alston had now become the first National League manager in history to win four World Series, breaking a tie with John McGraw.

There was a feeling, with the Yankees in decline, that Walter Alston was building a new dynasty with his Dodgers. And although the team did not nose out the Giants until the final day in 1966, Koufax and Drysdale apparently would go on forever. Certainly there was nothing to fear from the Baltimore Orioles, winners in the American League. Alston's club was even stronger because Tommy Davis was back in left, and Jim Lefebvre, who had been injured in 1965 and forced to yield his post to Tracewski, was fit again to play second. Besides, the National League, for the first time since 1907-8-9, had won three World Series in a row.

But that was not the thinking in Baltimore. The proud city on the Chesapeake, gleeful over its first flag since Temple Cup days, cared nothing about the reputations of Koufax and Drysdale or the running skill of Wills.

Where was there a better player than right fielder Frank Robinson? Still angry after having been traded by Cincinnati, Robinson merely led the American League in batting percentage (.316), home runs (forty-nine), and runs-batted-in (122). Where was there a better third baseman than Brooks Robinson, whose fielding was unbelievable and who hit twenty-three homers? Or Boog Powell, who clouted thirty-four out of the park while playing first? Nor was there anything wrong with Andy Etchebarren, the catcher, or Dave Johnson, who played second, or Luis Aparicio, who was at short, or Paul Blair, who roamed in center. And although Koufax and Drysdale were ad-

mittedly great, Jim Palmer and Dave McNally and Wally Bunker and Moe Drabowsky knew how to pitch, didn't they? The Dodgers would find out!

That they did!

It was the first series played under William D. Eckert, the retired Air Force lieutenant general who had replaced Ford Frick as commissioner and only the fourth such man to occupy that post.

McNally, a southpaw, toed the rubber for the Orioles against Drysdale in the first game at Los Angeles, and by the time he took the mound he had a three-run lead. With one on, Frank Robinson hit a homer to left, and Brooks Robinson followed with a deeper one in the same general direction. There is an amusing aspect of the togetherness of the Robinsons. Frank, of course, is a Negro, and Brooks, who is not, attended high school at Little Rock Central, which later had to be integrated at bayonet point. Frank Robinson's standing gag is to say, "I don't see why you reporters keep confusing Brooks and me. Can't you see that we wear different numbers?"

But it was Drysdale whom the Robinsons confused that day, and when Don yielded another run in the second, he departed for a pinch hitter. The Dodgers fought back with single runs in the second and third, disposing of McNally, but then came a totally unexpected development that Hank Bauer has ever since called the turning point in the series.

Moe Drabowsky, a castoff who had pitched virtually everywhere, replaced McNally. In the six and two-thirds innings that remained he struck out eleven, including six in a row, tying Hod Eller's old record for the Reds in 1919. The final score was 5 to 2, and the Dodgers left the field shaking their heads. They had seen Drabowsky many times, but they had never seen him pitch like that.

Palmer and Koufax faced each other in the second game, and the result was a shutout, 6 to 0. But Sandy, for a change, was on the losing side. In a sense, it was not really his fault. He allowed four runs in the six innings he worked, but three were unearned. Certainly the Dodgers never looked worse. The game was scoreless in the fifth when Powell lined a single to left. After Dave Johnson, attempting to sacrifice, popped up, Blair hit the easiest sort of high fly to deep center. But Willie Davis, like Hack Wilson in 1929, lost it in the sun, and there were runners hugging second and third. Etchebarren then also hit a fly to center, a more difficult chance. Willie reached this one,

then dropped it, and in his chagrin threw it far away from the plate as the two runners scored and Etchebarren found himself perched on third, from which point he scored when Aparicio doubled. The Orioles led, 3 to 2, and Davis, on two successive plays, had made three errors.

Frank Robinson dropped a triple between Willie and Fairly that caused a fourth run in the next inning, and a bad throw by Perranoski permitted two final runs in the eighth.

The third and fourth games, played at Baltimore, each resulted in a 1 to 0 triumph by the Orioles. The Dodgers by this time were hopelessly beaten. A fifth-inning homer by Blair accounted for the only run in the third game, with Bunker beating Osteen; a fourth-inning blast by Frank Robinson let McNally win the championship from Drysdale, with each pitcher allowing only four hits.

The Orioles were gracious in victory, and Bauer was such a hero he wouldn't be fired until July of 1968.

2

A generation of Americans that never heard of the Gibson Girl knew who the Gibson Boy was. He was Robert Gibson, a graduate of the Omaha ghetto, who had gone on to play basketball at Creighton University and with the Harlem Globetrotters and then become, as a member of the St. Louis Cardinals, one of the greatest World Series pitchers of them all.

When the Cardinals, under Red Schoendienst, won the pennant in 1967 and earned the honor of meeting the Boston Red Sox, Gibson would turn out to be the standout performer in the World Series. It would be the sixth World Series in which the Cardinals engaged to go the limit of seven games. They had won the first five, and, thanks largely to Gibson, they would do it again.

Five of the regulars, aside from pitchers, who had appeared in the 1964 World Series, still had steady jobs. Mike Shannon, however, had changed positions, moving from right to third to make room for Roger Maris, acquired in a trade with the Yankees. Maris no longer hit home runs in quantity because of bone chips that kept him from having any strength in his right hand. But he kept the secret to himself, shortened up his stance, provided important hits at crucial times, threw well, and helped the team.

Orlando Cepeda, acquired in a trade with the Giants for Ray Sa-

decki, was now at first base in place of Bill White. Julian Javier, sidelined by injury in 1964, was back at second, with Dal Maxvill moving to short to replace Dick Groat. New pitchers included Nelson Briles, Dick Hughes, Ron Willis, and Joe Hoerner.

The victory of the Red Sox in the American League was a most improbable development. Generally picked to finish in the second division, the Boston team, managed by Dick Williams, started slowly, occupied fourth place as late as August, and then won out under most adverse conditions. Tony Conigliaro, an outfield star, was lost for the season when he was almost killed by a pitch. But the Red Sox would not quit and finally won the pennant on the final day of the season.

Two Red Sox players had fans in a delightful tizzy all season long. Carl Yastrzemski, who played in left, won the Triple Crown as Frank Robinson had the year before, and Jim Lonborg, a right-handed pitcher, rose from obscurity to win twenty-two games and capture the Cy Young Award, given annually to the man presumed to be the finest pitcher in the business.

The Red Sox had other sources of strength. Elston Howard, with all his years of Yankee know-how behind him, was the catcher. George Scott, a distance hitter, played first. Mike Andrews and Jerry Adair shared duty at second, Rico Petrocelli played short, and Joe Foy was at third. With Yastrzemski in the outfield were Reggie Smith in center and either Ken Harrelson or Jose Tartabull in right. Pitching help for Lonborg was provided by Gary Waslewski, Jose Santiago, Gary Bell, and a tireless reliever, John Wyatt.

Gibson edged Santiago, 2 to 1, in the opener at Boston and would have had a shutout had he not permitted his opposing pitcher to connect for a homer in the third, just after the Cards had scored when Brock singled, skirted to third on a double by Flood, and hit pay dirt when Maris bounced out. It was Brock who accounted for the winning run in the seventh when his fourth hit of the game was a single, and he stole second for the second time. He moved to third when Flood bounced out and scored while Maris was again tossed out at first.

Lonborg lived up to all his advance billing in the second game, allowing only a single Cardinal hit while beating Hughes, 5 to 0. When the seventh inning began and the Cardinals still had not produced a base runner, the thoughts of the fans went back eleven years

to Don Larsen. Brock, that persistent pest, grounded out as it began to rain lightly, and the lights were on when Flood worked the count to three and two and then drew a walk to end the spell. Maris then flied out, and Cepeda forced Flood at second.

So the perfect game was gone when Lonborg began pitching in the eighth, but he still had his no-hitter. But after McCarver and Shannon were retired routinely, Julian Javier pulled a high slider into the left-field sector near the line, and the ball dropped for a double.

Yastrzemski hit two home runs to give Lonborg the needed margin. The first one, struck in the fourth, gave Boston its first run. The second came with two on in the seventh off Hoerner. It was a triumph of persistence that indicated something about Yastrzemski's character. Hitless in the first game, he had stayed in uniform and had taken batting practice after the spectators had left.

Brock was at it again in the third game, hitting a triple and single, helping Nelson Briles to a 5 to 2 conquest of Bell, who lasted only two innings. Shannon hit a home run for the Cardinals, and Reggie Smith produced one for Boston.

Then the Gibson Boy went to work again, blanking the Sox, 6 to 0, on five hits in opposition to Santiago, who disappeared in the first when St. Louis scored four. Brock contributed a single and double and stole another base, while Maris, Cepeda, and Javier all had doubles.

The Red Sox, however, were by no means done. Not with Lonborg around. He was magnificent again in the fifth game, beating Carlton, the young southpaw, 3 to 1, and losing his second straight shutout with two out in the ninth when Maris crashed a home run. A bloop single by Howard enabled two Red Sox to count in the ninth, otherwise the blow by Maris would have tied the game.

The sixth game was a wild one that enabled the Red Sox to even the series. Petrocelli hit two home runs and Yastrzemski and Smith each one, as Boston triumphed, 8 to 4, with Wyatt grabbing off the honors after relieving Waslewski. Brock did his best to keep the Cardinals in contention with a single, homer, and another steal, but it was not enough. Hughes was batted out for the second time, but the loser was Jack Lamabe, who retired only one man while letting two hit safely. Yastrzemski had three hits.

So everything hinged on the showdown battle between Gibson and Lonborg. It was the confrontation that everyone had been await-

ing, but Lonborg, working with only two days of rest to three for Gibson, finally ran out of gas.

With the Cards batting in the third, a fire suddenly broke out in a railroad car that was resting near Fenway Park. Smoke drifted over the field just as Maxvill, leading off, tripled deep to center. Lonborg managed to retire two men while holding Maxvill on third, but Flood broke the spell with a single, sped to third on another hit by Maris, and scored when Lonborg emitted a wild pitch.

Gibson decided to aid his own cause in the fifth and swatted a home run to center, then Brock singled, and in a flashback to the days of Ty Cobb, promptly stole second and third. A moment later he crossed the plate after a long fly by Maris.

In the sixth the Cardinals scored three more, but Dick Williams let Lonborg finish the inning, then lifted him for a pinch hitter. The game was beyond recall, and St. Louis won, 7 to 2.

George Scott, who had hit safely against Gibson in all three games he worked, put it best:

"The thing is, he'll never give in. He'll always challenge you. He'll throw the ball across the plate with something on it and say, 'There it is. See if you can hit it.' "

Brock established a record with seven stolen bases.

The Red Sox had gone down, but how gallantly!

There was a place in time during the World Series of 1968 when it seemed that Schoendienst's Cardinals were certain to do it again. Facing Mayo Smith's Detroit Tigers, the fifth different team to win the American League pennant in as many years, they held a 3 to 1 advantage in games and climbed on Mickey Lolich, the Tiger south-paw, for three runs in the first inning of the fifth game. There seemed to be no way that they could lose, but destiny is strange, and they did.

Detroit rode to glory on the right arm of Denny McLain, who became the first pitcher since Lefty Grove in 1931 to win thirty-one games. He lost only six, and the Tigers figured that he could supply the answer to Bob Gibson.

The Detroit lineup was loaded with power. Willie Horton, who played left, hit thirty-six home runs; Norm Cash, the first baseman, and Bill Freehan, the catcher, each had twenty-five; and Jim Northrup, another outfielder, had twenty-one.

But the Detroit favorite was Al Kaline, an outfielder who year after

year, starting in 1953, had been the spearhead of the team's attack. There simply had to be some way to get him into the World Series after he had spent sixteen futile seasons waiting for that moment. But how could it be done, when Detroit had Mickey Stanley, a defensive wizard in center, flanked by Horton and Northrup?

Then Mayo Smith was seized with an inspiration. He benched his classy shortstop, Ray Oyler, who was not much of a hitter, and moved Stanley in to short during the last week of the season. Then he put Kaline in right, moving Northrup to center. It seemed to work, but baseball writers and fans wondered if he could possibly get away with having in a World Series a shortstop with only a week's experience. Other players in the Tiger array were Dick McAuliffe, an underrated second baseman and lead-off man, and Don Wert, who played third.

Besides McLain, Detroit could call on Lolich to pitch, as well as Earl Wilson, Joe Sparma, Pat Dobson, Don McMahon, Daryl Patterson, John Hiller, and Fred Lasher. And also in the Detroit picture was Eddie Mathews, the old star of the Braves, available for pinch hitting or emergency duty at third. Mathews had announced that he would retire as soon as the World Series was over.

St. Louis presented the same team that had defeated the Red Sox, except for the addition of a new outfielder, Ron Davis, who sometimes played in right instead of Maris, who like Mathews, had announced his retirement. The Cardinals had now been in eleven World Series and had won eight. Another victory and they would have a higher winning percentage in World Series play than the Yankees.

When play began at St. Louis, Gibson immediately stole the spotlight, setting a new World Series record with seventeen strikeouts, putting in the shade the old Koufax record of fifteen, as he blanked Detroit, 4 to 0. The duel with McLain was supposed to be the confrontation of the century, but Denny seemed to be laboring, and in the fourth he walked Maris and McCarver and yielded singles to Shannon and Javier, and the Cardinals had three runs. Brock hit a homer off Dobson in the seventh and stole his usual base. McLain had been lifted for a pinch hitter in the sixth.

Gibson started the ninth inning with fourteen strikeouts. When Kaline fanned, the Koufax record was tied. When Cash did also, it was surpassed. Now the fans screamed not just for outs, but strikeouts. Horton then whiffed, icing on the cake, to end the game.

In the Tiger clubhouse, someone asked Mayo Smith why he had not held back McLain and let someone else go against Gibson. "Hell, you go with your best, don't you?" Mayo asked. "If you don't, what's there to assure you McLain would win the next one?"

Lolich won the next one, though. Briles was no mystery to the Tigers, who knocked him out in the sixth and won effortlessly, 8 to 1. Horton and Cash hit homers, and so did Lolich, to his own amazement. Never before, in the minor or the major leagues, had he ever hit a ball out of the park.

Roger Maris was in a whimsical mood. During his days as a Yankee, his relations with the press had been extremely bad, but now, knowing that he would be bothered with writers and announcers for only a few more days, he was lighthearted. After the game, he was standing by his locker when a television announcer asked him, "Roger, now that you are going to retire, what will you miss most?"

"Guys like you," Maris told him.

Several days later in Detroit, because of some strange culinary accident, tainted meat was sent up to the press box. It was immediately removed, of course, but Maris, hearing of it, nudged his way up to one of the writers and said, "I hope you fellows enjoyed the meat I sent up to you."

McCarver and Cepeda connected for three-run homers in the third game, although Ray Washburn needed the help of Joe Hoerner to win, 7 to 3. Earl Wilson, who started for the Tigers, pulled a hamstring muscle and was ineffective. Brock stole three more bases, as the games were proceeding according to the script.

The second confrontation of Gibson and McLain came in the fourth game on a rainy Sunday afternoon. Playing conditions were deplorable, the worst since Walter Johnson had pitched in a downpour to lose the final game against the Pirates in 1925. Rain delayed play for thirty-seven minutes, and in the third, with the Cards leading, 4 to 0, the contest was halted for more than an hour. McLain did not appear after the delay, yielding to Sparma, and the game became a travesty, with the Cardinals trying to get out so that the game would become legal and the Tigers stalling in the hope that it would rain again, with everything washed out. The umpires had to warn both Schoendienst and Smith to stop the nonsense.

Somehow they got nine innings in, and Gibson won, 10 to 1. The only run he allowed was a homer to Northrup when he was taking no

time between deliveries to get five innings in. He struck out ten and was only four short of his own record for World Series whiffs. Brock stole his seventh base, tying his record of the year before, and his total of fourteen matched the record of Eddie Collins for the most steals in total series play.

It looked to be all over when the Cardinals climbed on Lolich for three runs in the first inning of the fifth one. Brock doubled, Flood singled, and Cepeda smashed a home run. But those were absolutely the last runs that the game Lolich would allow. Detroit came back and scored two in the fourth, a flurry featured by Stanley and Horton. The latter scored when Northrup smashed a ball that hit something and hopped over Javier's head. Schoendienst said later he thought it was the turning point of the game.

But others felt the turning point came in the fifth. Brock started with a double and dashed for the plate when Javier singled to left. He failed to slide, and umpire Doug Harvey called him out. Brock insisted he had touched the plate, but pictures taken of the play seemed to indicate that he had not.

The Tigers still trailed by a run when they came up in the seventh. Mayo Smith defied the book when he permitted his eighth and ninth men, Wert and Lolich, to bat. Briles seemed headed for victory when he struck out Wert, but then Lolich came through with a single. Schoendienst then called in Joe Hoerner to face the left-handed McAuliffe. But the strategy failed when McAuliffe singled, and now the potential winning run was on, and Hoerner had to face two right-handed batters. Stanley waited the pitcher out and was rewarded with a walk. Then Kaline, who had enjoyed an exceptional series, won the game with a clean single to center, and Cash followed with another single, and Detroit won, 5 to 3.

McLain, who had not lived up to expectations, obtained a measure of revenge in the sixth game when Detroit slaughtered seven St. Louis pitchers in a 13 to 1 funfest. Washburn started for St. Louis and was butchered in the third when the Tigers scored ten runs, matching the World Series record set by the Athletics in 1929. McLain, his lame arm loaded with cortisone, was able to help his team in the World Series at last. But what support he got!

The big blow of the ten-run third was a grand slam by Northrup. Kaline and Cash each made two hits in the fat round, while McAuliffe drew two walks.

But the Cardinals, banking on Gibson in the seventh game, were not really worried, remembering how he had handled the Red Sox the year before. But the question was: Would Gibson, with three days of rest, have more strength left than Lolich, who had only two? It seemed logical that he would.

Through six innings the pitchers battled scorelessly. But for Cardinal fans there were ominous signs that seemed to indicate a trend. Brock singled in the sixth, took a daring lead, and broke for second. Lolich whirled, threw to Cash, and the first baseman's relay to second nipped Brock by an eyelash. Then Flood singled, took a big lead, and Lolich picked him off.

The breakthrough came in the seventh. Two were out when Cash and Horton singled. Northrup then hit a high fly to deep center. Curt Flood, regarded by many as the best defensive outfielder in the National League, appeared to misjudge it, tried to change course, and seemed to catch his spikes in the turf. The ball sailed over his head as two runs scored. Freehan also doubled, scoring a third one before Gibson could retire the side.

Gibson hung on to finish his game but lost, 4 to 1. He struck out eight, setting a new record for a single World Series with thirty-five.

But Flood's misfortune does not take anything away from Lolich, who was tremendous in beating the Cardinals three times, allowing them only five runs. It was also a deserved thrill for Kaline, who had waited sixteen years. The old pro of the Tiger batted .379. Mayo Smith's gamble in sending Stanley to short also paid off. He made two errors, but neither was costly, and he accepted thirty chances flawlessly.

So what started out to be the battle of the century between Gibson and McLain disintegrated when Lolich stole the show. The Tigers were magnificent, and, as for St. Louis—well, it wasn't in the Cards.

Appendices

RESULTS OF EACH WORLD SERIES

YEAR	WINNER	GAMES WON	LOSER	GAMES WON	
1884	Providence, NL	3	New York, AA	0	
1885	Chicago, NL	3	St. Louis, AA	3	also one tie
1886	St. Louis, AA	4	Chicago, NL	2	
1887	Detroit, NL	10	St. Louis, AA	5	
1888	New York, NL	6	St. Louis, AA	4	
1889	New York, NL	6	Brooklyn, AA	3	
1890	Brooklyn, NL	3	Louisville, AA	3	also one tie
1903	Boston, AL	5	Pittsburgh, NL	3	
1905	New York, NL	4	Philadelphia, AL	1	
1906	Chicago, AL	4	Chicago, NL	2	
1907	Chicago, NL	4	Detroit, AL	0	also one tie
1908	Chicago, NL	4	Detroit, AL	1	
1909	Pittsburgh, NL	4	Detroit, AL	3	
1910	Philadelphia, AL	4	Chicago, NL	1	
1911	Philadelphia, AL	4	New York, NL	2	
1912	Boston, AL	4	New York, NL	3	also one tie
1913	Philadelphia, AL	4	New York, NL	1	
1914	Boston, NL	4	Philadelphia, AL	0	
1915	Boston, AL	4	Philadelphia, NL	1	
1916	Boston, AL	4	Brooklyn, NL	1	
1917	Chicago, AL	4	New York, NL	2	

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YEAR	WINNER	GAMES		LOSER	GAMES	
		WON			WON	
1918	Boston, AL	4		Chicago, NL	2	
1919	Cincinnati, NL	5		Chicago, AL	3	
1920	Cleveland, AL	5		Brooklyn, NL	2	
1921	New York, NL	5		New York, AL	3	
1922	New York, NL	4		New York, AL	0	also one tie
1923	New York, AL	4		New York, NL	2	
1924	Washington, AL	4		New York, NL	3	
1925	Pittsburgh, NL	4		Washington, AL	3	
1926	St. Louis, NL	4		New York, AL	3	
1927	New York, AL	4		Pittsburgh, NL	0	
1928	New York, AL	4		St. Louis, NL	0	
1929	Philadelphia, AL	4		Chicago, NL	1	
1930	Philadelphia, AL	4		St. Louis, NL	2	
1931	St. Louis, NL	4		Philadelphia, AL	3	
1932	New York, AL	4		Chicago, NL	0	
1933	New York, NL	4		Washington, AL	1	
1934	St. Louis, NL	4		Detroit, AL	3	
1935	Detroit, AL	4		Chicago, NL	2	
1936	New York, AL	4		New York, NL	2	
1937	New York, AL	4		New York, NL	1	
1938	New York, AL	4		Chicago, NL	0	
1939	New York, AL	4		Cincinnati, NL	0	
1940	Cincinnati, NL	4		Detroit, AL	3	
1941	New York, AL	4		Brooklyn, NL	1	
1942	St. Louis, NL	4		New York, AL	1	
1943	New York, AL	4		St. Louis, NL	1	
1944	St. Louis, NL	4		St. Louis, AL	2	
1945	Detroit, AL	4		Chicago, NL	3	
1946	St. Louis, NL	4		Boston, AL	3	
1947	New York, AL	4		Brooklyn, NL	3	
1948	Cleveland, AL	4		Boston, NL	2	
1949	New York, AL	4		Brooklyn, NL	1	
1950	New York, AL	4		Philadelphia, NL	0	
1951	New York, AL	4		New York, NL	2	
1952	New York, AL	4		Brooklyn, NL	3	
1953	New York, AL	4		Brooklyn, NL	2	
1954	New York, NL	4		Cleveland, AL	0	
1955	Brooklyn, NL	4		New York, AL	3	
1956	New York, AL	4		Brooklyn, NL	3	
1957	Milwaukee, NL	4		New York, AL	3	

YEAR	WINNER	GAMES		LOSER	GAMES	
		WON			WON	
1958	New York, AL	4		Milwaukee, NL	3	
1959	Los Angeles, NL	4		Chicago, AL	2	
1960	Pittsburgh, NL	4		New York, AL	3	
1961	New York, AL	4		Cincinnati, NL	1	
1962	New York, AL	4		San Francisco, NL	3	
1963	Los Angeles, NL	4		New York, AL	0	
1964	St. Louis, NL	4		New York, AL	3	
1965	Los Angeles, NL	4		Minnesota, AL	3	
1966	Baltimore, AL	4		Los Angeles, NL	0	
1967	St. Louis, NL	4		Boston, AL	3	
1968	Detroit, AL	4		St. Louis, NL	3	

ALL-TIME ROSTER OF WORLD SERIES PLAYERS

Explanatory note: This list includes every player who has appeared in a World Series game from 1884 through 1968. The first names or nicknames shown are the ones most familiar to fans. The team names are abbreviated, and the capital letter following the team names indicates the league the team was in, as follows: N, National League; A, American League; AA, American Association. The team abbreviations are as follows: New York, NY; Chicago, Chi; Detroit, Det; St. Louis, StL; Boston, Bos; Baltimore, Blt; Los Angeles, LA; Minnesota, Min; San Francisco, SF; Cincinnati, Cin; Pittsburgh, Pgh; Milwaukee, Mil; Brooklyn, Brk; Cleveland, Cle; Philadelphia, Pha; Washington, Was; Providence, Pro; and Louisville, Lvl. Thus, PhaN indicates the Phillies; PhaA, the Athletics. The numbers indicate the years the players took part in the World Series, and because there is no possibility of confusion, they are not given in full. In other words, 1884 appears as 84; 1903 as 03, and so on.

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